

# TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

Vol. 6, No. 11

The Sheppard Publishing Co., Proprietors.  
Office—9 Adelaide Street West.

TORONTO, FEBRUARY 4, 1893.

TERMS: Single Copies, 5c.  
Per Annum (in advance), \$2.

Whole No. 271

## Around Town.

If the departure of D'Alton McCarthy proves to have no serious bearing upon the permanence of the National Policy and fails to sap the strength of the Thompson Government—results which the reader will regard as good or bad according to the reader's politics—it will at least have a tendency to encourage members of parliament in asserting a decent amount of personal freedom at critical times. This, the reader, whatever his politics, must admit to be desirable. The action of Mr. McCarthy is peculiarly a protest against the assumption which seems to be set up by governments and leaders of political parties that individual members of parliament are under a binding obligation to render unquestioning allegiance to them, no matter what changes may occur in the personnel of the government or leadership, and no matter what change of policy time and experience may impress upon the party leaders on the one hand or upon the individual member of parliament on the other. He resented the claim of proprietorship in him which the party set up—a proprietorship supposed to hold hard and fast through all changes of time and circumstance, and on the strength of which the leaders organized a new government and decided upon its policy without consulting Mr. McCarthy or presumably any of the members of lesser standing, who were expected to open their mouths and shut their eyes and swallow what was prepared for them. The organ of the Government undertook to chastise the member for North Simcoe because it professed to have learned on reliable authority that he was privately consulting his constituents with a view of securing their approval in making a demand for a thorough overhauling of the tariff policy operated for the past thirteen years. Mr. McCarthy proved to be in no mood to accept chastisement, so he met his constituents and secured their fullest authority to proceed to the extreme limits of what had merely been his supposed intentions. We have his own statement that he would have taken no step out of his customary path this session but for the denial of the right of himself and constituents to think for themselves—that he would have waited to see what the Premier meant by promising to “lop the moulder ing branch away.”

It requires something like the attempt to discipline Mr. McCarthy to make us aware of how far the waves of partyism have washed us from the high moral ground upon which representative government was originally based. The fine theory of the early reformers has terminated in a very gross practice. It was designed that under representative government the incorruptible elector should walk up to a secret ballot and elect the man whose views expressed the desires of the constituency, and that the one thus chosen should stand on the floor of parliament as an uncowed champion of the people, defending them against conspiracy, oppression, class ascendancy, and fiscal and trade fallacies. Every feature of this pretty design has faded and failed. To begin with, the elector is by no means sure of being permitted to vote—the incorruptible elector especially. To ascertain this point he is forced to keep his eye upon the newspapers until he sees it announced that the lists are out, and then he must start on a tour, examining every telegraph pole in his end of the constituency until he finds one whereon is nailed a voters' list. If he finds his name there he knows he is indebted for this piece of good luck to some friend who expects him to vote “straight,” but if any recent expression of opinion on his part has made it appear likely that he will vote the other way he will probably find on presenting himself at the poll that some obliging fellow-citizen has personated him. Then the Ontario ballot, at least, is not secret to a returning officer of average curiosity and reasonable diligence. As to the men put up for election, they are not chosen by the people, but by half a dozen pushers of each party who distribute the good things among themselves. Of the opposing candidates the one elected is usually he who has been most painstakingly dishonest in stuffing the lists beforehand and in making the dead walk on polling day in his behalf. Afterwards, on the floor of the House, this product of these crooked times scarcely suggests the idea of an uncowed champion. He is allotted a seat, pencils, pens, paper, and the privilege of franking letters; if he is seated on the right of the Speaker he votes Yea and if on the left he votes Nay, draws his mileage and his sessional allowance, rides home on a railway pass and is mentioned in the Ottawa despatches as “a rising young statesman.” On first taking his seat in Parliament he is forbidden to speak until requested to do so by the party whip, and when

at last some perfectly harmless subject is up for discussion he is requested to rise and instructed what to say. Should he exceed his instructions he is probably silenced by the historic rebuke, “That will do.” This is not, I say, in any of its details a fulfillment of the scheme of representative government as designed by the early reformers.

Mr. McCarthy committed the crime of going among his constituents and consulting them as to whether he, as their representative, should defend the N. P. as it is or move to alter it in some respects for its supposed betterment. It is not clear that he really did commit that crime, for he was not apprehended in the act, but certain suspicious circumstances came to light that made his guilt tolerably sure. A person engaged in a criminal enterprise often reveals himself to justice by the uneasiness of his demeanor in the street or other public place, so Mr. McCarthy, if it be that he has a conscience, could not hope to consult his constituents on the matter of the N. P. and escape detection. His consciousness of guilt would make his face a sight at which all honest men would stand and stare. There may be some who regard his crime as no crime at all, but the most virtuous of proceedings. Such antiquated people may ask what in the mischief constituents are for if not to be con-

that a strong medicine which wrought wonders at first on a peculiarly unwholesome condition of the system, is too drastic for continuous use and liable to breed worse disorders than that which it drove out? These disorders may even be put in evidence to support the contention, for they are here. We once had struggling manufactures; now it is agriculture that does the struggling.

The condition of things which called for a protective tariff in 1873 is not wholly changed, and the N. P. cannot be abandoned. The Americans are still mean-spirited neighbors who refuse all overtures for friendly trade relations. On the most ordinary principle of self-defence we must confront tariff with tariff, for we have not sufficient wealth to follow England in the philanthropic enterprise of enlightening the world to free trade. When the work of enlightenment is about completed Canada can fall into line and enjoy the benefits of the consummation without having borne the expense of the process. Our protective tariff was thrown up as a defence against a neighbor who proposed selling to us while buying nothing, and it was designed to succor the struggling industries of the country. In both respects it answered the purpose of its introduction with more or less satisfaction. As a defensive mea-

The papers have been filled during the last few days with a fiendish yarn from “Paris, Texas,” telling how a negro who had murdered a white child had been pursued and brought back; that he did not realize until the return journey was almost complete what punishment his crime called for, but when he learned that he was doomed to slow torture at the stake he begged the officers to shoot him. But no, poetic justice could not thus be interfered with. The criminal was seized by the mad multitude, carried to the scene of his crime, turned over to the vengeance of the relatives of his victim, and finally burnt to death. The whole story was probably invented by some liar whose imagination was made more than usually lurid by an attack of delirium tremens. Not a night editor in the country really believed that story—it is impossible atrocious in its details—but they would not venture to neglect publishing it, for the other papers would have it; the people are interested in reading such things, and possibly a grain of truth might be at the bottom of it, after all. In any event, the exposure of the hoax afterwards would fix matters up and make good reading. It is only a few weeks since the morning papers were monopolized by the gory particulars of a bloody fight between citizens of a village in Kentucky. The rival bodies were entrenched in strong

and depopulating the state. The author of the tale story was, so far as I know, never discovered, and the whole affair gave place to newer matter.

But that story was tame compared with this one from Texas. It is implied that torture at the stake is the prescribed penalty in a case where a negro murders a white child, and that the relatives of the victim become the instruments of justice. Still it seems the officers drew their revolvers and sought to frustrate the designs of justice—remarkable conduct on their part. With what relish the story is told of how the relatives took hot irons and tortured the criminal, rejoicing in his writhings, searing him all over and finally finishing up by burning out his eyes. And the multitude cheered! They cheered again when the mutilated but living bulk was flung on the burning pile time after time, as it tossed in blind agony to and fro in efforts to escape the torment. I do not believe the thing happened at all. Surely all Nature would have shivered on witnessing such a medieval atrocity, and the Hand that smote Sodom would have smote once again! If it did happen, then civilization should send out a force to apprehend the twenty thousand wild beasts who danced and cheered around that negro's pyre.

The enterprise of reporters ranges far beyond the lines of tame truth. The truth is accessible to all newspaper men, but if a reporter manufactures an ingenious lie and writes it up graphically he has the exclusive use of it and reaps all the profits. The liar of the other paper is sure to strike out on another subject altogether. It is hard to say where newspapers and correspondents who telegraph matter on space, will fetch up at present rate of traveling. I knew a case of reportorial enterprise which occurred in one of the big towns of Michigan a few years ago that illustrates the drift of things pretty well. There was the keenest sort of competition between the different morning papers, and it made the heart of the editor glad when he could get an exclusive report of anything sensational. On one of the papers there was a particularly brilliant news-gatherer, and one dull night he got a revolver and from the street behind the office poured four bullets through the editorial windows. Then he rushed around, interviewed his excited superiors, pulled his revolver and emptied two bullets down into the street and gave chase to the imaginary would-be assassin. The scouts from the other papers heard of the affair but could get no particulars, whereas the brilliant reporter had two columns for his paper in the morning. The police were baffled; several arrests were made, but the men were promptly released. At last the youth coolly confessed to the city editor what he had done and asked for an increase of salary. But the city editor had nearly been shot, so he sacked the reporter, telling him he was too advanced for Michigan and had better go to New York. He did, and forged right to the front of his profession.

When it became evident after the Republican convention that James G. Blaine was destined to die without having achieved the Presidency of the Republic, many people said it was another instance of the greatest living American failing to win recognition and reward at the hands of his countrymen. But it is not likely that ten years hence Blaine's name will be strung along with those of Clay, Webster, and Greeley. Those three were Americans, while Blaine was a Blainite. A man to be well spoken of by everyone has usually but to die. No prominent American who has recently died has had such cause for turning uneasily in his coffin as Blaine—of course Ben Butler excepted. The Man from Maine had a faculty for making ten devoted friends and fifteen implacable enemies every day of his public life, and while his friends are now loud in their praise and eager in claiming for him a place among the greatest of Americans, his enemies are not deterred by his death from saying what they think of his character and performances. He was the Jay Gould of politics, it seems to me. The immediate estimate which will be formed of him can best be expressed in the tart expression that he was a politician rather than a statesman. The way in which he juggled with the presidential nomination, cabling picturesque refusals from Europe, which he withdrew at convenience, using his place in Harrison's cabinet to ingratiate himself with the party and the country, and then attempting to sand-bag his chief at Milwaukee—these incidents will becloud the estimate of the man and prevent him from being called great.

MACK.



MY DEAR SISTER.

sulted, and what representatives are for if not to give parliamentary voice and vote to the views of those who elect them. Of course such people are theorists, and we all know that theorists are very silly and ridiculous in these matter-of-fact times—very dangerous, too, in that they threaten the existence of many institutions that yield high gratification to sections of the community.

As for Mr. McCarthy's present attitude on the tariff question, it cannot be properly considered, because it has not been specifically set forth. I am one of those who believe that the N. P. when introduced was a high-spirited and statesmanlike piece of policy on Canada's part, and that it resulted in much good to the industries of the country. To deny this is both dishonest and clumsy. It is dishonest because the increased industrial activity that followed its inception was too real and widespread to escape attention; it is clumsy because what it once accomplished is quite apart from the question of its present utility. In pronouncing it utterly bad from beginning to end, you antagonize your N. P. neighbor in whose mind the machinery of sober reflection may have been commencing to work. With your joint prejudices you bridge the distance of thirteen years, each falls into his ancient position and the men who won them, win yet, for they are in the majority. Would it not be better for tariff reformers to take the position

sure the need for it is even greater now than ever, as the United States builds a higher wall against our produce every year, but on the other hand our industries are not suffering for the exclusive care they required and secured in 1873. To modify the operation of the tariff in this respect would not be an abandonment but a vindication of the principle embodied in the N. P., for it would be in the nature of an assumption that it had achieved its purpose.

I believe it has accomplished enough to permit of its modification. A national policy should be broad enough to embrace the farming interests of the country, and, without making such extreme changes as would imperil the stability of established industries. I think changes could be made that would purify and strengthen the impoverished blood of agriculture. I am not asserting that Protection has made the farmer poor, but am advocating that with a touch of its magic hand it should do for him what it has done for the manufacturer. Agriculture has too long been the despised Cinderella in the household of the State. Sir John Thompson has promised to “lop the mouldering branch away,” and I believe that is all the country and the occasion require. But the lopping process should be under the direction, not of lawyers, brewers and manufacturers, but of a committee of the farmer-members of the House. In this way the policy could be made national in very truth.

positions—minutely described in the despatches—the names of the dead, the list of the wounded and the nature of their wounds were given with great exactness; the possible duration of the fight and the sum total of havoc likely to ensue were sagely commented upon, and the continent grew excited. Reflective people began to question the staying powers of a republic within which such constant slaughter was proceeding in defiance of all authority. Ministers of the gospel used the case to demonstrate that civilization without Christianity left man no better than a savage. About this time an enterprising reporter, armed to the teeth, rode one hundred miles across country to the besieged village, determined to furnish his paper with the latest war news, even though risking his life in securing it. Reporters do that right along, as their own despatches from remote places testify. Instead of getting news he had to give news. The people didn't know there had been a fight there at all—they had no knowledge of such men as were said to be killed and wounded, and even the name of “the notorious desperado with the blood of nineteen men on his hands” had never been heard of until the reporter mentioned it. Tennyson and other poets may glorify the priest who stopped the gladiatorial combat, but that reporter accomplished vastly more. If he had not ridden to the scene that feud might have been progressing yet, deluging Kentucky with blood

American failing to win recognition and reward at the hands of his countrymen. But it is not likely that ten years hence Blaine's name will be strung along with those of Clay, Webster, and Greeley. Those three were Americans, while Blaine was a Blainite. A man to be well spoken of by everyone has usually but to die. No prominent American who has recently died has had such cause for turning uneasily in his coffin as Blaine—of course Ben Butler excepted. The Man from Maine had a faculty for making ten devoted friends and fifteen implacable enemies every day of his public life, and while his friends are now loud in their praise and eager in claiming for him a place among the greatest of Americans, his enemies are not deterred by his death from saying what they think of his character and performances. He was the Jay Gould of politics, it seems to me. The immediate estimate which will be formed of him can best be expressed in the tart expression that he was a politician rather than a statesman. The way in which he juggled with the presidential nomination, cabling picturesque refusals from Europe, which he withdrew at convenience, using his place in Harrison's cabinet to ingratiate himself with the party and the country, and then attempting to sand-bag his chief at Milwaukee—these incidents will becloud the estimate of the man and prevent him from being called great.



# TWICE LOST:

A Tale of Love and Fortune.

By RICHARD DOWLING,

Author of "The Hidden Flame," "Fatal Bonds," "Tempest Driven," "A Baffling Quest," Etc.

COPYRIGHTED, 1892, BY THE AUTHOR.

## CHAPTER LI. HUSBAND AND WIFE.

As Pollie Jeaters sat that evening in Edith Orr's room at the open window, gazing out on the Thames, all silver in the moonlight, she was at peace, and nearer to happiness than for many a long day. Mrs. Natchbrook had been a haven, but it had afforded nothing beyond safety and peace, and so long as she was there she had before her eyes sights which recalled the supreme misery of her lot and the terrible ending to her married life.

Here in this cheerful room high above the ever-moving river she found variety and a scene of movement to keep her from stagnating. Edith's voice, and spirit, and manner, and sympathy, even in her own troubles, were more potent for good than the rough kindness of Mrs. Natchbrook and Jim's young wife, Nancy. Looking out on the moonlit placid stream she gave play to her fancy and pictured to herself the river bringing back to her all it had swept away, all that had been finally lost to her on its bank, in its waters. If not on earth perhaps in a clearer and higher life, the old state would be renewed, the state of the first few months after marriage when she had nothing to do all day long but think of her handsome, gentleman husband, who, in part, thought of nothing but honoring her and anticipating her wish in all things. She never for one moment regretted her marriage. If it were given her to live her whole life over again she would marry Frank Jeaters again. She would risk all, suffer all for the sake of the intoxicating sweetness drunk by her when she believed he loved her, had loved her only, and would never love another woman. Oh, to be his love once more for but a day she would take all the illness, pain, disappointment and woe she had known since she could remember!

At once her thoughts stopped. All at once her thoughts stopped as absolutely as the motion of the river would cease if the water were frozen fathoms deep. Suddenly her ear caught a sound which filled her soul with ecstatic awe.

She rose stealthily from the chair and drew near the open window as cautiously as though she had lighted on a gathering of midnight fairies and feared to scare them. The moon stood low in the east and no more of its direct beams entered the room than made a narrow zone of white radiance on the floor and a pillar of shining marble on the western wall. Into this region of light she moved and reaching the low sill of the window, leaned out over the river, listening, as though her soul took life from a sound.

The deep voice of a man came upward to her bent ear as though the sound rose from the silver surface of the water. She could see no one. It was a spirit voice; a spirit voice singing a song she knew well. "As I view those scenes so charming," was the song. This spirit not only sang the song she knew so well, but heard him sing so often, but had borrowed his voice, had borrowed the very quality of the voice which used to make her feel insolently secure of her perfect happiness as she lay in his arms while he sang.

If this spirit music were so heavenly up here, so like the music she had long ago heard and felt until her very heart trembled with ecstasy, it must be a thousand times more exquisite lower down.

She rose from the window sill and with a footstep soft as the music's self, crept down in the dark, stair by stair, steadying herself by the balustrade lest any noise might mar or destroy the melody. When she reached the foot of the stairs she found the door leading into the parlor open. The song was almost ended. No such mimicry as this could be the work of mortal man, and no man could be here but Edward Fancourt, the rich suitor of Edith Orr. No light but the light of the moon came from the parlor, so that no one was there. If there was no one in the parlor and yet the voice came from that room, it was plain the music was spirit music, and was sounding here as clear and strong because it came in from the surface of the silver water under the witchery of the moon.

With inaudible tread she stole into the parlor. In this room there was part of a zone of moonlight on the floor and part of a pillar of gleaming moonlight-made marble against the western wall. But neither the zone nor the pillar was perfect. Each was broken by shadows, by the shadow of a man seated on a chair. The moonlight fell full on his face, shone on the moist under lip, shone on the gleaming white teeth, making them white as pearls with the sparkle of diamonds. The whole of the man's face was in the full light of the moon, his eyes glittered cold and white like small moons. They were fixed on the moon herself, and as he sang with perfect ease and free from all consciousness and preoccupation, his appearance was weird, spiritual.

When Pollie saw the man she said in her mind: "It is his ghost, his spirit. He never looked so sweet and tender. He will look like that when we meet in heaven. I am glad I came down. As soon as the song is finished he will disappear—he will melt into mist—he will glide away through the open window."

She stood inside the door and gazed at him until the song was over. He did not disappear or melt away; he simply turned his head and glanced out at the stream. She drew a step nearer with the utmost caution. The sight

was unutterably precious to her, and she dreaded that motion of hers might cause it to vanish, and yet it was so intolerably dear it drew her towards it.

The window was no higher than a man's thigh. The chair in which Jeaters sat was low. He leaned forward, and resting his elbow on the sill looked up and down the river, taking his fill of beauty from the lovely night.

It was April, the spring. There was no likelihood of Edith and him being married before summer, but in the summer they should be married, and they would go north. They should go on a sea voyage along the Norway coast, inside the multitudinous isles. There the unmooned summer night was never darker than the Thames now.

He had read of these sheltered mazes of the sea, and they would yield interminable surprises and delight fit for his wondrous sweet-heart's eyes.

He had never kissed his Edith yet. He had never put his arm round her waist; he had never held her hand unduly. Partly, this was owing to a kind of fear he had of her, partly owing to the fact that they had never met alone, and partly owing to a strange, sickening shirking he had to touch the mourning worn so newly for the man she loved. She had put John Crane's engaged ring away from the finger on which Jeaters's ring was to go, but she clad her whole body in mourning for the man who owned her body and soul. But when she came to him here to-night in the moon she would be all white. Even her black gown would borrow radiance from the splendor of the moon, and he should take her quietly in his arms as though it were the mere form of shaking hands when they were alone, and he would kiss her lips as though no other form of greeting were known.

When he should hear the front door shut and this late customer had been dismissed he should rise. When the door between himself and this room opened he should go to the door and take his Edith's hand. While he was leading her across the room he should put his arm round her waist, and when they got into the moonlight he should put his arm round her neck and kiss her. He should do it all mechanically, as though no other form of greeting were possible—all—except the kissing. When he held her head in the loop of his arm he should kiss her—as it pleased him—as it might arise—but certainly not as though no other form of greeting were possible.

At this point of his thoughts he felt a hand on his arm.

She had come in without his hearing the front door shut, without his noticing the door of communication with the shop open. She was at the right-hand side of the window, the dark side.

"Dearest!" he cried, springing to his feet. "Dearest, I did not hear you enter." She said nothing. He put his arm round her. He had never done so before, and he thought she seemed less tall because he had never touched her waist until now. He had judged her height always in the daylight and by sight, and now he was judging by touch in the dark.

He put his arm round her neck and gathered her head to him with infinite tenderness. "My love, my love! My only love!" he moaned into her ear, and kissed her upturned lips before he moved his feet. Then, that he might feast his eyes on her sweet beauty before he tasted these not unwilling lips again, he drew her into the moonlight, holding her neck still in the loop of his arm.

He moved slowly. He moved so that the full light of the moon might fall upon her face.

When he saw what he had kissed and what he still held in the loop of his arm, it was the corpse of his wife. God had found out his crime and sent the dead body of his wife as witness.

With the yell of a lost soul seeing its accuser and knowing its doom, Jeaters sprang through the window into the Thames.

Pollie uttered a piercing shriek, and sank gibbering on a chair. "What is the matter?" cried Crane, bursting open the door from the shop.

"It was not his ghost," whispered Pollie. "It was my husband himself. When he kissed me I felt the broken tooth against my lip."

## CHAPTER LII. THE LAST.

Whether Frank Jeaters was drowned that night or not no one ever knew. The fate which he had designed for his wife had befallen himself. He had dropped into the Thames and never been heard of after. Whatever chance Pollie had of recovering her reason was for ever lost that night. She waxed in body and waned in mind. She became the gentle, uncomplaining companion of Edith, who remained no longer Edith Orr than it took John Crane to sell his gems and buy up the business of Wrighton & Fry.

Upon the investigation of Wrighton & Fry it came out that the business stood in no way responsible for the collapse of the firm. Neither of the partners was satisfied with twenty per cent. trade profits. Both had plunged into speculations in hides or railways in Peru, or ostrich farming at the Cape, into everything or anything so long as it had nothing to do with the trade to which either had been brought up.

Those who had known John Crane during the few years of his manhood placed unlimited confidence in his grasp of his business, his shrewdness, his inventive genius and his absolute integrity.

One of his first acts on getting into the new premises was to offer Ben Sherwin the best position that highly respectable married man was qualified to fill in the grand establishment on the Viaduct. The salary attached to Ben's new position was of so satisfactory a character that Ben told Kate, his wife, he was now able to support not one wife but two, and that he in-

tended to marry another as soon as he found a second in every respect the double of Kate herself. But, he informed her with mock dolor, as neither he nor anyone else could find anyone within four thousand per cent. of the requirements of the case, there was a very strong chance of his remaining to the end of his life an insufficiently married man.

"Under these melancholy circumstances, my dear," he said to his wife, "I think the best thing I can do is to give you your own share of the money and the share of the other wife, as well as two or three times the love I would give to each of you if I was married to both of you. I am firm about the money, my dear, but if you want more of the love say the word and I'll try to set you in the lane when the clock strikes nine, or in any way that may be for our mutual advantage—please address care of Wrighton & Fry, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C., post paid, enclosing a penny postage stamp for a reply, not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith."

After the marriage of Edith and John Crane, and when they were living most happily, but with Mrs. Orr in Hampstead, John Crane set up Nancy Natchbrook as a stationer and paper seller in No. 8 Muscovy place, at which she was much nearer to the great arsenal where Jim was employed than she had been in the Isle of Dogs.

Mrs. Natchbrook, the elder, did not require help from anyone and would have resented the offer of it, as she had not only a business which more than sufficed, but a stocking as well as the embroidered handkerchiefs. It was more than suspected at the Isle of Dogs stairs that George Sayers would, notwithstanding his sayings against women, have been glad to sign a fresh deed of partnership with one of the name of Natchbrook at any church licensed for the registration of such deeds. Mrs. Natchbrook did not, however, at all second his desires, and upon George's ascertaining the unwillingness of the widow, it is said his gloom could not be expressed by any words man is acquainted with, and that after a period of silence his language was such toward women in general that no respectable printer could be supposed to keep letters capable of setting it up in type.

The story of John Crane's extraordinary adventures in foreign parts had got noised abroad, and great curiosity being felt in the expedition which resulted in so astounding a piece of luck, one of the interviewers of the *Evening Bulletin* waited on him to obtain an account of his adventures from the time of his leaving Balise.

At first Crane's modesty made him decline even seeing the journalist. But Ben Sherwin's love of romance, which, owing to some strange perversion of mind, he connected with anything in print, was brought to bear on his friend to the result that the following account appeared in the *Bulletin*, one fine evening that summer.

"Since Mr. John Crane's return from Central America he has not been able to spare time for househunting. At present, he occupies spacious and handsomely furnished apartments in Bedford Row, Russell Square. Mr. Crane is the most modest and unassuming of men. In an interview accorded a representative of the *Evening Bulletin*, he began by saying that all his adventures had come to him by accident, that he was Cockney born, and would have been quite content to end his days without sight of a more savage landscape than the view from Hampstead Heath or Greenwich Park, or experience of more dangerous seas than the English Channel at Brighton."

"Mr. Crane's mission to Guatemala was undertaken in connection with the death of an uncle out there. For the purposes of this interview it will be sufficient to say that instead of receiving a considerable sum of money in Vera Paz, Mr. Crane found himself in a wild, half-civilized country without the prospect of a penny of the fortune he expected, that he was robbed of everything he had by a band of marauders, that for days and days he wandered alone through the trackless primeval forest, emerging finally on the Pineridge of British Honduras, where the first person he met was an outlawed Englishman, the leader of a brigand band, and that Mr. Crane finally found himself in Balise, the only town in British Honduras, without a farthing or a friend."

In Balise Mr. Crane succeeded in borrowing a few pounds and shipped as "boy" on the Opal, a barque hailing from Hull and bound to London with a cargo of logwood.

Interviewer—I believe, Mr. Crane, you knew nothing of the sea?

Mr. Crane—Nothing whatever. I am a watchmaker and optician by trade, and was never at sea even as a passenger until I went to America. Of course, Captain Bains of the Opal was aware of this. He told me he would not expect me to go aloft; I was to make myself useful on deck.

Interviewer—Perhaps you will be kind enough to tell me what befell later?

Mr. Crane—We were some days out when one morning I heard the mate say he did not like the look of it. "It," at sea, always means the weather. That day was very hot and oppressive, with little or no wind, and we went along chiefly by the aid of the current, an aid which Captain Bains could well do without, as he was new to the coast, which was at this point thick with coral islands, inside a line of which we had kept after leaving Balise. Next day it began to blow shortly after dawn, and almost instantly it seemed to me a terrible cyclone was upon us. When it struck us I was on the poop. The barque lay over, I rolled into the waist and was washed clean out of the ship by a tremendous wave which seemed to come along with the first of the wind.

Interviewer—You were washed overboard?

Mr. Crane—Yes.

Interviewer—Was an effort made to rescue you?

Mr. Crane—Fortunately not, or rather fortunately I was not rescued. If I had been rescued by the Opal then I should not be here now. Within a few miles of where I was swept overboard she struck on a coral reef, and she and every man in her perished.

Interviewer—We left you, Mr. Crane, struggling in the water.

Mr. Crane—The Opal carried a few light spars lashed together on deck and these were swept off by the sea which carried me overboard. They were tumbling and tossing about

in the water and I swam for them as well as I could and succeeded in reaching them. There were four spars lashed together. Fortunately the lashing held and they formed a rude raft. In a very few minutes the awful wind passed. The sea had not time to get up, and that evening the raft grounded on a long, low island, and I scrambled ashore.

Interviewer—Not much the worse of your wetting?

Mr. Crane—Not much the worse of my ducking, but very much the worse of the rolling grinding of the long, loose spars. It appears Captain Bains ought not to have been in among these islands.

Interviewer—The island you found yourself on was uninhabited?

Mr. Crane—Oh, yes. It was uninhabited at the time.

Interviewer—And barren?

Mr. Crane—On the contrary it was covered with the most luxuriant growths of all kinds of tropical plants and flowers, but no trees.

Interviewer—And there you found something very wonderful?

Mr. Crane—Yes. The island proved almost perfectly flat. It was about two miles long by a mile broad, and in the center there was a hollow, and in the hollow were three shallow artificial openings. These openings were about twenty feet deep, ten feet broad and seven feet high. They were perfectly dry and contained a few articles of old Spanish furniture dropping to pieces. There were two old rusty flint-lock guns and a couple of swords eaten through with rust. In one of the caves I found a mouldering mass of what had been a man. It was lying among the ruins of a rotten chair. Before the chair lay the rotten remains of a table. A few old-fashioned drinking glasses lay among the fragments of the table, and when I stirred the bones and rags of what had been a man, what must have been a stout waist belt fell in powder and amongst its dust I found three hundred and two large cut stones which sold for twenty-seven thousand pounds.

Interviewer—And how long were you on the island?

Mr. Crane—A month.

Interviewer—Had you any difficulty about food?

Mr. Crane—No. In the forest I almost starved. But in that region when you are not shut in under trees or lost on a sea of grass, when, in fact, there is any kind of mixed vegetation, everything is food. You have only to stretch out your hand and pluck and eat.

Interviewer—And how did you get off?

Mr. Crane—I was taken off by another home-bound vessel, the Sea Mow, bound to the Thames, with logwood too. That is the most marvelous part of my story. Only that that vessel, the Sea Mow, of Aberdeen, was out of her course too, the chances are that in another couple of hundred years, someone might find a second heap of bones and rags in that cave and the treasure it has been my good fortune to carry to England.

Interviewer—So that you have been lost in the forest and lost in the sea?

Mr. Crane—Yes, I have been twice lost.

[THE END.]

## Baby Grand Pianos.

It is surprising to learn how many of these instruments have been made and sold by the well known firm of Heintzman & Co. within the last twelve months. In Toronto alone, the firm has sold thirty-one Baby Grand Pianos to the most aristocratic families in the city. The Heintzman & Co. Grand creating such a demand among our very best families, speaks wonders for Canadian manufacturers, as only a few years ago our wealthy people bought nothing else but American Grand Pianos, but upon examining these beautiful Heintzman Grand Pianos it is not surprising to learn that they are creating such a demand among our best musical people, as they are, without doubt, equal to any Grand manufactured in the United States. Their new Baby Grand, which is just out, is a very pretty design and the tone excels anything we have ever heard. This piano, without any doubt, will be the instrument among the people where there is both money and room to spare, and Messrs. Heintzman are to be congratulated upon producing such high-class pianos.



Distinguished Naturalist in Africa—By Jove, my boy, I guess I'm your breakfast! But just wait till you commence to feel in your own inside the pangs of the dyspepsia I've had for the last twenty years, and you'll wish you had let me alone.

## A Point for the Minister.

"God does not countenance work done on Sunday!" roared the minister.

"Then for heaven's sake why don't you stop!" moaned the sleepy vestryman.

## Their Health Food.

Pessels (the druggist).—Hi, there! What's the row?

Morton (the boy).—Matter 'nough; here's a lady wants ten cents' worth of insect powder, quick, an' the cockroaches has e't all.

**SOMETHING NEW  
"SUEDEDENE"**  
To clean the dirtiest worn Suede, Oze or Canvas Shoes. The result is comparatively a NEW SHOE. 25c. a box.  
**L. A. STACKHOUSE**  
194 King Street West. (Opposite Rodin House.)

## THE RECOGNIZED STANDARD BRANDS

# CIGARS

MUNGO - - - 5c.  
CABLE - - - 5c.  
EL PADRE - - - 10c.

MADRE E HIJO 10 & 15c.

The Best Value

The Safest Smoke

The Most Reliable

THE PUREST OF THE PURE

NO CHEMICALS

NO ARTIFICIAL FLAVORING

THE BEST VALUE

# BERMUDA

Sixty hours from New York. THURSDAYS  
**BARBADOS**  
And other West India Islands every ten days.  
**QUEBEC STEAMSHIP COMPANY**  
ARTHUR AHERN, Secretary Quebec S. S. Co., Quebec.  
BARLOW CUMBERLAND, Agent  
75 Yonge Street, Toronto

# R.M. MELVILLE

Toronto General Steamship Agency

28 ADELAIDE STREET EAST

For Steamship Tickets to All Parts of the World at Lowest Rates

# ROSES, ROSES

Carnations, Violets, Mignonette

and Smilax

Fresh Cut Roses My Specialty

## DECORATIVE PLANTS FOR HIRE

# H. DALE

238 Yonge Street Telephone 783

1892 MODEL

REMINGTON

TYPEWRITER

Machines Rented. Operators Supplied

Telephone 120

10-12 Adelaide Street East, Toronto.

# MARTIN McMILLAN

GROCER

Tel. 641 431 Yonge St.

Has a large and well assorted stock of

New Season's Teas

Pure Coffees

Pure Spices

Canned Goods of Every Description



## All Sorts of Styles.

**A** STYLISH dress of figured India silk has a long bell skirt, cutaway jacket fronts and very full sleeve puffs. The fitted front, high collar and sleeves from elbows to wrists are of plain velvet. A hat of velvet to match is trimmed with platings and ruchings of fine black lace.

While fewer veils are worn, there are yet many ladies who cling to them. The little veil of fine net is indispensable to keep the bang in order; otherwise the hair would blow about the face in the most unbecoming fashion.

A new costume of black silk is made up with a rolled puff of reddish-pink silk at the hem. Double sleeve puffs, the upper one of lace, the lower of pink silk, pink revers and full sash complete the costume.

Velvet will be as popular for spring wear as it has been during the past winter. Many of the earlier spring hats will be made entirely of velvet.

The triple cape seems to be quite as popular as ever, and the wide, very full-plaited bertha will be a feature of spring costumes.

Long sash ends of ribbon or velvet fall from the waist line over the sides of the skirt. Velvet belts with cabbage rosettes of velvet and silk are fashionable.

The term "composite" is the only one that exactly expresses the fashions of the present day. Directoire, Empire, modern Parisians and English ideas skilfully adapted and modified by American notions characterize the most approved modes of the coming season. Full sleeves, bell skirts and high collars still continue, and for useful costumes and street dresses the short skirt has evidently come to stay. This being the case, the shoe and hosiery trades are going to flourish.

Probably not for many years has there been such a mania for pretty stockings as the coming season will witness, and certainly there has never been such an almost unlimited stock of beautiful novelties from which to select. One of the favorite stockings has black feet and ankles with tops in bright color and often in fanciful pattern. One style has long pointed toes of bright color running down into the black. This is much liked for slippers and low-cut shoes. A great deal of pink is to be worn, also soft gray, lavender or heliotrope, some light blue and several shades of green. Pink and bronze are again in favor, and there are blue and gray mixtures that are pronounced, by connoisseurs, "the sweetest things imaginable."

Broad-brimmed hats are to be a feature of the coming season, and the broader the better. Long ostrich plumes with little bristling aigrettes and bows in front are among the approved trimmings. The old-time Gainsborough will be much affected by young ladies who are fond of conspicuous styles. A great deal of lace, mull, crepe tulle and other semi-transparent materials will enter into the composition of new millinery.

Sleeves are to be shorter, and gloves will be longer. There are few changes in gloves as far as color goes. Gray, some shades of brown, tan and dark olive are seen in the best stocks. A great many white, cream-tinted and pearl gloves will be worn for all occasions, and the glove cleaner will flourish.

New handkerchiefs have tiny edges of lace or hem-stitched borders with hand embroidery. A very small lace-edged handkerchief is quite the correct thing. There are good reasons for this, as they take up less room in the pocket and can be tucked into the belt or between the buttons of the dress. Some young ladies have a habit of carrying a small-handkerchief rolled in a tight ball in the middle of the hand. Just why this is done has not been explained, but the fact remains, nevertheless.

An elegant as well as suitable cloak for driving is made of velvet or plush, wadded and lined with thick brocade, and trimmed with an edging of sable or mink tails. It is also, as may be supposed, very expensive.

There is to be a decided effort to popularize larger waists. The long, slender corset is to be crowded out of fashion if possible, and a more sensible and comfortable style is confidently predicted.

A pretty dress finish for a young lady is a collar and yoke of net lace with a very deep frill of lace edging around the yoke. Deep flounces of lace edging finish the puffed sleeves.

A popular house costume or one for everyday wear is a skirt of black Priestly Henrietta cloth, with waist or blouse of India silk or satin.

Silk gloves are coming into use again, some long, very handsome ones for evening wear being among the new importations.

A new caprice, and a not very charming one at that, is dyed wool trimming, or collar and muff in yellow, pink or heliotrope.

Plaids of all sorts are in demand, and plaid waists with plain skirts are liked by young ladies.

Plain cloth in combination with a fancy figured wool or silk goods is a favorite combination.

Every-day and business dresses are made of heavy-camel's-hair in durable qualities.

Opera cloaks of plain silk, cloth or rich brocade are trimmed with white fur.

Hats with brim projecting far over the face are very much liked by young ladies.

Some of the handsomest new capes are lined with bright-colored brocades.

New silver bracelets are made of twisted wire in all sorts of fancy patterns.

Silk mull in black, white and colors is in demand for evening dresses.

Some new skirts have a very wide box-pleat at the middle of the back.

Dresses of heavy, thick *peau de soie* and woollen goods are much liked.

Old rose and green brocades are made up with old rose velvet.

Half-pins of filigree gold have long teeth of shell or amber.

Satin ribbon is exceedingly popular as a trimming material.

Evening silks show a variety of opalescent effects.

A new combination is a very bright green and tan.

Bengalines with very heavy cords are popular.

The very smartest of winter morning robes are of rich silk *crepe de chine* in all the fashionable light colors—rose, blue, lilac, pearl, and daffodil yellow. They are lined throughout with ermine, the black and white fur turning over the outside edge to show an inch or two as trimming. These luxurious garments have wide, hanging, fur-lined sleeves, a slight train, a deep ermine collar, are slightly gathered in to a very long waist line at the back, while the full bias front laps diagonally from right to left, and fastens to one side with a charming mother-of-pearl buckle.

White camel's-hair, creamy cashmeres and fleecy flannels are also utilized in this way. They are lined throughout with silk of the same shade, or one harmonious in tone, and are decorated with a profusion of ribbons and cascades of soft, fine, wool lace that give an air of both elegance and comfort.

Simpler, but exceedingly cosy and pretty, are wrappers of dark red cashmere flannel, figured or striped with black, and rather elaborately trimmed with rough Hercules braid in different widths. They are made usually with yokes, Watteau plaits, big sleeves, deep cuffs, high collars, and straight fronts, to be gathered in to the waist with a hidden draw-string, over which a wide black satin ribbon is tied in a smart puffy bow and long floating ends.

Silk dressing sacks are greatly the vogue at the present moment, and, in a variety of deliciously fresh and becoming tints, they are merely abbreviated editions of the *peignoirs*. They are usually tucked in many infinitesimally small lines done by hand, are fastened down the front with tiny gold shirt studs, and are fully flounced with tucked and lace-edged ruffles.

Now is the time when the prudent woman makes her preparations for spring work. Notwithstanding all of the abuse to which the bargain counter and its frequenters have been subjected, it remains just the same and is more and more visited by sensible women with every passing season. Now is the time when the judicious mother buys and fits up all of the pretty dainty summer plumage for her dear little birdlings. It is so much nicer to get things made up ahead, and as the new gingham, zephyrs and chambrays are coming in very rapidly, and there is no lack of current styles on hand, this is one of the wisest of moves. Lighter and brighter colors than usual are to be worn the coming season, and also great quantities of lace.

Tea-gowns are a sort of vexed question in many circles, and to wear them or not to wear them is a much discussed question. In the strictest sense, they are not thought a suitable environment for young women and girls, although many of them may be found thus attired early in the day and, in far too many cases, late in the day also. But this is all wrong, and cultivates careless habits, in which young women should never indulge. Matrons and elderly women may wear tea-gowns at reasonable hours, but a pretty, trim, natty figure is best set off by a snug although not too close fitting costume of any of the approved materials.

A good deal of attention just now is being given to theater dresses. Indeed, there is always a demand for fine costumes for such purposes. The judicious woman gives more heed to her wrap, bonnet and gloves than to the dress proper, except, possibly, a pretty waist. As a matter of fact, the skirts of theater dresses show but little; and so that they are plain and dark, nothing further is required. They are crushed and wrinkled out of all symmetry, and the woman who wears a new or a fine one for such purposes makes a mistake.

One of the newest styles in theater wraps is a military cape of cloth or plush with a very high collar curved outward and lined with fur or feather trimming. These collars are so arranged that the wearer's head appears to be set in a funnel-shaped wrapping, often the tops of the ears being scarcely visible. The soft, fluffy fringe of the feathers or fur projects some distance above the collar, softening the outline around the face.

Among the elegant dresses lately imported are those of velvet, which material will be worn until late in the season. A very handsome model is of holly-green velvet, the skirt in bell-shape and cut walking length. Three rows of very narrow sable trimming are placed just above the hem; otherwise the skirt, which drapes slightly to either side over the hips, is plain. The waist is in a modified surplice-shape, heavy folds of the material crossing from the left shoulder over the bust and under the right arm. The bodice point is outlined by a great deal of very fine jet and silk embroidery. The sleeves are made of three immense puffs, one above another. These cover the space from shoulder seams to elbows. Below these, the sleeves fit the arms closely, being buttoned down the inside of the arms; the high collar is of embroidery with a narrow band of fur at the upper edge. A bonnet of velvet matching the dress in color is trimmed with medium-length ostrich tips and platings of lace.

Now that women's undershirts have become so idealized in the *fin de siècle* silk petticoat, they appear to be in full toilet when lounging about their rooms in dressing sack and skirt. The newest petticoats are in fancy silks, either fine checks, bold plaids or floral brocades, having very small figures relieved against contrasting backgrounds. Nor are they made up of one material. The best liked novelty has a skirt of the plaid silk, with two or more plaid ruffles, each one showing an under flounce of a plain shade, with either little puffs or pinked ruchings of the plain silk heading the frills. For example, if the check is of rose, yellow and black, the under ruffles and ruches will be of plain yellow, with an effect that is admirable. Taffeta and *glace* silks are greatly preferred for petticoats, as they furnish a grateful crispness highly necessary at the moment when crinolines are threatened.

**Individualities.**

Miss Grace Golden, the actress, has an enviable reputation for virtue and piety. Her inclination is for the cloister, and the public may yet see her in the garb of the modest religious.

It is sad to know that the widow of Dr. Eliza Kent Kane, the famous Arctic explorer,

is in such destitution and ill-health that the Chicago *Inter-Ocean* has appealed to the public for aid in her behalf.

Mrs. Hough, Jay Gould's sister, who receives by his will a gift of \$25,000, and \$2,000 yearly, is the wife of a retired Methodist minister. She and her husband have always been active in charitable work, so far as their slender means would permit.

Among Europeans who have a money interest in this country are Mrs. Gladstone, who owns three acres of land, worth \$15,000, at Niagara Falls, Ontario, presented to her by her husband, and Prince Bismarck, who is said to hold \$50,000 worth of stock in the street car lines of Milwaukee.

The many admirers of the "Grand Old Man" of England point with pride to the fact that he is the oldest Prime Minister the nation ever had. Earl Russell did not hold office after seventy-four, although he lived to be eighty-six, and Lord Palmerston died on the eve of his eighty-second birthday.

Grand Duke Nicholas Constantinovitch, the Czar's cousin, has lived in exile in Central Asia for twenty years. Among his amiable habits is that of constantly beating his wife. He is also accustomed to have obnoxious persons buried up to the neck in sand, their bare heads being exposed to the burning sun.

Last summer an English woman captured and restored to Sara Bernhardt the latter's pet serpent, recognizing it by the gold chain and jeweled ring it wore. Now the actress has rewarded the lucky finder by the gift of a diamond ring and a photograph of the serpent's mistress in the role of Cleopatra.

Eugene Field, the Chicago poet and humorist, might be anywhere between twenty-five and fifty-eight years of age, but he confesses to about forty, and for ten years past he has been regularly engaged in newspaper work in the Lake City. Physically he is tall, angular and energetic, with a smooth-shaven face.

An effort is being made by the managers of the World's Fair to induce Jean Armour Burns Brown, the great-granddaughter of Robert Burns, to visit Chicago this coming summer. She is a young woman of about twenty, and her resemblance to the poet is said to be fairly startling. She lives near Dumfries, Scotland.

Maurice Bernhardt has proved his devotion to the "divine Sara" by challenging the editor of the *Vie Parisienne*, on account of an article reflecting upon his mother. M. Bernhardt's wife, by the way, has just obtained a separation of her private fortune from her husband's, a precautionary measure due to his being constantly in debt.

Mr. Charles Dudley Warner has been elected an honorary vice-president of the Egypt Exploration Fund Society, to fill the vacancy made by the death of Mr. George William Curtis. Mr. Warner's eminent literary ability, and the appreciation of his wit and humor by the public in two hemispheres, were spoken of in flattering terms by Mr. E. Maunde Thompson, principal librarian of the British Museum, and by Miss Matland, principal of Somerville Hall, Oxford, who respectively moved and seconded the resolution to confer this honor on our gifted countryman.

Frances Anne Kemble, born in London, November 27, 1809, died in that city on January 16th. A daughter of Charles Kemble, and a niece of John Philip Kemble and of the great Mrs. Siddons, she inherited beauty, charm, and dramatic genius; and though the day of her brilliant success is so long past that her triumphs have become traditional, her name is numbered on the honor-roll of the world's great players. In 1829 the girl of twenty, just out of her convent, took London by storm. Her first impersonation of Juliet was so fresh, so noble, so ideal, so dainty, that this radiant young creature, who played with Mrs. Siddons in the audience and her own father and mother in the cast, took the world by storm. Subsequently she enacted Portia, Lady Teazle, Bianca, Julia, and other characters, always lending the fascination of her own individuality to the part she chose.



Wild Ned—Hands up!

**A KEG OF OUR PORTER**  
IS BETTER THAN  
**A BARREL OF DRUGS**  
Spadina Brewery  
Tel. 1363. Kensington Avenue.

**SOUTHERN TOURS**  
Bermuda, Florida, Nassau, Cuba, Mexico, Jamaica, Barbados, West Indies, Acapulco, Riviera, Egypt, Palestine, Etc., by any route desired.  
**PRINCIPAL TRANS-ATLANTIC LINES**  
At Winter Rates  
**BARLOW CUMBERLAND**  
Gen. & S. and Tourist Agency, 75 Yonge St., Toronto.

**HERBERT E. SIMPSON**  
PHOTOGRAPHER  
143 College Street - - Toronto  
840 DOOR WEST OF QUEEN ST. AVENUE  
SUCCESSORS TO LATE NOTMAN & FRASER.



**S. W. Cor. Yonge and Queen**  
**We Talk of Silks**

No matter how much price might be an inducement, it would be a blunder to purchase silks if quality were doubtful. Perhaps no store in the Dominion has for years given so critical attention to silk buying as this store. Our buyers are expert, and their instructions are to be particular of quality always. It's this that's given the store so splendid a name among silk shoppers.

Tartan Plaids, 75c., worth \$1.  
Tinted Brooches for evening wear.  
Colored Surahs, evening shades.  
Evening Brooches, new colors, \$2, worth \$4.  
Evening Brooches, 50c., worth \$1.  
Evening Brooches, \$1, worth \$1.75.  
Heavy Black Surahs, all silk 40c., 45c., 55c., 65c., 75c., 85c., \$1.  
Black Armure, \$1.50, sale price \$1.  
Black Peau de Soie, 50c., \$1, \$1.25, \$1.50, \$1.75, \$2.10.  
Black Fongors, 25c.  
Black Japan Habutai, 25 in., 65c., 50c.  
Black French Gros Grain, greatest value we've ever offered, 47c., 55c., 75c., 85c., \$1, \$1.25, \$1.50, \$2.  
Black Royal, heavy, \$1.25, worth \$1.50.  
Black Silk Pailie, 50c., \$1, \$1.25, \$1.50.  
Fancy Silk Velvets, actual \$2 goods for 50c.  
Changeable Silks, new colors.

In the mantle room, where every garment is cut down in price, may be seen a table of houses Jersey, any one of which may be had at \$1.25; \$1.50 was the actual price of these Jerseys.

**R. SIMPSON**  
S. W. cor. Yonge and Queen Entrance Yonge Street.  
Store No. 174, 176, 178 Yonge Street, and 1 and 3 Queen Street West.

**BARBOUR'S**  
Linen  
Threads



UNEQUALLED FOR ALL PURPOSES

**Bingham**  
**Prints**  
**Invitations**  
**Good**  
For Weddings, Parties, Etc.  
**38 Adelaide St. West**  
**Toronto**

King 3 East  
TORONTO

**EYE-BROW PENCIL**  
TOILET GOODS  
MASSAGE  
MANICURE

This is an imported French Pencil, with Slide Case. No. 5—Black and Brown. Price, each 25c., by mail. We claim the *Toujours Jeune* (always young) the face clearer than any soap and water can; that is a natural food for the cuticle, removing any wrinkles formed and will prevent others from forming; that the appearance of age will be kept back twenty years by the use of it. The time is almost here when soap and water will be but little used on the face by those who hold their faces objects of care. The *Divine Pencil* keeps water entirely from the face, and she seems to reveal in youth and loveliness. Dr. J. Parker Pray and Isabella Cassidy, N. Y., Toilet Articles kept on hand. Sole agent for Mrs. Bra-Zee's Toilet Goods, Josephine Moore's "Always Young," White Lamer's "Wool Oil," pure and soft. Every lady has some portion of her eye-brow that wants retouching when dressed for evening. Get the Pencil.  
Art Toilet Rooms, 3 King Street East. C. S. FERRON

ESTABLISHED 1843.

**Winter Coats**  
**a Specialty**  
**Re Score & Son**  
LADIES TAILORS  
17 KING ST. W.  
TORONTO  
MODERATE PRICES.

**"UNEQUALLED"**  
IS THE VERDICT  
OF  
All Those Who Have Used the  
**STANDARD**  
**DRESS BONES**

The steel is extra quality, non-corrosive, metal tipped, securely stitched and fastened in a covering of superior saten. Can be relied on not to stain, cut through at the ends, or become detached.

**Ask for Them**  
**They are the Best**

SOLD BY  
All the Leading Retail Dry Goods Merchants  
Throughout the Dominion

**ARMAND'S**  
Dermatological, Manicure  
AND  
Hair Dressing Parlors  
Scientific Hygienic External Skin,  
Scalp and Hair Treatment  
Our Medicated Face Steaming and Massage Manipulations for the Improvement, Development and Preservation of a Healthy Complexion on a Healthy Body. Face, Neck and Arms a specialty. A lady specialist from London, Eng., employed. Our system is, we are proud to say, superior and unique to any other in Toronto or on this continent. The process is entirely natural—no paste, cosmetic or skin food employed, which will do more to destroy than improve the complexion.  
The benefit by our treatment is of great value to the health and appearance. It clears the skin of anything not natural to it, such as Wrinkles, Sallowness, Freckles, Blackheads, Inflammation, Pimples, etc. The reaction of the entire muscular system is produced.

**OUR MANICURE TREATMENT**  
is modern. Shaping of nails in fashionable styles. All Manicure Articles to be had at our establishment. Particulars sent on application free. Entirely private parlors.  
Office hours for ladies—Every day from 9:30 a.m. till 6 p.m. Office hours for gentlemen—Every Wednesday and Saturday afternoon from 1 p.m. till 5 p.m. Appointments to be made.  
Telephone 2498

**J. TRANGLE ARMAND & CO.**  
441 Yonge St. cor. Carlton St.  
TORONTO, ONT.

**HAIR GOODS**

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN REQUIRING  
**WIGS, TOUPEES, BANGS**  
**WAVES, SWITCHES, &c.**

Should inspect our stock. The very latest styles in stock or made to order.  
Ladies' Hair Dressing Parlors always open. Only first-class artists employed.  
Hair ornaments of all kinds. Prices low.

**DORENWEND'S**  
103 & 105 Yonge Street, Toronto  
Send for illustrated catalogues.

**What is Worse than an Ill-fitting Shoe?**  
No matter how cheap it may be.  
Our shoes are low in price and perfect fitting as well.  
**WE USE NO SHODDY**

**J. D. KING & CO., 79 King St. E.**

**REMOVAL**  
**ELDRIDGE STANTON**  
Has removed his Photographic Studio to  
**11 King Street West**

**TOILET GOODS**  
**MASSAGE**  
**MANICURE**

This is an imported French Pencil, with Slide Case. No. 5—Black and Brown. Price, each 25c., by mail. We claim the *Toujours Jeune* (always young) the face clearer than any soap and water can; that is a natural food for the cuticle, removing any wrinkles formed and will prevent others from forming; that the appearance of age will be kept back twenty years by the use of it. The time is almost here when soap and water will be but little used on the face by those who hold their faces objects of care. The *Divine Pencil* keeps water entirely from the face, and she seems to reveal in youth and loveliness. Dr. J. Parker Pray and Isabella Cassidy, N. Y., Toilet Articles kept on hand. Sole agent for Mrs. Bra-Zee's Toilet Goods, Josephine Moore's "Always Young," White Lamer's "Wool Oil," pure and soft. Every lady has some portion of her eye-brow that wants retouching when dressed for evening. Get the Pencil.  
Art Toilet Rooms, 3 King Street East. C. S. FERRON

Art Toilet Rooms, 3 King Street East. C. S. FERRON







## Out of Town

## St. Thomas.

One of the most fashionable events that has taken place in our city for some time came off on Thursday afternoon of last week at the First Methodist church, St. Thomas, it being the marriage of Miss Eleanor Maude Farley, daughter of Mr. John Farley, Q.C., to Mr. Harry Blyar Travers, son of Colonel Travers of County Tyrone, Ireland, and grandson of Major-General Sir Robert Travers, K.C.M.G. The bride, who is one of our most popular and accomplished young ladies, as charming in disposition as in features, has by her sweet manner and amiability endeared herself to all who know her, and in musical circles her sweet contralto voice is always welcomed as one of the events of the evening at our entertainments. "Solips" Travers, as he is familiarly called, came from a long line of fighting Traverses, whose brilliant deeds have earned fame on many a hard fought field in upholding the honor of their country. He, however, is better known through his connection with Canadian sports, and on our tennis grounds and cricket fields his name is a household word. The short but impressive ceremony was performed by the Rev. R. J. Treleven, pastor of the First Methodist church, and Mr. J. H. Jones, organist of Trinity church, presided at the organ. The ushers were Messrs. Brerley, Joy, Thomson and Woodward. Long before the hour appointed for the ceremony the seating capacity of the church was taxed to its fullest extent, and the sidewalks for some distance outside were crowded with those who were unable to gain admittance to the church. The bride looked very charming as she walked up the aisle with her father, attended by her sister, Miss Georgina Farley, as bridesmaid, and Miss Isabella Bright as maid of honor, and Master Henry Lockwood as page. The bride was attired in a handsome robe of white *fillee française*, en traine, and wore the traditional bridal veil, fastened with orange blossoms, and carried a lovely bouquet of white roses. The bridesmaid wore a very becoming gown of pink bengaline with bronze velvet sleeves and trimmings. The petite maid of honor was prettily dressed in pink and white, and Master Henry Lockwood in a little Lord Fauntleroy suit of black velvet and red sash. The groom was attended by Mr. J. A. Stewart as best man. The scene as the wedding party took up their position at the altar rails was very impressive, and as the party left the church to the grand strains of Lohengrin's magnificent wedding march many and heartfelt were the wishes expressed by the large number of friends present for the happiness and future welfare of the fair bride and her husband. After the reception a large number of guests partook of the hospitality of Valley View Villa, the beautiful residence of the bride's father. The bride and her husband received the guests under a canopy of evergreens and flowers in the large drawing-room, which with the rest of the house had been tastefully decorated for the occasion. The health of the bride was proposed by the Rev. Mr. Treleven in a short and appropriate speech, and was responded to by Mr. Travers. The presents were very numerous and handsome, and testify in a marked manner to the high esteem in which the bride and her husband are held by their many friends. The gifts of the groom were a handsome diamond and sapphire ring to the bride, and a very pretty turquoise ring to the bridesmaid. The Galt Cricket Club, for which Mr. Travers did good service last season in upholding the honor of the club, sent a very handsome oxidized silver fruit basket of a novel design. Mr. and Mrs. Travers left on the M. C. R. afternoon express for New York. The bride was attired in a handsome traveling dress of golden-brown tweed and wore very handsome silver-fox furs, the gift of her father.

On their return they will reside in St. Thomas, where Mr. Travers will continue the practice of his profession. The following were among the invited guests: Judge and Mrs. Hughes, Judge and Mrs. Ermatinger, Rev. Canon and Mrs. Hill, Rev. R. J. and Mrs. Treleven, Mr. Husher, United States Consul; Mr. and Mrs. M. A. Gilbert, Mr. and Mrs. Lockwood, Dr. and Mrs. Gustin, Mr. and Mrs. Baird, Mr. and Mrs. Wright, Mr. and Mrs. J. McAdam, Dr. and Mrs. Wilson, Mr. and Mrs. James Coyne, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Griffin, Mr. Plowes, Mr. and Mrs. George Williams, Mr. and Mrs. Amasa Wood, Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Jones, Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Jackson, Mr. and Mrs. G. T. Claris, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Mickleborough, Mr. and Mrs. William Mickleborough, Mr. and Mrs. Turner, Mrs. and Miss Rich, Mr. and Mrs. McCausland, Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Doherty, Mr. and Mrs. D. M. Tait, Mrs. Thompson, Mrs. Dunbar, Mrs. Todd, Mr. and Mrs. W. Riedon, Mr. and Mrs. John Riedon, Mr. and Mrs. W. Cochrane, Mr. and Mrs. J. Carrie, Mr. and Mrs. George Scott, the Misses Travers, the Misses Allworth, Mrs. Laycock, Mr. and Miss Arkell, Mr. and Mrs. W. P. Reynolds, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Reynolds, Mr. and Mrs. Colin Macdougall, Mr. J. A. Robinson, Mr. D. B. S. Crothers, Mr. and Mrs. T. W. Crothers, Miss E. Fitzsimmons, Dr. and Mrs. Barnes, Mr. W. Barnes, Mr. Spencer, Mr. Drake, Mr. and Mrs. J. McLean, Mr. Alfred Gustin, Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Finlay, Mr. and Mrs. Suffer, Messrs. Griffin, Hart, Murch, Stewart, Brerley, Miss Williams, Miss Ermatinger, Miss McColl, Mr. Norman Macdonald, Mr. A. Woodward, Mr. Joy. Among those from a distance were: Dr. and Mrs. Berry, Mr. and Mrs. Caulfield, Mr. and Mrs. Hanvey, Mrs. T. L. Lawson, Mr. George Lawson, Mr. Murray Lawson, of Chicago; Dr. and Mrs. Berry of Romeo, Mich.; Mr. and Mrs. Turner Farley, Mr. Thomas and the Misses Farley, of Niagara; and the Misses Greenshields, of Montreal; Judge Finkle of Woodstock; Mr. and Mrs. J. N. Scatcherd, Mr. and Mrs. Seward Carey, Mrs. J. Bilton, of Buffalo; Mr. and Mrs. and the Misses McIntyre, Mr. Colin Lettich, of Dutton; Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Allen, Mr. and Mrs. Travers, of Brockville; Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Smith, Mr. and Mrs. Wolfstan Thomas, Mr. Walter Smith, Mr. and Mrs. E. Ward, of London; Mr. and Mrs. J. N. Travers of Nice, France; Mr. J. O. Travers, 11th Devonshire Regiment, of Burma; Mr. Robert Travers, 4th Ghorkas, of India; Mr. Eaton Travers of Madras, India; Mr. Arthur Travers, post-master-general, of Hong Kong; Mr. Robert W.

Travers of H. M. S. Endymion; Colonel H. T. Travers of County Tyrone, Ireland; Mr. V. Armstrong, Mr. James Murray, Mr. Stuart Heath, Mr. Allan Matheson, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Draper, of Toronto; Mr. and Mrs. Harvey of Blackrock, Ireland; Mr. Sydney Farley of Morden, Man.; Mr. Frank Farley of Red Deer, N. W. T.

A large ball is to be held at the Grand Central Hotel here early in February. The following have been asked to act as lady patronesses: Mesdames Wilson, Gustin, Laycock, Fulton, Claris, Lockwood, Hutchinson, Mickleborough, Jackson, Reynolds, Nichol. More of this in our next.

The usual practice of H. M. S. Pinafore took place last week and we noticed many new faces. The principals are well up in their work, but the chorus wants cementing, so that Mr. Jones, who is known too well to need comment, has postponed the performance till after Lent, when he intends to eclipse all former efforts.

Mrs. Idsardi gave a very pleasant evening of drive whilst to a few of her friends the other evening, as a house warming to the beautiful residence lately built by Mr. Idsardi on Elgin street.

Our Hockey Club is getting along nicely in its practice and rather bothers the visiting clubs with its cat-like play around the posts. At its last home match London fell an easy prey, but on their visiting Stratford they were easily taken into camp both before and after the game. We hear the boys complaining that the girls don't turn out and give them encouragement.

Sleighting parties move around like girls' schools at Brighton, here, there and everywhere. Alma College lends its quota in making the streets bright with merry laugh and jingling bells. The girls club together and hire the largest rig in the city, and of course order the driver not to hurry the horses as they want to see the shops.

Mr. Joseph Kirtland returned to Almonte yesterday, having been home on the sad errand of burying his mother, an old and universally respected citizen of St. Thomas.

The Misses Travers have returned from Berlin, where they had been visiting their brother, the manager of the Merchants' Bank of Canada.

Mr. Stanley of the Imperial Bank of Canada received his marching orders for Rat Portage, where he is now stationed. He will be missed.

We regret to hear of the continued indisposition of Mr. W. A. Gilbert, manager of the Imperial Bank of Canada. His host of friends trust nothing serious may result.

The genial Thomas White, engineer on the C. P. R., is home spending a few days with his father, the police magistrate.

Revival services took place during the week ending January 21, at the First Methodist church, which were well attended, considering that the thermometer averaged zero, a little too low an atmosphere to infuse enthusiasm.

A very enjoyable party was given by Mr. and Mrs. D. J. Donohue last week, drive whilst being followed by a dance. A large number of guests were present and a most enjoyable evening was spent. The harpers from London with their delightful music added to the enjoyment of the evening.

Mrs. Geo. T. Claris entertained a large number of guests at a drive whilst party on Monday night in her cosy house on Wellington street. It is needless to say that with the well known hospitality of the charming hostess and host, a most enjoyable evening was spent. TOMMY.

## Hamilton.

Mrs. Watson, Sandford place, was At Home to her married friends on Wednesday afternoon. Mrs. Dewar presided at a picturesque tea table. Among the guests I noticed: Mesdames Bellhouse, Young, Hendrie, Leggett, Bruce, Counsell, Scott, Calder, Malloch, Hobson, Baker, Logie, Steele, Fletcher and others.

Mrs. George Glasco gave a yellow tea on the same afternoon. Mrs. Moore and Mrs. Turner poured tea; the table decorations were in yellow. Mrs. Glasco received in a handsome gown of robin-egg blue. One of the most recherche At Homes of the season was given by Mrs. E. G. Kittson, James street south, on Wednesday afternoon. Mrs. Kittson received her guests in a handsome princess gown of black velvet with point lace trimming, assisted by her sister, Miss O'Reilly, who looked handsome in an Empire gown of yellow and white; little Norman in blue velvet made a pretty page. The pretty tea table, profusely decorated with pink flowers and maiden hair fern, was presided over by Mesdames Lloyd, Mewburn and Sandy, assisted by the Misses Hendrie, Roach, Gillies and Howard. Among the new costumes I noticed one worn by Mrs. Hendrie, of brown cloth, with gold embroidery; Mrs. Turnbull in a costume of black and white and Gainsborough hat; Miss Lena Hendrie looked charming in a chic plaid gown with triple caplet of Persian lamb; pretty Miss Gillies wore crimson with mink; the Misses Roach wore Paris gowns of green and violet combination and violet hats; Miss McQueen of Woodstock wore a smart frock of gray and white with feather trimming. Among the other guests I noticed: Mesdames Turnbull, Hendrie, McLaren, T. Mewburn, Martin, Calder, Wright, Bland, Tundy, Gamble, Robertson, Thomson, Reynolds, O'Reilly, Maclean, Counsell, Gates, Buchanan, Strath, P. D. Cramer, Tedwell, Jones, Charlton, Mills, Shaw, Roach, Wood, Mason, Kingsley, Gunn, Pottinger, Ramsay, Ferrie, Pappa, Barton, Cobourn, Murtion, Baker, Bellhouse, Tasker, S'eele, Boyd, Gibson, Farmer, H. Kittson, and the Misses Howard, McQueen, Hendrie, Roach, Gartshore, Hostetter, Gillies, O'Reilly, Ramsay, Roe, Brown, Mason, Gillard, Turner, Hamilton, Roberts and Simonds of Toronto, Midley, Lottridge, Grant, Birket, Mills, Moore, Baker, Young, Billings, McGivern, Steele, Buchanan, Bull, Chapman, Ferrie, Martin, Bell, Logie and many others.

## Belleville.

On Friday evening, January 27, the bachelors of Stirling gave a very brilliant At Home in their new Music Hall and scored another great success. The hall was artistically decorated with flags and bunting, while many choice paintings adorned the walls. The floor was a perfect mirror and the music furnished by the

## NEXT THE MAIL BUILDING



# A RARE SNAP IN Furniture...

OUR firm having this week purchased, FOR CASH, from the liquidator of the estate of a large wholesale manufacturing firm the whole of their new and very choice stock of Furniture at 60 cents on the dollar on their cost, will, for the next two months, sell same at special low prices and allow off all net purchases 20 per cent. discount. As our present stock is the newest in the city, and includes the latest designs in Sideboards, Bed Suites, Hall Racks, Tables, Cabinets, Desks, and a very choice variety of Upholstered Goods, this gives buyers a rare chance to get genuine bargains.

At 20 Per Cent.

Less Than Manufacturers'

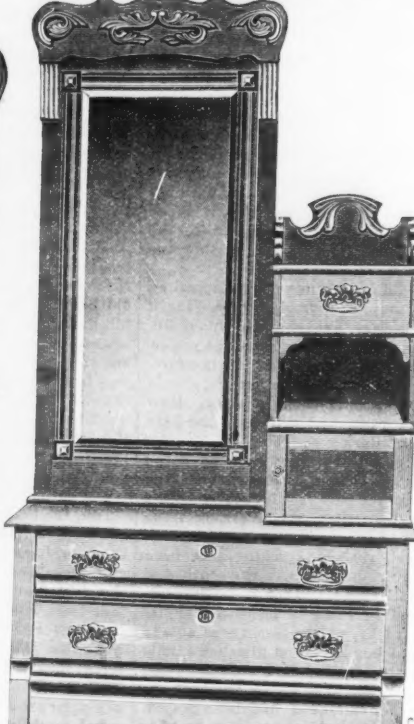
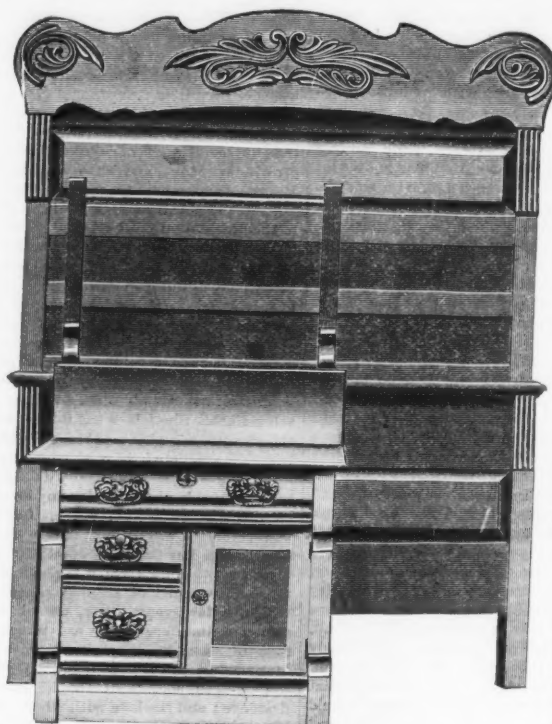
Wholesale Prices

20  
PER  
CENT.

## THE TORONTO FURNITURE SUPPLY CO.

NOTE.—To meet the convenience of our customers desiring to take advantage of this special sale, we will store goods, without charge, for 60 days, they paying 10 per cent. on their purchase.—T. F. S. Co.

58 King Street West.



BEST VALUE IN  
CANADA  
NET VALUE ...

\$29.90

HANDSOME, EXTRA HEAVY  
SOLID OAK CHEVAL BEDROOM SUITE  
Bevelled Mirror; Bed 6 feet 1 inch high

FOR SALE ONLY BY

## TORONTO FURNITURE SUPPLY CO.

Next the Mail Building

56 King Street West

Chaloupka orchestra was highly appreciated by all. The bachelors of Stirling are to be congratulated by all the guests, for a more brilliant or successful At Home has never been held in that town. The chaperones were: Mesdames Boldrick, Milne, Smillie, Gilbert and Boulter. Among the guests present were: Misses Mabel Hunter and Minnie Brintnell, and Messrs. W. W. Power, W. Hunter and Capt. Halliwell of Belleville; Misses Carawan, Alice Smith, Mary Callaghan, Smith, Porte, Jessie Neal, Ferris, Ross, Lawrence, McKenna, Young, Turner, Eva Smith, and Messrs. Stewart, Harkins, Bowen, Smith, Benor, Wood, Neal, Lynch and Jewitt of Campbellford; Misses Emily and Beattie Parker, Maud Gilbert, May Milne, Annie Green, Alice Burnett, Aggie Stickle, Minnie and Kate Crosby, Lizzie and Torrie Chard, Lou Judd, the Misses McCann, Anderson, Smith, and Messrs. Chambers, Bush, Kerr, and Bygott of Stirling; Mr. Stensburg of Peterboro'; Mr. Will Stensburg of Brantford, Miss Lockhart of Brighton, Miss Bentley, Miss Kate Bentley and Mr. Bentley of New York, Messrs. Fowls of Hastings, Mr. Alexander of Kingston, and Mr. James Spaulsbury of Trenton. Many handsome and artistic costumes were worn, but those which were particularly admired were Miss Emily Parker's gown of cream bengaline, with corded velvet sleeves and bouquet of natural flowers; Miss Lou Judd's black silk lace dress, which was very becoming; Miss May Milne's black silk grenadine, trimmed with lace and natural flowers, which set off her pretty blonde beauty to the best advantage; Miss Porte's pink silk; Miss Ferris' black silk, with black lace trimmings and silver girdle; Miss Lockhart's dainty gown of pink and Nile green silk; Miss McKenna's pink satin; Miss Carawan's lovely gown of cream cashmere and lace; Miss Callaghan's gray silk, with trimming of gray chiffon; Miss Gilbert's cream silk, with pink velvet sleeves; Miss Lou Chard's cream bengaline and lace; and Miss Bentley's pretty gown of cream cashmere and lace. All looked so charming that it was almost impossible to choose the belle, but some considered Miss Parker the fairest, while others thought Miss Ferris, but to say the least they both looked very pretty. The stewards were: Messrs. T. A. Milne, C. Y. Boldrick, A. E. Judd, T. McTavish and Dr. Micklejohn, and to them is principally due the notable success of the evening.

The social event of last week was the dance given by Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Vermilyea in honor of Miss Wills of Oshawa, on Friday evening. It was a brilliant success, and the many

present will long remember the delightful hours spent at this charming home. The music was restless, while the elegant costumes of the ladies lent enchantment to the scene. Among the guests were: Mr. and Mrs. Fish and Miss Thompson, Mr. and Mrs. S. W. Vermilyea, Mr. and Mrs. A. G. Vermilyea, Mr. and Mrs. Mious, Mr. and Mrs. Tickell, Mr. and Mrs. Morden, Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Vandervoort, Mr. and Mrs. W. Vandervoort, Mr. and Mrs. Earl, Mr. and Mrs. Boulesteil, Mr. and Mrs. Strom, Mr. and Mrs. Retalook, Mr. and Mrs. Grills, Mr. and Mrs. Fax, Mr. and Mrs. Brown, Mr. and Mrs. Brazier, Mr. and Mrs. Rowe, Misses Craig of Oshawa, Wilson, Brintnell, McKenna, Vorce, Abrams, Fleming, Lazier, Greatrix, and Oronyatekha of Deseronto, and Messrs. Daly, Cooley, Lennox, Morden, Campbell, Donnelly, Orr, Armstrong, Pierce, Lewis, and Sills. Among the ladies' costumes particularly noticeable were: Mrs. Brown's cream bengaline with swansdown trimming; Mrs. J. Vandervoort's salmon pink with emerald green velvet trimmings; and Miss Vorce's pale blue costume. Coasting is once more the fashionable amusement of the hour, and several charming parties have already taken place on the Catherine street hill with a delightful supper afterwards at Dickens' or Fleming's.

Very interesting papers were read by Mr. J. B. Flint and Doctor Wright at the meeting of St. Andrew's Literary Association on Monday evening last. It is always a delight to hear two such learned gentlemen, and on Monday evening the lecture room was thronged with a clever and bright audience, who loudly applauded the gifted orators.

Our beautiful City of the Bay may well boast of an artist of rare ability in Mrs. J. P. C. Phillips of Bridge street. Although Mrs. Phillips' beautiful home is adorned with many costly art treasures, yet none are more admired or appreciated by her friends than the many lovely examples of her handiwork which grace her drawing-rooms and studio. Mrs. Phillips' forte is portrait and landscape painting, and the success which this lady has attained in these branches is almost incredible except to those who have had the pleasure and advantage of watching her daily progress. Mrs. Phillips has just completed a series of three pictures, Morning, Noon and Night, which are worthy a place in any picture gallery.

BETSEY.

## Brantford.

Wickliffe Hall was well filled last Tuesday evening, the occasion being the recital given by Miss Edna Elaine Hext, teacher of elocution

in Hamilton College, assisted by Miss Schumacher of Hamilton, Mrs. R. J. Smith and Mr. Rogers of this city. Great credit is due Miss Hext for the able manner in which her readings were executed. Never has a Brantford audience been favored with any reciter who has shown greater dramatic ability than did Miss Hext. Her posing in Greek costume was really beautiful and fairly delighted the spectators. Mrs. Smith presented a pretty appearance in cream silk with gold trimmings. Her fine resonant voice charmed the audience. Mrs. Smith received enthusiastic accolades for both solos, to which she responded in her usual sweet manner. Miss Schumacher looked very stately in a lovely costume of cream and mauve silk. This was Miss Schumacher's first appearance in Brantford, and many were the flattering remarks I heard passed on this sweet singer. Her first rendition, Oae Spring Morning, was awfully cute and put everyone in good spirit for the remainder of the programme. All of Miss Schumacher's solos were well given and proved her to be a clear and brilliant singer. She possesses a certain fascinating style which utterly captivates her listeners. Prof. Rogers, late of London, Eng., now organist of Grace church, opened the programme and was heartily endorsed. Mr. Rogers has a sweet and excellent voice. Miss Shannon played all the accompaniments in a satisfactory manner.

Theater-goers are on the qui vive for Thursday and Friday nights, when Black Patti, assisted by Owen Smiley and Geo. Fox, will appear in Stratford's Opera House.

The bachelors, having been fortunate enough to secure the new Athletic Club rooms, will give a ball on Monday evening to the ladies of Brantford only. A jolly time is anticipated. I shall be able to give an extended account of it next week.

Mrs. R. J. Smith and Miss Hossie have returned from Hamilton, where they were the guests of Mrs. Harry Herring.

Mrs. Frank Ott will give another of her charming afternoon teas this week.

Miss Somerville of Dundas is the guest of Miss Grant.

Miss Mathison of Hamilton is visiting Miss Mae Smith.

Miss Mackenzie attended the Hunt Club ball last week.

Sleighting parties are all the rage at present. Mrs. Hope treated a number of her friends to a very pleasant one on Thursday evening. They drove to Paris, where an elegant supper was served at the Arlington, after which the party engaged in a few games of progressive euchre.

SAILOR.



# All Along the River

By MISS M. E. BRADDON

Author of "Lady Audley's Secret," "The Venetians, or All in Honor," "Aurora Floyd," "The Cloven Foot," "Dead Men's Shoes," "Just As I Am," "Taken at the Flood," "Phantom Fortune," "Like and Unlike," "Weavers and Weft," Etc., Etc.

COPYRIGHTED, 1898, BY THE AUTHOR.

## CHAPTER II.

"LIKE A CHILD THAT NEVER KNEW BUT LOVE."

Next morning was bright and clear, a morning so soft and balmy that the month might have been mistaken for September. Isola ran down to the garden in her neat little morning frock and linen collar, and ran about among the shrubs and late autumn flowers in a much gayer mood than that of yesterday. She loved her garden—small and modest as it was in comparison with the grounds and gardens of her county neighbors—and on a morning like this it was rapture to her to run from flower to flower, and from shrub to shrub, with her great garden scissors in her hand, and her garden basket hanging over her arm, clipping a withered leaf or a fading flower every here and there, or plucking up those little groundsel plants which seem the perpetual expression of the earth's fertility.

Alas! those pale tea-roses, those saffron and flame-colored dahlias, meant the last scraps of summer's plenteous feast. Soon winter and barrenness would have set their grip upon the poor little garden; but even in the cool dark heart of the year those graceful conifers and shining laurels, the vermillion on the holly bushes, the rich scarlet of the hawthorn berries would give beauty to the scene; and then would come the return of Persephone with her hands full of gold, the abundant gold of crocus and daffodil, jonquil and pale primrose, the rain of yellow blossoms which heralds the spring.

Half a year did not seem such an appalling interval—nay, even the thought of a year of waiting did not scare her so much this morning in the sunlight and fresh clear air as yesterday in the gray dim rain. What an improvement Martin would find in the garden, should he return before the end of the summer. How tall those Irish yews had grown by the gate yonder, a pair of dark green obelisks keeping stately guard over the modest wooden gate; and the esplanade hedge that screened the kitchen garden was two feet higher since the spring. How the juniper at the corner of the grass plot had shot up and thickened! Arbutus, laurel, ribes, everything had been growing as shrubs only grow in the south and south-west of England. What a darling garden it was, and how full of pleasure her life would be by and by, when Martin was able to settle down and buy land, and give her a little herd of Jersey cows. She had always envied the farmers' wives in that fertile valley of the Rance, where her childhood had been passed. And how delightful to have her cows and her own farmyard, and a pony carriage to drive up and down the hilly Cornish lanes and into the narrow little street of Fowey, and to ride her own horse by her husband's side for long exploring rambles among those wild hills above the sea towards Mevagissey.

She had only to wait patiently for a year or less, and that bright life might be hers. She had no frivolous vanities, no cravings for dissipation and fine clothes, no fatal thirst for "smartness." Her ideas were essentially modest. She had never envied her sister, who had married a rich stockbroker, and whose brand new red-brick house in Hans place towered above surrounding Chelsea as much as her diamonds eclipsed the jewels of other middle-class matrons at the festive gatherings of South Kensington and Bayswater. Gwendoline had married for wealth. Isola had married for love. She had given her girlish affection to a man who was nearly twenty years her senior, her heart going out to him innocently almost at the beginning of their acquaintance, first because he was a soldier, and in her mind a hero, and secondly because he was kinder to her than anybody else had ever been.

He was her first admirer. That delicate loveliness, as of some woodland flower, which distinguished Isola from the herd of women, had been still in embryo when Major Disney spent a summer holiday between Dinard and Dinan. She had scarcely ranked as a pretty girl two years ago. The slight figure was denounced as scraggy; the pale face was voted sickly; and the delicate features were spoken of as insignificant. Gwendoline's large and full-blown beauty, her big fair face, with its healthy roses and lilies, her bright hair and well developed figure had completely overshadowed the younger sister. Martin Disney was the first man upon whom Isola's low-toned attractions had any power. He was drawn to her from the very beginning. She listened so prettily, with such a bewitching modesty and almost tremulous pleasure, when he talked to her as they sat side by side in the little club at Dinard, watching Gwendoline playing tennis, superb in striped flannel of delicate pink and cream color. He could hardly believe that those two were sisters. Isola so slim and fragile, of such an ethereal prettiness, owing so little to coloring, and nothing to redundancy of form.

He was told that Miss Manwaring was engaged to one of the richest men in London. That, of course, was a gossip's fable, but it was an established fact that Mr. Hazellrigg had made a considerable fortune in South American railways, water works, and other public improvements, and could afford to make a liberal settlement.

He showed no indisposition to be generous to his handsome sweetheart. He settled seven hundred a year upon her, and told her that she could spend as much of that income as she liked as toilet and pocket money, and that he would invest her surplus advantageously for her.

The two sisters were married on the same day to husbands who were their seniors by nearly a score of years in one instance, by more than a score in the other. Daniel Hazellrigg was well on towards his jubilee birthday when he led Miss Manwaring to the altar; but he was a fine-looking man, straight and

tail like his bride, with a ruddy complexion and iron gray mustache, and an air and bearing that savored rather of the mess-room than the city. He had been on the Stock Exchange ever since he came of age; but he had made it the study of his life not to look city or talk city. Nothing could tempt him to expatiate upon the money market outside his office. He would talk sport, billiards, politics—even literature, of which he knew very little—but not stocks and shares, Panama Canal, or Reading and Philadelphia, Mexican Street Railways, or Patagonian Building Society.

Isola read her sister's glowing descriptions of dinners and routs, gowns by Worth or Cresser, suppers for two hundred people at a guinea a head, from Gunter, wagon-loads of cut roses from Cheshunt or Cream, and felt no thrill of longing, no pang of envy. Life in the Angler's Nest might be dull, but it was only dull because Martin was away. She would have felt more solitary in Hans place had she accepted Gwendoline's invitation to spend her Christmas there, than she would feel in the cottage by the river, even with no better company than Tabitha, Shah and Tim. She was essentially shy and retiring. Her girlhood had been spent in such a narrow world among people whom she seemed to have known all her life; for while Gwendoline, who was six years older, and had been "out" for four years before she married, joined in all the little gaieties of the place, and was always making new acquaintances, Isola, who was not "out," spent her days for the most part in a dreary old half-neglected garden on the slope of the hill that looks across the Rance towards the unseen sea. The view from that garden was one of the finest in Western France; and it was Isola's delight to sit in a little bower at the end of a terrace walk, with her books and work-basket and drawing-board, all through the long tranquil summer day, in a silence broken by the sound of wheels and horses' feet on the viaduct and bridge below, or the muffled music of the organ in the convent chapel.

Tim, the fox terrier, and Shah, the Persian cat, were both on the lawn with their mistress this morning. They were not friendly towards each other, but preserved an armed neutrality. Tim chased every stray strange cat with a fury that threatened annihilation; and he always looked as if he would like to give chase to Shah, when that dignified piece of fluff moved slowly across the lawn before him with uplifted tail that seemed to wave defiance; but he knew that any attack on that valued personage would entail punishment and disgrace. Isola loved both these animals—the cat, a wedding present from an old Breton lady in Dinan, the terrier her husband's parting legacy. "Take care of Tim," he had said, the day they parted on board the P. & O. at Venice.

The dog loved his mistress vehemently and obtrusively, leaping into her lap at the slightest sign of indulgence in her eye. The cat suffered himself to be adored, receiving all attentions with a sleepy complacency.

It was only half-past eight, and the world was looking its freshest. There was an opening in the shrubbery that let in a view of the river, and just in front of this opening there was a rustic bench, on which Major Disney liked to smoke his after-breakfast or after-dinner cigar. The garden contained less than two acres, but it was an old garden, and there were some good old trees, which must have shaded hoops and powder, and pig-tails and knee-breeches. Major Disney had done a good deal in the way of planting wherever there was room for improvement, and he had secured to himself an elderly gardener of exceptional industry, who worked in the garden as if he loved it. Tabitha, again, was one of those wonderful women who know all about everything except books; and she, too, loved the garden and helped at weeding and watering at seasons of pressure. Thus it had come to pass that these two acres of velvet lawn and flower bed shrubbery, and trim, old-fashioned kitchen garden had acquired a reputation in Treleaco, and people frequently complimented Mrs. Disney about her garden.

She was proud of their praises, remembering the straggling rose-bushes and lavender, and unkempt flower-beds, and overgrown cabbages and loose, shingly paths in that old garden at Dinan, which she had loved despite its neglected condition. Her house at Treleaco was just as superior to the house at Dinan as garden was to garden. She often thought of her old home, the shabby square house, with walls and shutters of dazzling white, shining brown floors, and worn-out furniture of the Empire period, furniture which had been shabby and out of repair when Colonel Manwaring took the house furnished, intending to spend a year or two in retirement at Dinan with his wife and her first-born, a chubby little girl of five. They had lost a promising boy of a year old, and the Colonel, having no reason for living anywhere in particular, and very little to live upon, thought that residence in a foreign country would improve his wife's health and spirits. He had been told that Dinan was picturesque and cheap, and he had put himself and his family on board the St. Malo steamer and had gone out like an emigrant to push his fortune in a strange land. He had even an idea that he might get "something to do" in Dinan—a secretarialship of a club, an agency, or managerial post of some kind, never having cultivated the art of self-examination so far as to discover that he must have proved utterly incapable had any such occasion presented itself.

The occasion never did present itself. The one English club existent at Dinan in those days was simply provided with the official element. There was nothing in Dinan for an Englishman to manage; no English agency required. Colonel Manwaring settled down into a kind of somnolent submission to obscure fortunes. He liked the old town, and he liked the climate. He liked the cooking, and he

liked being out of the way of all people he knew, and whose vicinity forced him to live up to a certain conventional level. He liked to get his English newspapers on French soil, and it irked him not that they were thirty-six hours old. He liked to bask in the sunshine on the terrace above the Rance, or in the open places of the town. He liked talking of the possibilities of an impending war, in very dubious French, with the French officers, whose acquaintance he had made at club or cafe. He had sold his commission and sunk the proceeds of the sale upon the annuity. He had a little income of his own, and his wife had a little money from a maiden aunt, and these resources just enabled him to live with a certain unpretending comfort. He had a good Breton cook, and an old Scotch valet and butler, who would have gone through fire and water for his master. Mrs. Manwaring was a thoroughly negative character, placid as summer seas, sympathetic and helpless. She let Macgregor and Antoinette manage the house for her, do all the marketing, pay all the bills, and work the whole machinery of her domestic life. She rejoiced in having a good-tempered husband and obedient daughters. She had no boys to put her in a fever of anxiety lest they should be making surreptitious ascents in balloons or staking their little all upon Zero at the "Etablissement" at Dinard. In summer she sat all day in one particular south window, alternately knitting and reading the English papers. In the winter she occupied herself in the same manner by the chimney corner. Once a week she devoted a morning to writing long letters to distant relatives. Once a day, weather permitting, she took a gentle constitutional walk upon the terrace above the Rance with one of her daughters. Needless to say that in this life of harmless apathy she had grown very stout, and that she had forgotten almost every accomplishment of her girlhood.

From the placid monotony of life in Cornwall, was not a startling transition; yet when she married Martin Disney, and bade her common-place father and her apathetic mother goodbye, Isola felt as if she had escaped from stagnation into a fresh and vigorous atmosphere. Disney's character made all the difference. He was every inch a soldier, a keen politician, a man who had seen many countries and read books, clear-brained, strong-willed, energetic, self-reliant. She felt what it was to belong to somebody who was capable of taking care of her. She trusted him implicitly; and she loved him with as deep a love as a girl of nineteen is capable of feeling for any lover. It may be that the capacity for deep feeling is but half-developed at that age, and in that one fact may be the key to many domestic mysteries; mysteries of unions which begin in all the gladness and warmth of responsive affection, and which, a few years later, pass into a frozen region of indifference or are wrecked on the rock of passion. Certain it was that Isola Manwaring gave her hand to this grave, middle-aged soldier, in all the innocence of a first love; and the love with which he rewarded her confidence, the earnest, watchful love of a man of mature years, was enough for her happiness. That honeymoon time, that summer of instalment in the Cornish cottage, and then the leisurely journey to Venice in the waning brilliancy of a Southern October seemed like one long happy dream, as she looked back upon it now after a year of solitude.

The doctor had decided that, in the delicate health in which she found herself at the end of that summer, it would be dangerous for her to accompany her husband to India, more especially as a campaign in Burma meant roughing it, and she would in all probability have been separated from him in the East, so they bade each other a sad good-bye at Venice, and Isola traveled quickly homeward, all possible comfort having been secured for her on the way by her husband's forethought. It had been a long, sad, sleepy journey, through a rain-blurred landscape, and she was glad when the evening of the fourth day brought her to the snug little dining-room in the Angler's Nest, where Tabitha was waiting for her with a cheerful fire and the amber-shaded reading lamp, and the most delightful little composite meal of chicken and tongue, and tart, and cream, and tea. It was pleasant to be among familiar things, after that long journey in stuffy ladies' carriages, with elderly invalids, whose chief talk was of their ailments; pleasant to see the Shah's solemn sea-green eyes staring at her, and to have to repulse the demonstrative attentions of Tim, who leapt upon her lap and licked her face vehemently every time he caught her off her guard.

She was ill and broken down after her journey, and that sad parting, and she hid her tears upon Tabitha's comfortable arm.

"It will be at least a year before he comes back," she sobbed. "How can I live without him all that dreary time?"

Tabitha thought it was very hard upon the girl-wife, but affected to make light of it. "Lor' bless you, ma'am," she said, "a year looks a long time, but it isn't much when you come to grapple with it. There'll be such a lot for you to do. There'll be the garden. We ought to make ever so many improvements next spring and summer, against the master comes home. And there's your piano. You want to improve yourself—I've heard you say so—and you can get up all sorts of new tunes, and won't the major be pleased with you—and then—there'll be something else to occupy your mind before next summer comes."

That "something else" which was to have filled Isola's empty life with a new interest, ended in disappointment. She was very ill at the beginning of the new year, and Tabitha nursed her with motherly tenderness long after the doctor and the professional nurse had renounced their care of her. She regained strength very slowly after that serious illness, and it was only in June she was able to take those lonely rambles she loved, or row in her little boat upon the river.

Tabitha was a servant in a thousand, faithful and devoted, clever, active and industrious. She had been maid to Martin Disney's mother for nearly fifteen years, and nursed her mistress through a long and weary illness, and closed her eyes in death. Martin parted with that faithful servant with reluctance after the breaking up of his mother's household, and he told her if he should ever marry and have a

# Cleaver's Juvenia Soap

Marvellous Effect!! Preserves and Rejuvenates the Complexion.

DR. REDWOOD'S REPORT.

The ingredients are perfectly pure, and we cannot speak too highly of them. The Soap is PERFECTLY PURE and ABSOLUTELY NEUTRAL. JUVENIA SOAP is entirely free from any coloring matter, and contains about the smallest proportion possible of water. From careful analysis and a thorough investigation of the whole process of its manufacture, we consider this Soap fully qualified to rank amongst the FIRST OF TOILET SOAPS.—T. REDWOOD, Ph.D., F.I.C., F.C.S.; T. HORNE REDWOOD, F.I.C., F.C.S.; A. J. DE HAILES, F.I.C., F.C.S.

Wholesale Representative for Canada—CHARLES GYDE, 33, St. Nicholas St., Montreal.

ASK YOUR GROCER FOR

The Celebrated

# CHOCOLAT MENIER

Annual Sales Exceed 33 MILLION Lbs.

For Samples sent Free write to C. ALFRED CHOUILLON, MONTREAL.

house of his own—a very remote contingency—she must be his housekeeper. Love and marriage came upon him before the end of the year as a delightful surprise. He bought the Angler's Nest, and he engaged Tabitha for the rest of her life, at wages which, beginning at a liberal figure, were to rise a pound a year for the first ten years.

"As if I cared about wages, Mr. Martin," exclaimed Tabitha. "I'd just as soon come to you for nothing. I've got more clothes than I'll last my time, I'll be bound. You'd only have to find me in shoe leather."

She had never got out of the way of calling her master by the name by which she had first known him, when his father and elder brother were both at home in the old family house at Fowey. In all moments of forgetfulness he was still "Mr. Martin."

And now in this bright November morning Tabitha came out to say that breakfast was waiting for her young mistress, and mistress and maid went in together to the cosy dining-room, where the small round table near the window was arranged as only Tabitha could arrange a table—with autumn flowers, and spiced damask, and a new laid egg, and a dish of honey, and some dainty little rolls of Tabitha's own making, nestling in a napkin, a breakfast for a princess in a fairy tale.

There was only one other servant in the little household—a bouncing, rosy-cheeked Cornish girl, who was very industrious under Tabitha's eye, and very idle when she was out of that faithful housekeeper's ken. Tabitha cooked and took care of everything, and for the most part waited upon her mistress in this time of widowhood, although Sarah was supposed to be parlormaid.

Tabitha poured out the tea and buttered a roll, while Isola leaned back in the bamboo chair and played with the Shah.

"I never knew him do such a thing before," said Tabitha, in continuation of a theme which had been fully discussed last night.

"Oh, it was very kind and polite, but it was not such a tremendous thing after all," answered Isola, still occupied with the Persian. "He could hardly stand by and see one drowned. You have no idea what the rain was like."

"But to send you home in his own carriage." "There was nothing else for him to do—except send me home in the gardener's cart. He could not have turned out a dog in such weather."

"It's a thing that never happened before, and it just shows what a respect he must have for the Disneys. You don't know how standoffish he is with all the people about here—how he keeps himself to himself. Not a bit like his father and mother. They used to entertain all the neighborhood, and they went everywhere, as affable as you like. He has taken care to show people that he doesn't want their company. They say he has led a very queer kind of life at home and abroad; never settling down anywhere, here to-day and gone to-morrow; roving about with his yacht. I don't believe any good ever comes of a young gentleman like that having a yacht. It would be much better for him to live at The Mount and keep a pack of hounds."

"Why should a yacht be bad?" asked Isola, lastly beginning her breakfast, Tabitha standing by the table all the time, ready for conversation. "Oh, I don't know. It gives a man too much liberty," answered Tabitha, shaking her head with a meaning air, as if with a knowledge of dark things in connection with yachts. "He can keep just what he likes on board—gentlemen or ladies. He can gamble—or drink—as much as he likes. There's nobody to check him. Sundays and week days, nights and days, are all alike to him."

"Lord Lostwithiel is not particularly young," said Isola musingly, not paying much attention to this homily on yachts. "He must be thirty, I think."

"Thirty-two last birthday. He ought to marry and settle down. They say he's very clever, and that he's bound to make a figure in

politics some of these odd days."

Isola looked at the clock on the chimney-piece—a gilt horse-shoe with onyx nails, one of her wedding presents. It was early yet—only half-past nine. Lord Lostwithiel had talked about calling to enquire after her health. She felt over-powered with shyness at the thought of seeing him again, alone—with no stately Mrs. Mayne to take the edge off a *tele a-tete*. Anything to escape such an ordeal! There was her boat—that boat of which she was perfect mistress, and in which she went for long dawdling expeditions towards Fowey or Lostwithiel with only Tim for her companion—Tim, who was the best of company, in almost perpetual circulation between stem and stern, balancing himself in perilous places every now and then, to bark furiously at imaginary foes in slowly passing fishermen's boats.

"Have you any fancy about lunch, ma'am?" asked Tabitha, lingering with feather brush in hand over a side table, on which work-basket, books, writing-case, and flower vases were

APPOINTED BY ROYAL WARRANT, SOAP MAKERS TO THE QUEEN

IF YOU USE SUNLIGHT YOU'RE RIGHT.

HAS NO EQUAL FOR LAUNDRY & HOUSEHOLD

Awarded 11 Gold Medals

Artists

It will pay you to use only the celebrated Oil and Water Colors manufactured by WINSOR & NEWTON

Manufacturing Artists' Colormen to HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN AND ROYAL FAMILY. These colors are low enough in price to be within reach of all. Don't spoil your picture by using cheap German and American colors. If your Art Dealer will not supply them, we will. A. RAMSAY & SON, MONTREAL Wholesale Agents for Canada, Manufacturers and Importers of Art Materials, Leads, Colors, Varnishes.

PEACH BLOOM THE CHIEF CHARM OF A REFINED WOMAN

Why have Pimples? Freckles spots or any blemish when Peach Bloom Skin Food will remove them all, and leave the skin transparent, soft and beautiful? PEACH BLOOM contains nothing that can injure the skin. It is clear as water, and leaves no trace of the application one minute after use. PEACH BLOOM differs from any known preparation, in that it cleanses the pores of the skin from all the accumulations, discharging and removing Pimples, Blackheads, Liver Spots and Blemishes, and gradually brings about that transparent state of the skin that makes a perfect complexion. PEACH BLOOM is in demand ahead of all cheap preparations, because it has merit, and because it produces the results we claim for it. Sold by all Druggists, price \$1.00, or sent on receipt of price by addressing WESTON CHEMICAL CO., 100 Adelaide Street West, Toronto.

FOR THE TEETH & BREATH. TEABERRY. ZOPESA CHEMICAL CO. TORONTO. PRICE 20¢



arranged with tasteful neatness by those skillful hands.

"No, you dear old Tabitha; you know that anything will do for me. Bread and jam, if you like, and some of your clotted cream. Won't it be nice when we have our very own dairy, and our very own cows, who will know us and be so fond of us as Tim and the Shah?"

She put on her hat and jacket, and went out into the garden again, singing "La Lettre de Perichole" as she went. It was a capital idea to take refuge in her boat. If his lordship should call—which was doubtful, since he might be one of that numerous race of people whose days are made up of unfulfilled intentions and promises never realized—if he should call, she would be far away when he came. He would make his enquiry, leave his card, which would look nice in the old Indian bowl on the hall table. Such cards have a power of flotation unknown to other pasteboard; they are always at the top.

Isola went to the little boathouse on the edge of the lawn, Tim following her. She pushed the light skiff down the slope into the water, and in a few minutes more her sculls were in the rowlocks and she was moving slowly up the river between autumnal woods, in a silence broken only by the dip of the sculls and the little rippling sound as the water dropped away from them. A good deal of her life was spent like this, moving slowly up the river through that deep silence of the woodland shores. The river was beautiful as the Dart almost, but lonelier and more silent. It was Martin Disney's river—the river whose ripples had soothed his mother's dying ears—the last of all earthly sounds that had been heard in the stillness of the death-chamber.

In that tranquil atmosphere Isola used to dream of her absent husband and of that mystical world of the East which seemed made up of dreams—the world of Brahma and Buddha, of jewel-bedecked Rajahs and Palace tombs—world of beauty and of terror, of tropical forests, tigers, orchids, serpents, thugs.

She dreamed her dream of that strange world in fear and trembling, conjuring up scenes of horror—tiger hunts, snakes hidden in the corner of a tent, battle, fever, fire, mutiny. Her morbid imagination pictured all possible and impossible dangers for the man she loved. And then she thought of his home-coming—his return—for good, for good—for all the span of their joint lives; and she longed for that return with the sickness of hope deferred.

She would go back to the Angler's Nest sometimes after one of these dreamy days upon the river, and would pace about the house or the garden, planning things about her husband's return, as if he were due next day. She would wheel his own particular chair to the drawing-room fireplace and look at it, and arrange the fall of the curtains before the old-fashioned bow-window, and change the position of the lamp, and alter the books on the shelves, and do this and that with an eye to effect, anxious to discover how the room might be made prettiest, cosiest, most lovable and home-like—for him, for him, for him.

And now she had to resign herself to a year's delay, perhaps. Yes, he had said it might be a year. All that bright picture of union and content, which had seemed so vivid and so near, had now grown dim and pale. It had melted into a shadowy distance. To a girl who has just passed her twentieth birthday a year of waiting and delay seems an eternity.

"I won't think of him," she said to herself, plunging her sculls fiercely into the rippling water. The tide was running down, and it was strong enough to have carried her little boat out to sea like an autumn leaf swept along the current. "I must try to lull my mind to sleep, as if I were an enchanted princess, and so bridge over twelve slow, dull months of loneliness. I won't think of you, Martin, my good, brave, truest of the true! I'll occupy my poor, foolish little mind, I'll write a novel, perhaps, like old Miss Carver at Dinan. Anything in the world just to keep my thoughts from always brooding on one subject."

She rowed on steadily, hugging the shore under the wooded hill-side, where the rich autumn coloring and the clear, cool lights were so full of beauty—a beauty which she could feel, with a vague, dim sense which she touched the realm of poetry. Perhaps he felt the same sense of loss which Keats or Alfred de Musset would have felt in the stillness of such a scene—the want of something to people the wood and the river—some race of beings loftier than fishermen and peasants; some of those mystic forms which the poet sees amidst the shadows of old woods or in the creeks and sheltered inlets of a secluded river.

She thought, with a half smile, of yesterday's adventure. What importance that foolish Tabitha gave to so simple an incident; the merest common-place courtesy, necessitated by circumstances; and only because the person who had been commonly courteous was Richard

Hulbert, thirteenth Baron Lostwithiel. Thirteenth Baron! There lay the distinction. These Cornish folks worship antique lineage. Tabitha would have thought very little of a mushroom peer's civility, although he had sent her mistress home in a chariot and four. She was no worshiper of wealth, and she turned up her blunt old nose at Mr. Crowther of Glenaveril—the great new red brick mansion which had sprung up like a fungus amidst the woods only yesterday—because he had made his money in trade, albeit his trade had been upon a large scale, and altogether genteel and worthy to be esteemed—a great cloth factory at Stroud, which was said to have clad half the army at one period of modern history.

Poor, foolish Tabitha! What would she have thought of the tea-drinking in that lovely old room, mysteriously beautiful in the light of a wood fire—the playful, uncertain light which glorifies everything? What would she have thought of those walls of books—richly bound books, books in sombre brown, big books and little books, from floor to ceiling? A room which made those poor little oak bookcases in the cottage parlor something to blush for. What would Tabitha have thought of his deferential kindness—that tone of deepest consideration with which such men treat all women, even the old and uncomely? She could hardly have helped admiring his good manners, whatever dark things she might have been told about his earlier years.

Why should he not have a yacht? It seemed the fittest life for a man without home ties; a man still young, and with no need to labor at a profession. What better life could there be than that free wandering from port to port over a romantic sea—and to Isola all seas were alike mysterious and romantic.

She dawdled away the morning; she sculled against the stream for nearly three hours, and then let her boat drift down the river to the garden above the tow-path. It was long past her usual time for luncheon when she moored her boat to the little wooden steps, leaving it for Thomas, the gardener, to pull up into the boathouse. She had made up her mind that if Lostwithiel troubled himself to make any enquiry about her health he would call in the morning.

She had guessed rightly. Tabitha was full of his visit, and his wondrous condescension. He had called at eleven o'clock, on his way to the railway station at Fowey. He called in the most perfect of T carts, with a bright bay horse. Tabitha had opened the door to him. He had asked quite anxiously about Mrs. Disney's health. He had walked round the garden with Tabitha and admired everything, and had told her that Major Disney had a better gardener than any he had at The Mount, after which he had left her charmed at his amiability. And so this little episode in Isola's life came to a pleasant end, leaving no record but his lordship's card lying like a jewel on the top of those other cards in the old Indian bowl.

(To be Continued.)

#### The Domestic Catechism.

The other day a thin, tired-looking man entered the office of a printing house, and, approaching the proprietor, said:

"I want to have a list printed. Suppose you write it down as I tell you."

The proprietor made ready, and the man said:

"Yes; I'm sure I locked the front door. Have you got that?"

"Yes; but I don't understand."

"Never mind; don't interrupt me till I have finished. Are you ready?"

"Yes."

"I turned out the light in the bath-room."

"All right; I've got it."

"The kitchen windows are fastened."

"Yes."

"The dog is in the cellar."

"Yes."

"The servants are all in."

"Yes."

"The stable door is locked."

"Yes."

"The kitten is out of doors."

"Yes."

"I turned off the draughts of the range."

"Yes."

"No, I do not smell smoke."

"Yes."

"No, the water is not running in the bath-room."

"Yes."

"I do not think I hear anyone trying to get into the house."

"Yes."

"No, that is not our dog barking; it's the one next door."

"Yes."

"It is not necessary to go down and see if the cellar door is fastened. I know it is."

"Yes."

"That is nobody—it is only the wind rattling the shutters."

"Yes."

"Well, I think that's about all. You see, my wife asks me certain questions every night just as I am getting into bed, and if I had a printed list I could show to her it would save lots of trouble. Besides that, it injures my lungs to answer them. Have the lists printed as soon as possible, please."

#### Correspondence Coupon.

The above coupon must accompany every graphological study sent in. The Editor requests correspondents to observe the following rules: 1. Graphological studies must consist of at least six lines of original matter, including several capital letters. 2. Letters will be answered in their order, unless under unusual circumstances. Correspondents need not take up their own and the editor's time by writing reminders and requests for haste. 3. Quotations, scraps or postal cards are not studied. 4. Please address Correspondence Column. Enclosures unless accompanied by coupons are not studied.

MORRIS.—You are brightly imaginative, sympathetic, amiable and rather studied in your method, of warm affection, and rather gentle manner, fond of planning and very quick in perception.

JEAN, Kingston.—You are frank, thoughtful, sympathetic, honest and rather adaptable, a little careless of details, discreet and cautious, not at all magnetic, nor apt to assert yourself, rather idealistic and very amiable.

CAMRUS.—Have I not delineated your writing once before? It seems very familiar, somehow. You have energy, self-will, rather a refined mind, slightly caustic temper and sharp judgment, large imagination and some love of art and a dry humor.

A LOVER OF DICKENS.—There is plenty of decision in your character, as well as caution, rather a quiet way, deliberate and persevering action, some generosity, love of beauty, sympathy, care and conscientiousness. You have some facility, very good judgment and are rather economical of profession, but apt to do more than you say.

L.O.U.—You ask my opinion of your writing. It is very plain and though not artistic, is both interesting and characteristic. Refinement and taste, as well as good energy, a rather enthusiastic and intense temperament and sense of humor, self-reliance, decision, and decided originality are shown. It is evidently the writing of a person of considerable tone and culture.

THE BIG.—You are loquacious, good-tempered, fond of yourself, of variable impulses, now selfish, now generous, not a very reserved person, but even though not religious; still with nothing but amiable words; some hope and ambition, good persistence and a generally easy-going way. You have some fancy, excellent self-respect, love of a good time and are not far from being very attractive.

SEAT.—Your letter beginning "My dear Sir," and addressed to me, has been forwarded to the Mail office. In case you look for your answer in this column, I would say that an examination and some influence are necessary to secure the position you name. Apply for particulars at the counter, and I have no doubt the gentleman in charge will supply them, as he is uniformly courteous and obliging.

MOLLY.—I, yes, dear, I have taken the Mackinac trip, and I'm quite sure your last summer's experience is the universal one. I should think such a large party would be grand on it. 2. Your writing shows some pretty traits of beauty—love and gentle sympathy, care and modesty, but I don't find it a very satisfactory study as yet. You have rather immature judgment, but you are ambitious enough to make life a success.

MARTIN E.—This is a person of thought and feeling above the common; somewhat opinionated and slightly studious, honest and discreet, but not of very fine perception; excellently constant in effort, vivacious and bright in manner, with small brusqueness of manner and erratic fancy, though fancy is subservient to fact in this study. Writer is, on the whole, popular and of distinct individuality, and will be heartily forgiven his faults on account of his virtues.

MARGARET.—It is a long time since I met you first, Margaret, and your September letter somehow got among the October lot, which has put you a long way back. You are very deliberate, careful and consistent in your action, conscientious and anxious for perfection, cautious and guarded in expression and very even in temper; sympathy, intuitive perception, love of beauty and taste (somewhat crude) are yours, you are intelligent, bright in manner and have some sense of humor.

MOLLY CAMRUS.—Take no thought about it, my dear, unless you can bring it home without doubt to the writer. If it is true, then you can only submit to the unkindness of it; if it is false, then you can only remember that the writer of an anonymous letter which is false has at all events the consciousness of the falsehood and dare not sign the better. If I were you, I don't think I should give the affair a second thought. Put the letter in the fire, and be unusually considerate to all the old spinners you meet. You may scorch the bangs of one of them.

BRUDER MINE.—Your writing has determined lines of pessimism and despondency, which need all your soap and brightness to combat. Your will is strong and firm, affection true but rather idealistic; you have high notions of right and some refinement of fancy, temper is rather doubtful, but a big well-controlled may pass for good. I hope you have not yet left the world, and will get your Saturday Hours. Your frequent reference to our impending loss was quite heartless. The lines of despondency sometimes become ill-health, but I don't quite believe in your invalidism. Fun will no doubt lengthen your days.

#### Twenty Things Worth Knowing.

Keep the cover on the canister.  
Rub lamp chimneys with dry salt.  
Throw clumps of lime in rat holes.  
Wash oilcloth with skimmed milk.  
Beat carpets on the wrong side first.  
Cover apple barrels with newspapers.  
Keep everything clean around the well.  
Apply hartsorn to the stings of insects.  
Pour boiling water through fruit stains.  
Drink cream for a burned mouth and throat.  
Put your coffee grounds on your house plants.  
Good eggs always have dull-looking shells.  
Boiled vinegar and myrrh are good deodorizers.

Use oatmeal instead of soap for toilet purposes.  
Camphor is the best anti-moth preparation known.  
Use whisky instead of water for making liquid glue.  
Sponge roughened skin with brandy and rose water.  
Use hartshorn to bring back colors faded by acids.  
Wagon grease will take off warts and protruding moles.  
If sneezing be induced it will stop a disagreeable hicough.—Home Queen.

#### A Big Bluff.

The five Rosaires, acrobats from the circus Rens, Hamburg, arrived in the city Monday on the steamer Champagne. Louis Rosaires moved to the St. James Hotel last evening. Among his luggage was a large traveling bag plastered all over with railroad and hotel advertisements covering a journey from Paris to St. Petersburg. He has used this sa'chel for ten years, and it is literally covered with traces of foreign cities. A porter was about to take it to Mr. Rosaires's room when a stylishly dressed young man walked across the hotel rotunda and examined it. He asked the owner's name and afterwards interviewed the acrobat.

## AYER'S Sarsaparilla

Makes  
the  
Weak  
Strong

Does what no other blood-purifier in existence can do. It searches out the poisons of Scrofula, Catarrh, Rheumatism, and Debility, and expels them harmlessly through the proper channels. It is the great health-restorer and health-maintainer. It purifies the blood, sharpens the appetite, strengthens the nerves, and invigorates the whole system. Dr. C. D. Moss, of Cabell C. H., W. Va., voices the experience of scores of eminent physicians, when he testifies: "I have used AYER'S Sarsaparilla with abundant success. In tubercular deposit and all forms of scrofulous disease, I have scarcely ever known it to fail. As an alternative, it is beyond all praise, both for old and young."

"I am convinced that after having been sick a whole year from liver complaint, Ayer's Sarsaparilla saved my life. The best physicians being unable to help me, and having tried other medicines without benefit, I at last took Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and was cured."—Mary Schubert, Kansas City, Kans.

## AYER'S Sarsaparilla

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by all Druggists  
Has cured others, will cure you

"You have an interesting bit of baggage," he said.

"I fail to see what there is interesting about it," replied the acrobat as he closely scrutinized the stranger.

"The different tags and stamps upon the satchel make it a curiosity, and I would like to purchase it for my collection."

"What would you give for it?"

"Fifty dollars."

Mr. Rosaires refused to sell. He suspected all the while that he was dealing with a bunco man, and he was sure of it now when the stranger offered to give fifty dollars for an old valise. He was about to edge away when the young man said: "You may think my actions singular and I will explain. My father is one of the richest men in Chicago, and two months ago I left the West for a trip in Europe. I met a young woman in New York after I had engaged my passage on the steamship, and I never sailed. Now I must return to Chicago to-night, and if I had that valise covered with labels from all of the big cities on the continent, I'd put up a big bluff about my foreign trip and no one would know of my New York experience. Catch the point?"

Rosaires sold his valise.—N. Y. Sun.

#### The Feast of St. Barbara.

The feast of St. Barbara, like that of St. Martin, is a soldiers' feast in Italy. The heroic girl, if we may believe an old story of the tenth century, was an angel of beauty and virtue, born in a fortress where her father, Dioscoro, was the governor and also aide-de-camp to the Emperor Maximilian.

St. Barbara first saw the light in Italy in her father's beautiful villa near Scandriglia, a gift from the Emperor to his General, rich with mineral waters, marvelous plants, statues, etc., where she passed the first few years of her life and where she became a convert to the Christian religion.

The beautiful girl was hunted to death, taken prisoner, her breasts were cut off, and thus exposed to brutal soldiers, who took possession of her, fastened her to a stake, covered her with quicklime and burned her to death; and this she suffered rather than renounce the religion she had embraced. This at least is the legend, and the artillery and engineer regiments feast her as their patron, to whom they show much respect and gratitude, especially as they have half the day free and double pay.—London Society.

#### A Deadly Affair.

"Have you heard about Dr. Bolus? He has challenged Dr. Hokus to a duel."

"Has he? And what weapons has Hokus named?"

"Prescriptions."

#### No False Modesty.

"Harold, papa calls you a fortune hunter. I'm sorry I'm rich."

"So am I. Everybody will say that you bought me."

#### All the Same.

Two Americans who were dining at tables in front of a cafe in Paris, near the Seine, noticed high up on the front wall of a building, a red mark, and underneath it this inscription, evidently painted:

"Inundation of 1875. High water mark."

"Come! Come!" said one of the Americans to the restaurant-keeper, "you don't expect us to believe that the river ever rose as high as that?"

"Oh, no," said the proprietor blandly; "it only came up to here." He made a sort of scratch with his thumb-nail down near the ground. "But you see, when the mark was down there the children rubbed it out so continually that we had to put it up there out of their reach."

#### Maybe Better.

A female lion-tamer, young and fair, beckoned to the big lion, Nero, and it came and took a piece of sugar out of her mouth.

"Why, I could do that trick!" exclaimed a spectator.

"What! you?" retorted the fair performer. "Certainly—just as well as the lion!"

#### Dictionary Wanted.

Doctor—Why, how is this, my dear sir? You sent me a letter stating that you had been attacked by measles, and I find you suffering from rheumatism.

Patient—Well, you see, doctor, it is like this: There wasn't a soul in the house who knew how to spell rheumatism.

#### The Retort Courteous.

Featherstone—Hello! what's become of your sleeve buttons.  
Rugway—I'll tell you where they are if you will tell me what time it is by your watch.

The Natural Recipients of Yarns.  
Miss Inland (to Old Salt, who is showing the party over the flagship)—And what are all those soldiers on board a ship for?  
Bo'sun's Mate Hardtack—Them? Oh, them's the marines, mum!

Miss Inland—Marines? And what are they for?

Papa Inland—Don't ask so many foolish questions, Mary Ellen. Everybody knows those gentlemen are employed by the government for the sailors to tell stories to.

For Scrofula  
Catarrh  
Rheumatism  
Debility

Poultry vs. Poetry.  
"Whose poetry does ye' laike de bes', Mistah Ealy, Longfellow's?"  
Mistah Ealy—No, indeed, I doan' laik dem longfellow's. I laik Plymouth Rock, Leghorns an' Brahmas.

**"WORTH A GUINEA A BOX"**  
**BEECHAM'S PILLS**  
(Tasteless—Effective.)  
FOR ALL  
**BILIOUS AND NERVOUS DISORDERS,**  
Such as Sick Headache,  
Weak Stomach,  
Impaired Digestion,  
Constipation,  
Liver Complaint,  
and Female Ailments.  
Covered with a Tasteless & Soluble Coating.  
Wholesale Agents, Evans & Sons, Ltd., Montreal.  
For sale by all druggists.

**Unlike the Dutch Process**  
**No Alkalies**  
—OR—  
**Other Chemicals**  
are used in the preparation of  
**W. BAKER & CO.'S**  
**Breakfast Cocoa**  
which is absolutely pure and soluble.  
It has more than three times the strength of Cocoa mixed with Starch, Arrowroot or Sugar, and is far more economical, costing less than one cent a cup. It is delicious, nourishing, and EASILY DIGESTED.  
Sold by Grocers everywhere.  
**W. BAKER & CO., Dorchester, Mass.**

**No! No! No!**  
You need n't go to Florida, but take  
**SCOTT'S EMULSION**  
Of Pure Norwegian Cod Liver Oil and Hypophosphites.  
It will **STRENGTHEN WEAK LUNGS.**  
**STOP THE COUGH, AND CHECK** all **WASTING DISEASES.** A remarkable flesh producer and it is almost as Palatable as Milk. Be sure to get the genuine put up in salmon-colored wrappers.  
Prepared only by Scott & Bowne, Belleville.

**Important to Fleahy People.**  
We have noticed a page article in the Boston Globe on reducing weight at a very small expense. It will pay our readers to send two cent stamps for a copy to Walker Circulating Library, 10 Hamilton place, Boston, Mass.

**IZODS' PATENT CORSETS**  
Are the Best.  
Prepared by a New and Special Scientific Process.  
Medical opinion recommends them for THE HEALTH.  
Public opinion all over the world unanimitously that they are superior for COMFORT, STYLE, AND DURABILITY. Sold in every town throughout the world. Name and Trade Mark, Anchor, on every pair and box. Ask your Draper or Undertaker for IZOD'S make; take no other, and see you get them, as bad makes are often sold for sake of extra profit. Write for our sheet of DRAWING.  
**E. IZOD & SON.**  
30, Milk St., London.  
Manufacture: LANDPORT, HANTS.

**The High Speed Family Knitter**  
Will knit a stocking heel and toe in ten minutes. Will knit everything required in the household from housegown or factory. Coarse or fine yarns. The most practical knitter on the market. A child can operate it. Strong, Durable, Simple, Rapid. Satisfaction guaranteed or no pay. Agents wanted. For particulars and sample work, address, Cardon & Gearhart, Dundas, Ont., Canada.

**PISO'S CURE FOR THE BEST COUGH MEDICINE.**  
SOLD BY DRUGGISTS EVERYWHERE.  
**CONSUMPTION**

**MORSE'S ELLIOTROPE TOILET SOAP.**  
FRAGRANT, LASTING AND PURE.  
**JOHN TAYLOR & CO. PROPRIETORS**  
A PERFECT BOUQUET IN YOUR ROOM.



# All Along the River

By MISS M. E. BRADDON

Author of "Lady Audley's Secret," "The Venetians, or All in Honor," "Aurora Floyd," "The Cloven Foot," "Dead Men's Shoes," "Just As I Am," "Taken at the Flood," "Phantom Fortune," "Like and Unlike," "Weavers and Weft," Etc., Etc.

COPYRIGHTED, 1899, BY THE AUTHOR.

## CHAPTER II.

"LIKE A CHILD THAT NEVER KNEW BUT LOVE."

Next morning was bright and clear, a morning so soft and balmy that the month might have been mistaken for September. Isola ran down to the garden in her neat little morning frock and linen collar, and ran about among the shrubs and late autumn flowers in a much gayer mood than that of yesterday. She loved her garden—small and modest as it was in comparison with the grounds and gardens of her county neighbors—and on a morning like this it was rapture to her to run from flower to flower, and from shrub to shrub, with her great garden scissors in her hand, and her garden basket hanging over her arm, clipping a withered leaf or a fading flower every here and there, or plucking up those little groundsel plants which seem the perpetual expression of the earth's fertility.

Alas! those pale tea-roses, those saffron and flame colored dahlias, meant the last scraps of summer's plenteous feast. Soon winter and barrenness would have set their grip upon the poor little garden; but even in the cool dark heart of the year those graceful conifers and shining laurels, the vermillion on the holly bushes, the rich scarlet of the hawthorn berries would give beauty to the scene; and then would come the return of Persephone with her hands full of gold, the abundant gold of crocus and daffodil, jonquil and pale primrose, the rain of yellow blossoms which heralds the spring.

Half a year did not seem such an appalling interval—nay, even the thought of a year of waiting did not scare her so much this morning in the sunlight and fresh clear air as yesterday in the gray dim rain. What an improvement Martin would find in the garden, should he return before the end of the summer. How tall those Irish yews had grown by the gate yonder, a pair of dark green obelisks keeping stately guard over the modest wooden gate; and the escalonia hedge that screened the kitchen garden was two feet higher since the spring. How the juniper at the corner of the grass plot had shot up and thickened! Arbutus, laurel, ribes, everything had been growing as shrubs only grow in the south and south-west of England. What a darling garden it was, and how full of pleasure her life would be by and by, when Martin was able to settle down and buy land, and give her a little herd of Jersey cows. She had always envied the farmers' wives in that fertile valley of the Rance, where her childhood had been passed. And how delightful to have her cows and her own farmyard, and a pony carriage to drive up and down the hilly Cornish lanes and into the narrow little street of Fowey, and to ride her own horse by her husband's side for long exploring rambles among those wild hills above the sea towards Mevagissey.

She had only to wait patiently for a year or less, and that bright life might be hers. She had no frivolous vanities, no cravings for dissipations and fine clothes, no fatal thirst for "smartness." Her ideas were essentially modest. She had never envied her sister, who had married a rich stockbroker, and whose brand new red-brick house in Hans place towered above surrounding Chelsea as much as her diamonds eclipsed the jewels of other middle-class matrons at the festive gatherings of South Kensington and Baywater. Gwendoline had married for love. She had given her girlish affection to a man who was nearly twenty years her senior, her heart going out to him innocently almost at the beginning of their acquaintance, first because he was a soldier, and in her mind a hero, and secondly because he was kinder to her than anybody else had ever been.

He was her first admirer. That delicate loveliness, as of some woodland flower, which distinguished Isola from the herd of women, had been still in embryo when Major Disney spent a summer holiday between Dinard and Dinan. She had scarcely ranked as a pretty girl two years ago. The slight figure was denounced as scraggy; the pale face was voted sickly; and the delicate features were spoken of as insignificant. Gwendoline's large and full-blown beauty, her big fair face, with its healthy roses and lilies, her bright hair and well developed figure had completely overshadowed the younger sister. Martin Disney was the first man upon whom Isola's low-toned attractions had any power. He was drawn to her from the very beginning. She listened so prettily, with such a bewitching modesty and almost tremulous pleasure, when he talked to her as they sat side by side in the little club at Dinard, watching Gwendoline playing tennis, superb in striped flannel of delicate pink and cream color. He could hardly believe that those two were sisters. Isola so slim and fragile, of such an ethereal prettiness, owing so little to coloring, and nothing to redundancy of form.

He was told that Miss Manwaring was engaged to one of the richest men in London. That, of course, was a gossip's fable, but it was an established fact that Mr. Hazelrigg had made a considerable fortune in South American railways, water works, and other public improvements, and could afford to make a liberal settlement.

He showed no indisposition to be generous to his handsome sweetheart. He settled seven hundred a year upon her, and told her that she could spend as much of that income as she liked as toilet and pocket money, and that he would invest her surplus advantageously for her.

The two sisters were married on the same day to husbands who were their seniors by nearly a score of years in one instance, by more than a score in the other. Daniel Hazelrigg was well on towards his jubilee birthday when he led Miss Manwaring to the altar; but he was a fine-looking man, straight and

tail like his bride, with a ruddy complexion and iron gray mustache, and an air and bearing that savored rather of the mess-room than the city. He had been on the Stock Exchange ever since he came of age; but he had made it the study of his life not to look city or talk city. Nothing could tempt him to expatiate upon the money market outside his office. He would talk sport, billiards, politics—even literature, of which he knew very little—but not stocks and shares, Panama Canal, or Reading and Philadelphia, Mexican Street Railways, or Patagonian Building Society.

Isola read her sister's glowing descriptions of dinners and routs, gowns by Worth or Cresser, suppers for two hundred people at a guinea a head, from Gunter, wagon-loads of cut roses from Cheshunt or Cream, and felt no thrill of longing, no pang of envy. Life in the Angier's Nest might be dull, but it was only dull because Martin was away. She would have felt more solitary in Hans place had she accepted Gwendoline's invitation to spend her Christmas there, than she would feel in the cottage by the river, even with no better company than Tabitha, Shah and Tim. She was essentially shy and retiring. Her girlhood had been spent in such a narrow world among people whom she seemed to have known all her life; for while Gwendoline, who was six years older, and had been "out" for four years before she married, joined in all the little gaieties of the place, and was always making new acquaintances, Isola, who was not "out," spent her days for the most part in a dreary old half-neglected garden on the slope of the hill that looks across the Rance towards the unseen sea. The view from that garden was one of the finest in Western France; and it was Isola's delight to sit in a little bower at the end of a terrace walk, with her books and work-basket and drawing-board, all through the long tranquil summer day, in a silence broken by the sound of wheels and horses' feet on the viaduct and bridge below, or the muffled music of the organ in the convent chapel.

Tim, the fox terrier, and Shah, the Persian cat, were both on the lawn with their mistress this morning. They were not friendly towards each other, but preserved an armed neutrality. Tim chased every stray strange cat with a fury that threatened annihilation; and he always looked as if he would like to give chase to Shah, when that dignified piece of fluff moved slowly across the lawn before him with uplifted tail that seemed to wave defiance; but he knew that any attack on that valued personage would entail punishment and disgrace. Isola loved both these animals—the cat, a wedding present from an old Breton lady in Dinan, the terrier her husband's parting legacy. "Take care of Tim," he had said, the day they parted on board the P. & O. at Venice.

The dog loved his mistress vehemently and obtrusively, leaping into her lap at the slightest sign of indulgence in her eye. The cat suffered himself to be adored, receiving all attentions with a sleepy complacency.

It was only half-past eight, and the world was looking its freshest. There was an opening in the shrubbery that let in a view of the river, and just in front of this opening there was a rustic bench, on which Major Disney liked to smoke his after-breakfast or after-dinner cigar. The garden contained less than two acres, but it was an old garden, and there were some good old trees, which must have shaded hoops and powder, and pig-tails and knee-breeches. Major Disney had done a good deal in the way of planting wherever there was room for improvement, and he had secured to himself an elderly gardener of exceptional industry, who worked in the garden as if he loved it. Tabitha, again, was one of those wonderful women who know all about everything except books; and she, too, loved the garden and helped at weeding and watering at seasons of pressure. Thus it had come to pass that these two acres of velvet lawn and flower bed shrubbery, and trim, old-fashioned kitchen garden had acquired a reputation in Trelasco, and people frequently complimented Mrs. Disney about her garden.

She was proud of their praises, remembering the straggling rose-bushes and lavender, and unkempt flower-beds, and overgrown cabbages and loose, shingly paths in that old garden at Dinan, which she had loved despite its neglected condition. Her house at Trelasco was just as superior to the house at Dinan as garden was to garden. She often thought of her old home, the shabby square house, with walls and shutters of dazzling white, shining brown floors, and worn-out furniture of the Empire period, furniture which had been shabby and out of repair when Colonel Manwaring took the house furnished, intending to spend a year or two in retirement at Dinan with his wife and her first-born, a chubby little girl of five. They had lost a promising boy of a year old, and the Colonel, having no reason for living anywhere in particular, and very little to live upon, thought that residence in a foreign country would improve his wife's health and spirits. He had been told that Dinan was picturesque and cheap, and he had put himself and his family on board the St. Malo steamer and had gone out like an emigrant to push his fortune in a strange land. He had even an idea that he might get "something to do" in Dinan—a secretaryship of a club, an agency, or managerial post of some kind, never having cultivated the art of self-examination so far as to discover that he must have proved utterly incapable had any such occasion presented itself.

The occasion never did present itself. The one English club existent at Dinan in those days was simply provided with the official element. There was nothing in Dinan for an Englishman to manage; no English agency required. Colonel Manwaring settled down into a kind of somnolent submission to obscure fortunes. He liked the old town, and he liked the climate. He liked the cooking, and he

liked being out of the way of all people he knew, and whose vicinity forced him to live up to a certain conventional level. He liked to get his English newspapers on French soil, and it irked him not that they were thirty-six hours old. He liked to bask in the sunshine on the terrace above the Rance, or in the open places of the town. He liked talking of the possibilities of an impending war, in very dubious French, with the French officers, whose acquaintance he had made at club or cafe. He had sold his commission and sunk the proceeds of the sale upon the annuity. He had a little income of his own, and his wife had a little money from a maiden aunt, and these resources just enabled him to live with a certain unpretending comfort. He had a good Breton cook, and an old Scotch valet and butler, who would have gone through fire and water for him. Mrs. Manwaring was a thoroughly negative character, placid as summer seas, sympathetic and helpless. She let Macgregor and Antoinette manage the house for her, do all the marketing, pay all the bills, and work the whole machinery of her domestic life. She rejoiced in having a good-tempered husband and obedient daughters. She had no boys to put her in a fever of anxiety lest they should be making surreptitious ascents in balloons or staking their little all upon Zero at the "Etablissement" at Dinard. In summer she sat all day in one particular south window, alternately knitting and reading the English papers. In the winter she occupied herself in the same manner by the chimney corner. Once a week she devoted a morning to writing long letters to distant relatives. Once a day, weather permitting, she took a gentle constitutional walk upon the terrace above the Rance with one of her daughters. Needless to say that in this life of harmless apathy she had grown very stout, and that she had forgotten almost every accomplishment of her girlhood.

From the placid monotony of life in Brittany to the placid monotony of life in Cornwall, was not a startling transition; yet when she married Martin Disney, and bade her commonplace father and her apathetic mother goodbye, Isola felt as if she had escaped from stagnation into a fresh and vigorous atmosphere. Disney's character made all the difference. He was every inch a soldier, a keen politician, a man who had seen many countries and read books, clear-brained, strong-willed, energetic, self-reliant. She felt what it was to belong to somebody who was capable of taking care of her. She trusted him implicitly; and she loved him with as deep a love as a girl of nineteen is capable of feeling for any lover. It may be that the capacity for deep feeling is but half-developed at that age, and in that one fact may be the key to many domestic mysteries; mysteries of unions which begin in all the gladness and warmth of responsive affection, and which, a few years later, pass into a frozen region of indifference or are wrecked on the rock of passion. Certain it was that Isola Manwaring gave her hand to this grave, middle-aged soldier, in all the innocence of a first love; and the love with which he rewarded her confidence, the earnest, watchful love of a man of mature years, was enough for her happiness. That honeymoon time, that summer of instalment in the Cornish cottage, and then the leisurely journey to Venice in the waning brilliancy of a Southern October seemed like one long happy dream, as she looked back upon it now after a year of solitude.

The doctor had decided that, in the delicate health in which she found herself at the end of that summer, it would be dangerous for her to accompany her husband to India, more especially as a campaign in Burma meant roughing it, and she would in all probability have been separated from him in the East, so they bade each other a sad good-bye at Venice, and Isola traveled quickly homeward, all possible comfort having been secured for her on the way by her husband's forethought. It had been a long, sad, sleepy journey, through a rain-blurred landscape, and she was glad when the evening of the fourth day brought her to the snug little dining-room in the Angier's Nest, where Tabitha was waiting for her with a cheerful fire and the amber-shaded reading lamp, and the most delightful little composite meal of chicken and tongue, and tart, and cream, and tea. It was pleasant to be among familiar things, after that long journey in stuffy ladies' carriages, with elderly invalids, whose chief talk was of their ailments; pleasant to see the Shah's solemn sea-green eyes staring at her, and to have to repulse the demonstrative attentions of Tim, who leapt upon her lap and licked her face vehemently every time he caught her off her guard.

She was ill and broken down after her journey, and that sad parting, and she hid her tears upon Tabitha's comfortable arm.

"It will be at least a year before he comes back," she sobbed. "How can I live without him all that dreary time?"

Tabitha thought it was very hard upon the girl-wife, but affected to make light of it. "Lor' bless you, ma'am," she said, "a year looks a long time, but it isn't much when you come to grapple with it. There'll be such a lot for you to do. There'll be the garden. We ought to make ever so many improvements next spring and summer, against the master comes home. And there's your piano. You want to improve yourself—I've heard you say so—and you can get up all sorts of new tunes, and won't the major be pleased with you—and then—there'll be something else to occupy your mind before next summer comes."

That "something else" which was to have filled Isola's empty life with a new interest, ended in disappointment. She was very ill at the beginning of the new year, and Tabitha nursed her with motherly tenderness long after the doctor and the professional nurse had renounced their care of her. She regained strength very slowly after that serious illness, and it was only in June she was able to take those lonely rambles she loved, or row in her little boat upon the river.

Tabitha was a servant in a thousand, faithful and devoted, clever, active and industrious. She had been maid to Martin Disney's mother for nearly fifteen years, and nursed her mistress through a long and weary illness, and closed her eyes in death. Martin parted with that faithful servant with reluctance after the breaking up of his mother's household, and he told her if he should ever marry and have a

# Cleaver's Juvenia Soap

Marvellous Effect!! Preserves and Rejuvenates the Complexion.

DR. REDWOOD'S REPORT.

The ingredients are perfectly pure, and WE CANNOT SPEAK TOO HIGHLY OF THEM.

The Soap is PERFECTLY PURE and ABSOLUTELY NEUTRAL.

JUVENIA SOAP is entirely free from any coloring matter, and contains about the smallest proportion possible of water. From careful analysis and a thorough investigation of the whole process of its manufacture, we consider this Soap fully qualified to rank amongst the FIRST OF TOILET SOAPS.—T. REDWOOD, Ph.D., F.I.C., F.C.S.; T. HORNE REDWOOD, F.I.C., F.C.S.; A. J. DE HAILES, F.I.C., F.C.S.

Wholesale Representative for Canada—CHARLES GYDE, 33, St. Nicholas St., Montreal.

ASK YOUR GROCER FOR The Celebrated

# CHOCOLAT MENIER

Annual Sales Exceed 33 MILLION Lbs.

For Samples sent Free write to C. ALFRED CHOUILLON, MONTREAL.

house of his own—a very remote contingency—she must be his housekeeper. Love and marriage came upon him before the end of the year as a delightful surprise. He bought the Angier's Nest, and he engaged Tabitha for the rest of her life, at wages which, beginning at a liberal figure, were to rise a pound a year for the first ten years.

"As if I cared about wages, Mr. Martin," exclaimed Tabitha. "I'd just as soon come to you for nothing. I've got more clothes than will last my time, I'll be bound. You'd only have to find me in shoe leather."

She had never got out of the way of calling her master by the name by which she had first known him, when his father and elder brother were both at home in the old family house at Fowey. In all moments of forgetfulness he was still "Mr. Martin."

And now in this bright November morning Tabitha came out to say that breakfast was waiting for her young mistress, and mistress and maid went in together to the cosy dining-room, where the small round table near the window was arranged as only Tabitha could arrange a table—with autumn flowers, and spotless damask, and a new laid egg, and a dish of honey, and some dainty little rolls of Tabitha's own making, nestling in a napkin, a breakfast for a princess in a fairy tale.

There was only one other servant in the little household—a bouncing, rosy-cheeked Cornish girl, who was very industrious under Tabitha's eye, and very idle when she was out of that faithful housekeeper's ken. Tabitha cooked and took care of everything, and for the most part waited upon her mistress in this time of widowhood, although Sarah was supposed to be parlormaid.

Tabitha poured out the tea and buttered a roll, while Isola leaned back in the bamboo chair and played with the Shah.

"I never knew him do such a thing before," said Tabitha, in continuation of a theme which had been fully discussed last night.

"Oh, it was very kind and polite, but it was not such a tremendous thing after all," answered Isola, still occupied with the Persian. "He could hardly stand by and see one drowned. You have no idea what the rain was like."

"But to send you home in his own carriage." "There was nothing else for him to do—except send me home in the gardener's cart. He could not have turned out a dog in such weather."

"It's a thing that never happened before, and it just shows what a respect he must have for the Disneys. You don't know how standoffish he is with all the people about here—how he keeps himself to himself. Not a bit like his father and mother. They used to entertain all the neighborhood, and they went everywhere, as affable as you like. He has taken care to show people that he doesn't want their company. They say he has led a very queer kind of life at home and abroad; never settling down anywhere, here to-day and gone to-morrow; roving about with his yacht. I don't believe any good ever comes of a young gentleman like that having a yacht. It would be much better for him to live at The Mount and keep a pack of hounds."

"Why should a yacht be bad?" asked Isola, lastly beginning her breakfast, Tabitha standing by the table all the time, ready for conversation.

"Oh, I don't know. It gives a man too much liberty," answered Tabitha, shaking her head with a meaning air, as if with a knowledge of dark things in connection with yachts. "He can keep just what he likes on board—gentlemen or ladies. He can gamble—or drink—as much as he likes. There's nobody to check him. Sundays and week days, nights and days, are all alike to him."

"Lord Lostwithiel is not particularly young," said Isola musingly, not paying much attention to this homily on yachts. "He must be thirty, I think."

"Thirty-two last birthday. He ought to marry and settle down. They say he's very clever, and that he's bound to make a figure in

politics some of these odd days."

Isola looked at the clock on the chimney-piece—a gilt horse-shoe with onyx nails, one of her wedding presents. It was early yet—only half-past nine. Lord Lostwithiel had talked about calling to enquire after her health. She felt over-powered with shyness at the thought of seeing him again, alone—with no stately Mrs. Mayne to take the edge off a *tele-a-tete*. Anything to escape such an ordeal! There was her boat—that boat of which she was perfect mistress, and in which she went for long dawdling expeditions towards Fowey or Lostwithiel with only Tim for her companion—Tim, who was the best of company, in almost perpetual circulation between stem and stern, balancing himself in perilous places every now and then, to bark furiously at imaginary foes in slowly passing fishermen's boats.

"Have you any fancy about lunch, ma'am?" asked Tabitha, lingering with feather brush in hand over a side table, on which work-basket, books, writing-case, and flower vases were

POINTED BY ROYAL WARRANT, TO SOAP MAKERS THE QUEEN



HAS NO EQUAL FOR LAUNDRY & HOUSEHOLD Awarded 11 Gold Medals

## Artists



It will pay you to use only the celebrated Oil and Water Colors manufactured by WINSTON & NEWTON Manufacturing Artists' Colors men to HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN AND ROYAL FAMILY. These colors are low enough in price to be within reach of all. Don't spoil your picture by using cheap German and American colors. If your Art Dealer will not supply them, we will. A. RAMSAY & SON, MONTREAL Wholesale Agents for Canada, Manufacturers and Importers of Art Materials, Leads, Colors, Varnishes.



THE CHIEF CHARM OF A REFINED WOMAN

Why her complexion. Why have Pimples. Freckles spots or any blemish when Peach Bloom Skin Food will remove them all, and leave the skin transparent, soft and beautiful?

PEACH BLOOM contains nothing that can injure the skin. It is clear as water, and leaves no trace of the application one minute after use. PEACH BLOOM differs from any known preparation, in that it cleanses the pores of the skin from impurities, accumulations, imparts health to the inner as well as to the outer cuticle, dissolving and removing Pimples, Blackheads, Liver Spots and Blemishes, and gradually brings about that transparent state of the skin that makes a perfect complexion. PEACH BLOOM is in demand ahead of all cheap preparations, because it has merit, and because it produces the results we claim for it. Sold by all Druggists, price \$1.00, or sent on receipt of price by addressing WESTON CHEMICAL CO., 186 Adelaide Street West, Toronto.





arranged with tasteful neatness by those skillful hands.

"No, you dear old Tabitha; you know that anything will do for me. Bread and jam, if you like, and some of your clotted cream. Won't it be nice when we have our very own dairy, and our very own cows, who will know us and be so fond of us as Tim and the Shah?"

She put on her hat and jacket, and went out into the garden again, singing "La Lettre de Perichole" as she went. It was a capital idea to take refuge in her boat. If his lordship should call—which was doubtful, since he might be one of that numerous race of people whose days are made up of unfulfilled intentions and promises never realized—if he should call, she would be far away when he came. He would make his enquiry, leave his card, which would look nice in the old Indian bowl on the hall table. Such cards have a power of flotation unknown to other pasteboard; they are always at the top.

Isola went to the little boathouse on the edge of the lawn, Tim following her. She pushed the light skiff down the slope into the water, and in a few minutes more her sculls were in the rowlocks and she was moving slowly up the river between autumnal woods, in a silence broken only by the dip of the sculls and the little rippling sound as the water dropped away from them. A good deal of her life was spent like this, moving slowly up the river through that deep silence of the woodland shores. The river was beautiful as the Dart almost, but lonelier and more silent. It was Martin Disney's river—the river whose ripples had soothed his mother's dying ears—the last of all earthly sounds that had been heard in the stillness of the death-chamber.

In that tranquil atmosphere Isola used to dream of her absent husband and of that mystical world of the East which seemed made up of dreams—the world of Brahma and Buddha, of jewel-decked Rajahs and Palace towers—world of beauty and of terror, of tropical forests, tigers, orchids, serpents, thugs.

She dreamed her dream of that strange world in fear and trembling, conjuring up scenes of horror—tiger hunts, snakes hidden in the corner of a tent, battle, fever, fire, mutiny. Her morbid imagination pictured all possible and impossible dangers for the man she loved. And then she thought of his home-coming—his return—for good, for good—for all the span of their joint lives; and she longed for that return with the sickening of hope deferred.

She would go back to the Angler's Nest sometimes after one of these dreamy days upon the river, and would pace about the house or the garden, planning things about her husband's return, as if he were due next day. She would wheel his own particular chair to the drawing-room fireplace and look at it, and arrange the fall of the curtains before the old-fashioned bow-window, and change the position of the lamp, and alter the books on the shelves, and do this and that with an eye to effect, anxious to discover how the room might be made prettiest, cosiest, most lovable and home-like—for him, for him, for him.

And now she had to resign herself to a year's delay, perhaps. Yes, he had said it might be a year. All that bright picture of union and content, which had seemed so vivid and so near, had now grown dim and pale. It had melted into a shadowy distance. To a girl who has just passed her twentieth birthday a year of waiting and delay seems an eternity.

"I won't think of him," she said to herself, plunging her sculls fiercely into the rippling water. The tide was running down, and it was strong enough to have carried her little boat out to sea like an autumn leaf swept along the current. "I must try to lull my mind to sleep, as if I were an enchanted princess, and so bridge over twelve slow, dull months of loneliness. I won't think of you, Martin, my good, brave, truest of the true! I'll occupy my poor, foolish little mind, I'll write a novel, perhaps, like old Miss Carver at Dinan. Anything in the world just to keep my thoughts from always brooding on one subject."

She rowed on steadily, hugging the shore under the wooded hill-side, where the rich autumn coloring and the clear, cool lights were so full of beauty—a beauty which she could feel, with a vague, dim sense which just touched the realm of poetry. Perhaps she felt the same sense of loss which Keats or Alfred de Musset would have felt in the stillness of such a scene—the want of something to people the wood and the river—some race of beings loftier than fishermen and peasants; some of those mystic forms which the poet sees amidst the shadows of old woods or in the creeks and sheltered inlets of a secluded river.

She thought, with a half smile, of yesterday's adventure. What importance that foolish Tabitha gave to so simple an incident; the merest common-place courtesy, necessitated by circumstances; and only because the person who had been commonly courteous was Richard

Hulbert, thirteenth Baron Lostwithiel. Thirteenth Baron! There lay the distinction. These Cornish folks worship antique lineage. Tabitha would have thought very little of a mushroom peer's civility, although he had sent her mistress home in a chariot and four. She was no worshiper of wealth, and she turned up her blunt old nose at Mr. Crowther of Glenaveril—the great new red brick mansion which had sprung up like a fungus amidst the woods only yesterday—because he had made his money in trade, albeit his trade had been upon a large scale, and altogether genteel and worthy to be esteemed—a great cloth factory at Stroud, which was said to have clad half the army at one period of modern history.

Poor, foolish Tabitha! What would she have thought of the tea-drinking in that lovely old room, mysteriously beautiful in the light of a wood fire—the playful, uncertain light which glorifies everything? What would she have thought of those walls of books—richly bound books, books in sombre brown, big books and little books, from floor to ceiling? A room which made those poor little oak bookcases in the cottage parlor something to blush for. What would Tabitha have thought of his deferential kindness—that tone of deepest consideration with which such men treat all women, even the old and uncanny? She could hardly have helped admiring his good manners, whatever dark things she might have been told about his earlier years.

Why should he not have a yacht? It seemed the fittest life for a man without home ties; a man still young, and with no need to labor at a profession. What better life could there be than that free wandering from port to port over a romantic sea—and to Isola all seas were alike mysterious and romantic.

She dawdled away the morning; she sculled against the stream for nearly three hours, and then let her boat drift down the river to the garden above the tow-path. It was long past her usual time for luncheon when she moored her boat to the little wooden steps, leaving it for Thomas, the gardener, to pull up into the boathouse. She had made up her mind that if Lostwithiel troubled himself to make any enquiry about her health he would call in the morning.

She had guessed rightly. Tabitha was full of his visit, and his wondrous condescension. He had called at eleven o'clock, on his way to the railway station at Povey. He called in the most perfect of T cars, with a bright bay horse. Tabitha had opened the door to him. He had asked quite anxiously about Mrs. Disney's health. He had walked round the garden with Tabitha and admired everything, and had told her that Major Disney had a better garden than any he had at The Mount, after which he had left her charmed at his amiability. And so this little episode in Isola's life came to a pleasant end, leaving no record but his lordship's card lying like a jewel on the top of those other cards in the old Indian bowl.

(To be Continued.)

#### The Domestic Catechism.

The other day a thin, tired-looking man entered the office of a printing house, and, approaching the proprietor, said:

"I want to have a list printed. Suppose you write it down as I tell you."

The proprietor made ready, and the man said: "Yes; I'm sure I locked the front door. Have you got that?"

"Yes; but I don't understand."

"Never mind; don't interrupt me till I have finished. Are you ready?"

"Yes."

"I turned out the light in the bath-room."

"All right; I've got it."

"The kitchen windows are fastened."

"Yes."

"The dog is in the cellar."

"Yes."

"The servants are all in."

"Yes."

"The stable door is locked."

"Yes."

"The kitten is out of doors."

"Yes."

"I turned off the draughts of the range."

"Yes."

"No, I do not smell smoke."

"Yes."

"No, the water is not running in the bath-room."

"Yes."

"I do not think I hear anyone trying to get into the house."

"Yes."

"No, that is not our dog barking; it's the one next door."

"Yes."

"It is not necessary to go down and see if the cellar door is fastened. I know it is."

"Yes."

"That is nobody—it is only the wind rattling the shutters."

"Yes."

"Well, I think that's about all. You see, my wife asks me certain questions every night just as I am getting into bed, and if I had a printed list I could show to her it would save lots of trouble. Besides that, it injures my lungs to answer them. Have the lists printed as soon as possible, please."

#### Correspondence Coupon.

The above coupon must accompany every graphological study sent in. The Editor requests correspondents to observe the following rules: 1. Graphological studies must consist of at least six lines of original matter, including several capital letters. 2. Letters will be answered in their order, unless under unusual circumstances. Correspondents need not take up their own and the editor's time by writing reminders and requests for haste. 3. Quotations, scraps or postal cards are not studied. 4. Please address Correspondence Column. Enclosures unless accompanied by coupons are not studied.

MORRIS.—You are brightly imaginative, sympathetic, amiable and rather studied in your method, of warm affection, and rather gentle manner, fond of planning and very quick in perception.

JEAN, Kingston.—You are frank, thoughtful, sympathetic, honest and rather adaptable, a little careless of details, discreet and cautious, not at all magnetic, nor apt to assert yourself, rather idealistic and very amiable.

CARRIE.—Have I not delineated your writing once before? It seems very familiar, somehow. You have energy, self-will, rather a refined mind, slightly caustic temper and sharp judgment, large imagination and some love of art and a sly humor.

A LOVER OF DICKENS.—There is plenty of decision in your character, as well as caution, rather a quiet way, deliberate and preserving action, some generosity, love of beauty, sympathy, care and conscientiousness. You have some facility, very good judgment and are rather economical of profession, but apt to do more than you say.

L.O.U.—You ask my opinion of your writing. It is very plain and though not artistic, is both interesting and characteristic. Refinement and taste, as well as good energy, a rather enthusiastic and intense temperament and sense of humor, self-reliance, decision, and decided originality are shown. It is evidently the writing of a person of considerable tone and culture.

YOUR BOB.—You are loquacious, good-tempered, fond of yourself, of variable impulse, now selfish, now generous, not a very reserved person, but even though not reticent; still with nothing but amiable words; some hope and ambition, good persistence and a generally easy-going way. You have some fancy, excellent self-respect, love of a good time and are not far from being very attractive.

SEAT.—Your letter beginning "My dear Kit," and addressed to me, has been forwarded to the Mail office. In case you look for your answer in this column, I would say that an examination and some influence are necessary to secure the position you name. Apply for particulars at the counter, and I have no doubt the gentleman in charge will supply them, as he is uniformly courteous and obliging.

MOLLY.—1. Yes, my dear, I have taken the Mackinac trip, and I'm quite sure your last summer's experience is the universal one. I should think such a large party would be grand on it. 2. Your writing shows some pretty traits of beauty—love and gentle sympathy, care and modesty, but I don't find it a very satisfactory study as yet. You have rather immature judgment, but you are ambitious enough to make life a success.

MARTIN E.—This is a person of thought and feeling above the common; somewhat opinionated and slightly studious, honest and discreet, but not of very fine perception; excellent constant in effort, vivacious and bright in manner, with small braggarties of manner and erratic fancy, though fancy is subservient to fact in this study. Writer is, on the whole, popular and of distinct individuality, and will be cheerfully forgiven his faults on account of his virtues.

MARGARET.—It is a long time since I met you first, Margaret, and your September letter somehow got among the October lot, which has put you a long way back. You are very deliberate, careful and consistent in your action, conscientious and anxious for perfection, cautious and guarded in expression and very even in temper; sympathetic, intuitive perception, love of beauty and taste (somewhat order) are yours, you are intelligent, bright in manner and have some sense of humor.

MOLLY CARW.—Take no thought about it, my dear, unless you can bring it home without doubt to the writer. If it is true, then you can only submit to the unkindness of it; if it be false, then you can but remember that the writer of an anonymous letter which is false has at all events the consciousness of the falsehood and dare not sign the better. If I were you, I don't think I should give the affair a second thought. Put the letter in the fire, and be unusually considerate to all the old splinters you meet. You may scorch the hanks of one of them.

BRUDER MINE.—Your writing has determined lines of pessimism and despondency, which need all your snap and brightness to combat. Your will is strong and firm, affection true but rather idealistic; you have high notions of right and some refinement of fancy, temper is rather doubtful, but being well controlled may pass for good. I hope you have not yet left the world, and will get your SATURDAY NIGHT. Your slipshod reference to our impending loss was quite heartless. The lines of despondency sometimes betoken ill-health, but I don't quite believe in your invalidism. Fun will no doubt lengthen your days.

#### Twenty Things Worth Knowing.

Keep the cover on the canister.  
Rub lamp chimneys with dry salt.  
Throw chloride of lime in rat holes.  
Wash oilcloth with skimmed milk.  
Beat carpets on the wrong side first.  
Cover apple barrels with newspapers.  
Keep everything clean around the well.  
Apply hartsorn to the stings of insects.  
Pour boiling water through fruit stains.  
Drink cream for a burned mouth and throat.  
Put your coffee grounds on your house plants.  
Good eggs always have dull-looking shells.  
Boiled vinegar and myrrh are good deodorizers.

Use oatmeal instead of soap for toilet purposes.  
Camphor is the best anti-moth preparation known.  
Use whisky instead of water for making liquid glue.  
Sponge roughened skin with brandy and rose water.  
Use hartsorn to bring back colors faded by acids.  
Waxen grease will take off warts and protruding moles.  
If sneezing be induced it will stop a disagreeable hicough.—Home Queen.

#### A Big Bluff.

The five Rosaires, acrobats from the circus Renz, Hamburg, arrived in the city Monday on the steamer Champagne. Louis Rosaire moved to the St. James Hotel last evening. Among his luggage was a large traveling bag plastered all over with railroad and hotel advertisements covering a journey from Paris to St. Petersburg. He has used this sa'chal for ten years, and it is literally covered with traces of foreign cities. A porter was about to take it to Mr. Rosaire's room when a stylishly dressed young man walked across the hotel rotunda and examined it. He asked the owner's name and afterwards interviewed the acrobat.

"You have an interesting bit of baggage," he said.

"I fail to see what there is interesting about it," replied the acrobat as he closely scrutinized the stranger.

"The different tags and stamps upon the satchel make it a curiosity, and I would like to purchase it for my collection."

"What would you give for it?"

"Fifty dollars."

Mr. Rosaire refused to sell. He suspected all the while that he was dealing with a bunco man, and he was sure of it now when the stranger offered to give fifty dollars for an old valise. He was about to edge away when the young man said: "You may think my actions singular and I will explain. My father is one of the richest men in Chicago, and two months ago I left the West for a trip in Europe. I met a young woman in New York after I had engaged my passage on the steamship, and I never sailed. Now I must return to Chicago to-night, and if I had that valise covered with labels from all of the big cities on the continent, I'd put up a big bluff about my foreign trip and no one would know of my New York experience. Catch the point?"

Rosaire sold his valise.—N. Y. Sun.

#### The Feast of St. Barbara.

The feast of St. Barbara, like that of St. Martin, is a soldiers' fête in Italy. The heroic girl, if we may believe an old story of the tenth century, was an angel of beauty and virtue, born in a fortress where her father, Dioscoro, was the governor and also aide-de-camp to the Emperor Maximilian.

St. Barbara first saw the light in Italy in her father's beautiful villa near Scandriglia, a gift from the Emperor to his General, rich with mineral waters, marvelous plants, statues, etc., where she passed the first few years of her life and where she became a convert to the Christian religion.

The beautiful girl was hunted to death, taken prisoner, her breasts were cut off, and thus exposed to brutal soldiers, who took possession of her, fastened her to a stake, covered her with quicklime and burned her to death; and this she suffered rather than renounce the religion she had embraced. This at least is the legend, and the artillery and engineer regiments fête her as their patron, to whom they show much respect and gratitude, especially as they have half the day free and double pay.—London Society.

#### A Deadly Affair.

"Have you heard about Dr. Bolus? He has challenged Dr. Hokus to a duel."

"Has he! And what weapons has Hokus named?"

"Prescriptions."

#### No False Modesty.

"Harold, papa calls you a fortune hunter. I'm sorry I'm rich."

"So am I. Everybody will say that you bought me."

#### All the Same.

Two Americans who were dining at tables in front of a cafe in Paris, near the Seine, noticed high up on the front wall of a building, a red mark, and underneath it this inscription, evidently painted:

"Inundation of 1875. High water mark."

"Come! Come!" said one of the Americans to the restaurant-keeper, "you don't expect us to believe that the river ever rose as high as that?"

"Oh, no," said the proprietor blandly; "it only came up to here." He made a sort of scratch with his thumbnail down near the ground.

"But you see, when the mark was down there the children rubbed it out so continually that we had to put it up there out of their reach."

#### Dictionary Wanted.

Doctor—Why, how is this, my dear sir! You sent me a letter stating that you had been attacked by measles, and I find you suffering from rheumatism.

Patient—Well, you see, doctor, it is like this: There wasn't a soul in the house who knew how to spell rheumatism.

#### The Retort Courteous.

Featherstone—Hello! what's become of your sleeve buttons?

Rugway—I'll tell you where they are if you will tell me what time it is by your watch.

The Natural Recipients of Yarns.

Miss Inland (to Old Salt, who is showing the party over the flagship)—And what are all those soldiers on board a ship for?

Bo'sun's Mate Hardtack—Them! Oh, them's the marines, mum!

Miss Inland—Marines? And what are they for?

Papa Inland—Don't ask so many foolish questions, Mary Ellen. Everybody knows those gentlemen are employed by the government for the sailors to tell stories to.

## AYER'S Sarsaparilla

Makes  
the  
Weak  
Strong

Does what no other blood-purifier in existence can do. It searches out the poisons of Scrofula, Catarrh, Rheumatism, and Debility, and expels them harmlessly through the proper channels. It is the great health-restorer and health-maintainer. It purifies the blood, sharpens the appetite, strengthens the nerves, and invigorates the whole system. Dr. C. D. Moss, of Cabell C. H., W. Va., voices the experience of scores of eminent physicians, when he testifies: "I have used AYER'S Sarsaparilla with abundant success. In tubercular deposit and all forms of scrofulous disease, I have scarcely ever known it to fail. As an alternative, it is beyond all praise, both for old and young."

"I am convinced that after having been sick a whole year from liver complaint, Ayer's Sarsaparilla saved my life. The best physicians being unable to help me, and having tried other medicines without benefit, I at last took Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and was cured."—Mary Schubert, Kansas City, Kans.

## AYER'S Sarsaparilla

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by all Druggists  
Has cured others, will cure you

For Scrofula  
Catarrh  
Rheumatism  
Debility

Poultry vs. Poetry.  
"Whose poetry does yo' laike de bes', Mistah Ealy, Longfellow?"  
Mistah Ealy—No, indeed, I doan' laik dem longfellowahs. I laik Plymouth Rock, Leghorns an' Brahmas.

## WORTH A GUINEA A BOX. BEECHAM'S PILLS

(Tasteless—Effective.)  
FOR ALL

BILIOUS AND NERVOUS

DISORDERS.

Such as Sick Headache,

Weak Stomach,

Impaired Digestion,

Constipation,

Liver Complaint,

and Female Ailments.

Covered with a Tasteless & Soluble Coating.

Wholesale Agents, Evans & Sons, Ltd., Montreal.

For sale by all druggists.

W. BAKER & CO., Dorchester, Mass.

which is absolutely

pure and soluble.

It has more than three times

the strength of Cocoa mixed

with Starch, Arrowroot, or

Sugar, and is far more economical,

costing less than one cent a cup.

It is delicious, nourishing, and EASILY

DIGESTED.

Sold by Grocers everywhere.

W. BAKER & CO., Dorchester, Mass.

No! No! No!

You need n't go to Florida, but take

SCOTT'S

EMULSION

Of Pure Norwegian Cod Liver

Oil and Hypophosphites.

It will STRENGTHEN WEAK LUNGS,

STOP THE COUGH, AND CHECK all

WASTING DISEASES. A remarkable

flesh producer and it is almost as Palatable

as Milk. Be sure to get the genuine

put up in salmon-colored wrappers.

Prepared only by Scott & Bowne, Belleville.

Important to Fleahy People.

We have noticed a page article in the Boston

Globe on reducing weight at a very small

expense. It will pay our readers to send two

cent stamp for a copy to Walker Circulating

Library, 10 Hamilton place, Boston, Mass.

PATENT CORSETS

Are the Best.

Prepared by a New and

Special Scientific Process.

Medical opinion recommends them

for THE HEALTH.

Public opinion all over the world

unanimously that they are unequalled

for COMFORT, STYLE,

AND DURABILITY. Sold

in every town throughout

the world. Name and Trade

Mark, Anchor, on every pair and

box. Ask your Draper or Outfitter

for IZOD & SON's; take no other,

and see you get them, as bad makes

are often sold for sake of extra profit.

We are for our sheet of Drawings.

E. IZOD & SON.

30, Milk St., London.

Manufacture: LANDPORT, HANTS.

**MORSE'S**  
**HELIO-TROPE**  
**TOILET**  
**SOAP.**

FRAGRANT,  
LASTING  
AND PURE

A PERFECT  
BOUQUET  
IN YOUR  
ROOM

**JOHN TAYLOR & CO.**  
MANUFACTURERS  
& PROPRIETORS



## THE TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT

EDMUND E. SHEPPARD - Editor

SATURDAY NIGHT is a sixteen-page, handsomely illustrated paper, published weekly and devoted to its readers. Office, 9 Adelaide Street West, Toronto. TELEPHONE No. 1709.

Subscriptions will be received on the following terms:

One Year.....\$2 00  
Six Months.....1 00  
Three Months.....50

Delivered in Toronto, 50c. per annum extra.

Advertising rates made known on application at the business office.

THE SHEPPARD PUBLISHING CO. (LIMITED), Proprietors

VOL. VII TORONTO, FEB. 4, 1893. [No. 11]

## To Contributors.

In sending in short stories and sketches and poems, some of our contributors persist in enclosing stamps and asking us to return manuscripts if not used. We advertised some time ago that we would no longer return rejected manuscripts but would destroy them, the contributor being required to keep a copy of his production for his own use. Anything not worth copying off by the author is not worth the trouble of preservation at our hands. We often receive a ten-line poem which we are requested to return, when the author could have made a copy of it in two minutes (and no doubt has two or three drafts of it in his pocket). We do not return manuscripts and if you enclose stamps they will be confiscated by the editor.

## The Drama.

**H**UMAN nature offers the fashions, habits and ideals of successive generations the same raw material upon which to work. The material may be formed into beauty or ugliness, changed this way and that, but it remains the same throughout—human nature, in which good and evil poised almost evenly. We are practically the same people whom Sheridan wove into his *School for Scandal*. Such changes as time has wrought are merely upon the surface. We no longer wear wigs, powder, beauty spots, and affect snuff; our married women are no longer supposed to openly cultivate lovers; we do not possess that license of speech and conversational topic which is noticeable in Sheridan's play, but yet I submit that these are merely alterations of appearance and every vice and frailty satirized by him still exists. Charles Surface was the average product of his time, but Joseph, with his high pretensions and low performances, rightly belonged to our day. Virtue being now the fashion, many follow it with punctilious seeming but privately mock virtue and violate it. When a certain looseness of life was fashionable, many feigned a laxity of morals they did not really practice. Therefore, I say, the fashions of the time can regulate the outward appearance of human nature, as it can the garb of the person, but it cannot transform the creature. It can screw the moral pretensions up to any pitch it chooses while failing to improve the moral impulses.

The hypocrisy of Joseph is not always laid bare. Had he always been exposed in time to lose his inheritance he would never have become such a very numerous person as he is. Since Sheridan's day he has become proficient in his art of simulation and double-dealing, and has won such successes that his methods are everywhere recognized as the only safe ones for those with sinister purposes to serve. The rollicking profligacy of Charles is followed now by very few, however profligate in disposition, and they are condemned and tabooed by the sincerely good and held in contempt by the sicker Josephs round about. It is only in the drama and the novel that the latter are frustrated, exposed and held up to general censure.

If you go fishing for speckled trout in a small stream running through swampy woods, some exasperating person is sure to disapprove of your remarks about mosquitoes and remind you that everything serves a useful purpose. Scandal, in defending itself, could probably say that it has frightened countless thousands away from contemplated wickedness, and has intimidated vice into wearing a mask and avoiding the public eye. So much to its credit. But its boasted conflict with evil is one of pastime only. It never allows vice to famish in fugitive haunts, for when it hungers, scandal drives succor and nourishment into its maw. For one whom it frightens away from sin, it robs two of virtue.

Scandal will live while the race lasts. It subsists on envy unquenchable. Women are towards each other what they were in Sheridan's day, the very essence of insincerity. They still embrace, kiss, turn on their gushing ecstasy, sibilate, fling, sparkle, endear—then go their separate ways, vexed at having met "that horrid thing." Whenever I see two ladies meet and kiss with particular relish, my soul cries "Isacriot," and I haste away before either one can seize upon me and say how much she detests the other. The Snerwells, Candours and Backbites of to-day not only polish off their friends but rub each other down pretty briskly when apart. Altogether, the best means for making the world a trifle pleasanter than it is, seems to be for you and me to refuse a voice to those uncompromising—but, of course, eminently just—opinions we form of other people and their actions.

Marie Wainwright at times was incomparable as Lady Teazle, especially when she set about wheedling Sir Peter into good humor. When they quarreled, vowing they never would quarrel again, the very chord of nature was touched in a masterly way. Barton Hill's Sir Peter was a notable delineation. William

Ingersoll as Charles Surface made a fine, lovable fellow, and showed himself a clever and magnetic actor. E. Y. Backus as Sir Oliver had an infectious good humor and heartiness, and I felt a desire to get behind the wings and shake hands with the jolly, peppery old boy. Nathaniel Hartwig and Eleanor Carey each played their parts in talented manner, while the balance of the support was much better than is usually seen in the *School for Scandal*.

Mr. Grenville P. Kleiser has secured nearly one thousand dollars in subscriptions to his proposed star course, and the success of his enterprise is now absolutely assured. The course will include Robert Nourse, Marshall P. Wilder, Frank Lincoln, George W. Blish and probably James Whitcomb Riley. The subscribers' list is well filled up but will be found at Nordheimer's for a few days longer.

The number of Toronto people who are winning dramatic success in England and America is constantly increasing and it always affords me pleasure to record their triumphs. Not long ago I had occasion to mention the success of Miss Mary Keegan at the Adelphi Theatre, London. Miss Keegan is well known in Toronto, for this is her native city, she being a niece of the late Judge Sherwood. The *Lost Paradise*, a new play, was put on at the Adelphi in Christmas week, the part of Polly Fletcher being created by Miss Millard. This lady was taken ill a few days before opening night and Miss Keegan was hastily engaged as a substitute. She made a most decided hit, *Truth* speaking in terms of praise of her "breezy, comic acting." The *Morning Leader* said: "The comic love-making—and that, too, in high life—was entrusted to Miss Mary Keegan as Polly Fletcher and Mr. Thalberg as Bob Appleton. Let this be said, it was pretty as well as comic. But Miss Keegan must be awarded an excess of praise; she took Miss Millard's part at very short notice. No one, though, would have guessed this unless they had been told." The *Financial Observer* said: "It is very gratifying that Miss Mary Keegan made such a conspicuous success in *The Lost Paradise*. . . . She played Polly Fletcher, the part for which Miss Millard had been cast, at a day and a half's notice, and contributed to a great extent to the success of the new Adelphi drama." The *Pall Mall Gazette* joined in the general praise: "Miss Mary Keegan must have felt convinced of the truth of the saying about an ill wind when she found herself playing on the first night of *The Lost Paradise*. . . . Her success in the character, undertaken at short notice, was remarkable, and should give her a sound position."

The Grand will be closed for the first three nights of next week and *The Stowaway* will be presented the last three nights.

Miss Jessie Alexander's numerous friends will be glad to hear of her improved condition, although her complete recovery is so uncertain as to compel the cancellation of all her engagements for the next three weeks, including a number of recitals in New York, which were to have been given there during next week. She will have the sympathy of her large circle of friends in this unfortunate illness in the height of a most successful season.

The Duff Opera Company will commence a week's engagement on Monday evening at the Academy of Music. The public is familiar with the work of this company in Toronto in previous seasons, and the welcome extended the singers have annually increased in warmth. The company has just completed its third tour to San Francisco and return. The trip across the continent has, it is said, been a series of successes. Although known chiefly as a comic opera organization, the company has had one of its greatest triumphs in Mascagni's *Cavalleria Rusticana*, according to the press of San Francisco, Chicago and Pittsburgh.

The Nelson Opera Company is singing to good houses at the Academy all week. Last week I stated that *Il Trovatore* would be sung on Saturday (to-day) but this was the fault of the telephone, and the delightful *Fra Diavola* will be put on instead.

That Thomas W. Keene narrowly escapes being a great tragedian, all who have seen his *Richelleu* must admit. Those who like his tragedy cut in thick chunks are of the opinion that he is great. As, however, individuals of this class usually heave their thunderbolts of approval from that region of the theater which the ancient Greeks facetiously alluded to as being sacred to the presence of Mr. Jove and his household, their verdict, like the somewhat erratic decrees of the mythical inhabitants of Olympus, must not be taken as infallible. Whatever the more cultured among his audiences may think, there can be no doubt whatever that Mr. Keene himself holds the opinion as an article of faith, and his personal magnetism causes many to endorse it against their better judgment. When Mr. Keene has lines of particular import to deliver he roars, after which, probably remembering that such severe vocal exercise would have a bad effect upon such an old man as *Richelleu*, he relaxes into a fit of coughing which is so ludicrously commonplace that the introduction of a large bottle labeled "Cough mixture" would seem quite appropriate. With the exception of Miss Maida Craigen, whose work in the parts of Ophelia and Julia from an artistic standpoint overshadowed that of the star, and Mr. Frank Paulding, a sincere and manly young actor, whose freedom from any tendency to rant was most refreshing, the rest of the company were—to criticize generously—hopelessly mediocre. Notwithstanding all of which, Keene's *Richelleu* is worth seeing, especially by those whose hearing is none of the best. His interpretation, although overdrawn, is interesting and at times shows flashes of genius.

The attractions of Reilly & Wood's show at the Toronto Opera House are of an extremely varied nature, and, judging from the frequent laughter, were greatly enjoyed by the audience. The first part of the programme included some clever juggling, canine performances, songs, dances and, above all, two double-jointed India rubber demons, who appear in a very weird scene, dressed in appropriate costume, and perform some of the most extraordinary

acts of contortion and tumbling that I ever witnessed. The disagreeable features generally so noticeable as to be almost revolting in the performances of contortionists, are lost sight of when watching the extremely graceful and artistic methods of the Borani Bros., who, with suitable gestures and deportment, sustained their character of demons well. The second part of the show was composed of a pantomimic extravaganza, *Hades and the Four Hundred*, which was not altogether in good taste. The scenery and costumes, songs, dances and general character of the piece are extremely lively, even warm, and put the Inferno in a new light before the spectators, many of whom must have gone home thinking that perhaps it will not be such an unpleasant place to live in after all, especially if John J. Burke be there to make matters as lively as he did in *Jacobs & Sparrow's*. His *Satanic Majesty* was represented by Pat Reilly, who certainly proved that somebody is not as black as he is painted. It appears that they know *Taraboom* down there, which fact, although not surprising, goes a long way to prove that it is not an abode of unmixt bliss. Another thing, if, according to Reilly and Wood, Mephisto should turn out to be an Irishman—it is said the Khan of Crim-Tartary's viceroy is one—then matters will be made warm for anti-Home Rulers who may happen to find themselves in the regions mentioned. This consideration may cause some to turn over a new leaf and thus demonstrate the power for good of the stage.

Corinne will be at *Jacobs & Sparrow's* next week in *Arcadia*, one of the leading burlesque attractions now before the public. The Kimball Opera Comique and Burlesque Company's production of *Arcadia* is a burlesque in the fullest sense of the word. It is magnificently staged and gorgeously costumed. The choruses are strong and wonderfully well trained. Over twenty thousand dollars is said to have been expended before the curtain was raised on the first performance. Never before in the history of burlesque has such attention been given to details. Corinne, of course, is the central figure and life of the performance. She is young, graceful and pretty. Her work does not appear studied or mechanical, but has that charming, almost reckless abandon which enthralls and inspires the artist. In *Tom-Tom*, Corinne has a role that is fitted to her own inimitable style, and she enters into her work with that zeal and vim that have made her a universal favorite. Her archness and piquancy, added to her excellent vocalism and attention to details, stamp this bright little artist as a devoted student of her profession.

## The Small Boys' Social.

**T**HE small boy having selected a Sunday school which is conscientious in the discharge of social duties, abandons himself to the delights of half-yearly anticipation. On the Sunday following the picnic the earnest teacher is requested to fix a date for the social. There can be no doubt that the small boy would prefer a Christmas social, but since many churches administer this form of consolation in connection with the yearly business meeting of the congregation, he gracefully accepts the instructive but pleasing magic lantern.

Personal adornment does not render the small boy uneasy. His sisters have their hair frizzed; the younger male fraternity is partially obscured by large, maternally administered bows. But the wants of the small boy *par excellence* are few and definitely expressed. He wishes to eat, after which he will create a tumult. For both of which operations nature has specially designed the small boy.

Close observation has rendered possible the following classification.

Method of eating—general but satisfactory—sandwiches, cake, followed by sandwiches; this is invariable.

Eaters may be divided into two main classes, of which there are many interesting varieties.

1. The placid, accommodating boy, never refuses, seen quietly smiling, plate and cup full. Does not eat obtrusively, but must eat since he is again seen smiling, but apparently neglected. The omission is hastily and frequently repaired.

2. The boy who eats one thing at a time and eats it well, known to refuse "more" distinctly, saying he has had enough.

Result of eating—universal—as much as he can hold. Again two classes, however.

Class A.—Small, but select; countenance, pale and abstracted, eyes fixed, mouth misanthropic; confesses freely when pressed to eat, that he considers he has already had too much.

Class B.—Much larger than A.; leaves nothing on plate; vivacity unimpaired, in many cases highly accelerated; tendency to treat lightly food not immediately required for consumption, in consequence beautiful carpet kindly provided by ladies of the congregation becomes a veteran in a single night.

No atmosphere could be more favorable to the development of noise than the obscurity necessary to the display of the magic lantern. It may be remarked that male teachers whose consistent manner of life compels admiration have been known to emerge from the small boy's social in a state of complete mental and religious dishevelment.

## One Old Maid.

**I** KNOW I am one, but it is a fact I'm always forgetting; there are so many other things to think about. Somehow or other, I seldom feel so lonely as I ought to do, but then I've lots of friends, and they don't remind me of the fact often than they can help.

I'm glad to have my feelings considered in this way, although I pride myself on not being sensitive on the point. Jane, my married sister, says it's because I might have had a husband if I had chosen. So I might. Perhaps there is something in knowing that. One widower distinctly asked me "to be the mother of his six little helpless children." And there was another man—a clergyman—with a salary of four hundred dollars a year, who used to

hint a good deal about the joys of missionary life, but I never allowed him to actually come to the point. I've since thought that was a mistake on my part; I might just as well have brought him to the scratch, as then I should have had no conscientious scruples in adding his name to the list of "my chances." I was young at the time, and thought him presumptuous. I had no idea in those days what the reputation of such opportunities is to a woman. Now I am perfectly aware that every discarded offer of marriage is a corner-stone in building up the dignity of an old maid.

One of the puzzles in a woman's life is that you drift about so many years without knowing if you'll end your days a Miss or Mrs. and never make a career for yourself. Sometimes when you've chances you're fastidious (there were those widowers, for instance), and you don't care to risk your life on the men that offer themselves. Later on when you've made up your mind that your ideal man lives at the antipodes, and isn't a traveler, and that you had better take the nearest approach to him, you discover the nearest approach has got tired waiting for you, and is going to get married to a girl in her teens.

You sha'n't go into a rapid decline when you hear the news; you congratulate yourself that it isn't the ideal man himself. These experiences may or may not repeat themselves; it's a mere matter of temperament and environment, mostly environment,—but you don't marry.

This astonishes you almost as much as your friends, possibly more so. Their view of the case is, however, a little different from yours. You wonder why being single you haven't anything that deserves the name of a broken heart, while they ask each other "who the man could have been," and marvel at your good spirits, which are sometimes as contagious as if they weren't put on. Sometimes, too, in moments of great despondency they go so far as to envy you your freedom and wonder "how you manage to look so young." Your married friends confide their griefs to you occasionally, but you can't afford to return the compliment and speak of your own worries, they generally find them so uninteresting, and before you've fairly got started on an account of the misery of your boarding-house they remark in a sympathetically triumphant tone, "There, I always said you were a woman with a history."

I don't know how a woman with a history would like this irrelevant way of referring to it, but it is highly irritating to an old maid who doesn't own such a thing. Of course no one likes to be thought to have been unfortunate in love, and yet seeing what the world expects of you, you feel an unnatural sort of a person in that you have no sweet sorrow to romance over in private. There is one decided advantage as a single woman that you have over your married friend, you always know in a quarrel when she has reached the limit of her patience. Only then does she venture the awful and cutting remark, "That's just like an old maid." Her inventive seldom goes further. If she is a half-decent sort of a woman she'll try and make up to you for her lack of generosity in openly speaking of your former condition. Ten to one the next time she meets you she casually but artfully speaks of the time "When we were girls together," and "Widower Jones, who wanted to marry you, Caroline."

It is after episodes of this sort that an old maid feels inclined to offer a bit of advice to young girls, and beg those who intend to develop into spinsters not to prevent young men from making them offers. Temporary cruelty to the young men, perhaps, but they (the offers) will be balm in Gilead to their souls when they enter the serene and yellow time of life in single yoke.

J. M. LOES.

## It's the Next One's Mine, Kurnel.

It was near the close of the American war that the following laughable incident occurred. A big, burly negro who had been pressed into the Union service was getting his first taste of firing, and as the fight grew hotter and hotter and the roar of cannon and the whistling of shell mingled with the sharp ping, ping, of the flying bullets, Sambo's courage utterly collapsed, and turning tail he made a bee line for cover in the rear. Passing a regiment of the reserves in his mad flight, he was seen by one of its officers, who shouted at him:

"Where are you going, you d— nigger, you?"

Sambo stopped. "Be you de kurnel of dis here fight?"

"Yes, I am, and if you don't turn right about I'll have you shot on the spot as a spy."

"Now, look a-here, kurnel, I've done made an orful mistake, I has. I've never listed for this battle, nohow. I knows I hasn't; it's the next one's mine, kurnel, sure as I've a-tellin' you."

The idea so tickled the officer that the darkey escaped amid the smoke of the battlefield.

ANGELL.

## He Itemized It.

An artist employed in decorating the properties of an old Romish church in Belgium, being refused payment of a bill which he had sent in unitemized, thereupon furnished the following bill of particulars: "Corrected the Ten Commandments, 20 fr.; embellished Pontius Pilate and put a ribbon on his bonnet, 15 fr.; put a new tail on a rooster of St. Peter and mended his comb, 15 fr.; re-plumed and gilded the left wing of the guardian angel, 20 fr.; washed the servant of the high priest and put carmine on his cheek, 15 fr.; renewed heaven, adorned twelve stars and cleaned the moon, 50 fr.; re-animated the flames of purgatory and restored souls, 25 fr.; revived the flames of hell, put a new tail on the devil, mended his hoof and did several jobs for the damned, 45 fr.; re-bordered the robe of Herod and re-adjusted his wig, 20 fr.; put a new spotted saah on Tobias and dressing in his sack, 10 fr.; cleaned the ears of Balaam's ass and shod him, 20 fr.; put earrings in the ears of Sarah, 12 fr.; put a stone in David's sling, enlarged the head of Goliath and extended his legs, 20 fr.; decorated Noah's Ark, 20 fr.; mended the shirt of the prodigal son and cleaned his ears, 25 fr.; total, 332 fr."—*Exchange*.

## Miss Roscola McGroggin (aged 48) at the Social.

(She criticizes the company for the benefit of her cousin, Huldah McGroggin.)

For Saturday Night.  
Comin' from Catfish Corners, Huldah, and not bein' used to style,  
Nor the giddy round of fashion, nor mankind's unrighteous guile,  
You'd better sorter hang about and just survey the ground,  
And let Cousin Roscola kinder pilot ye around.

Git a seat thar by the windy and let the folks go by,  
And I'll tell ye sunthin' 't other 'bout each one that meets yer eye.

See that flock of wimen gigglin' and swallerin' down their tea,  
And a-crushin' round the pastor, most disgraceful for to see.

They may save themselves the trouble—our pastor ain't no fool,  
To be ketcht by gangs of females jest fresh from boardin' school.

Some eddy, quiet woman about yer age or mine,  
When he comes in holy wedlock with someons fer to jine,  
Would suit him a heap better, with the brain power of a hen,  
Than that sort of gigglin' leidis thet's jest all paint and dithers.

That fat man 's Mr. Blodget, a trustee of our school;  
And thar goes Mr. Shorty, whose father stole a mule.

How are ye, Missus Spriggins? and how's yer husband dear?  
(He's mostly drunk on Saturday, and thet's why he ain't here.)

Glad to see ye, Miss Lorena, and how's yer brother Jake?  
(Thet woman's the worst liar betwene here and the lake).  
Them tosy-lookin' fellers thet's got more clothes than cash,  
Is mostly duds and hank clerks, come here lookin' fer a mash.

Their smirkin' at those gals, and their slushy sort of clack  
Makes me feel as if cold water was bein' poured down my back.

The fresh complected chap with a grin like a terrier dog,  
And the low retreasin' forehead, is one I'd like to flog;  
He's a sneakin' sort of feller, with the brain power of a hen,  
As buzzes round the wimen and tells lies about the men.

Who's that hansom-lookin' woman fer whom he seems in search?  
Thet's Miss Alvin Higgins, a pillar of the church.

Seems sweet-temper'd? Y-a-s, to most folks, but she  
Makes her father quak; Y-a-s, to most folks, but she

She poured some bilin' water all over him last week.  
Who's that tall, lanky man a-standin' by the door?

Thet's Mr. Hiram Blogg, who keeps a general store.  
He come to the last social 'full', and much to our surprise,  
Walked slap across the table and lit among the ples.

But, come, I'll interduce ye to sum preush friends of mine  
Who exel in temp'rance workin' and charity divine.

Fer my mother always has been, and evermore shall be,  
To treat my feller bein's with Christian charity.

The parson's risin' fer to speak; we'll hev to git along;  
Come, lift yer boots now, Huldah; we'll jine the festive throng.

RICHARD GOURLAY.

## Comrades.

For Saturday Night.

'Tis upon the gory battle plain of fateful Waterloo,  
Where Napoleon's braves and Wellington's are fighting hard and true;

Where the bullets sweep in volleys, strewn earth with carnage red;  
Where battalions charge and falter 'mid the dying and the dead.

Here, among the British Life Guards, two fond comrades, side by side,  
With stern faces, pale, yet noble, watch the battle's surge-tide;

But their lips speak not a murmur, nor do bosoms quail with fear;  
They are ready for the conflict, the warrior's doom is near.

'Tis the time when bravest warriors think of home and Him on high;  
'Tis the time when prayers are uttered—when a man prepares to die;

But these comrades think of Bonnie—Bonnie Beldot o'er the main;  
Clarence is the maiden's lover; Philip loves her—loves in vain.

So each thinks of this sweet maiden, in the turn of his own mind,  
Until many blisful fancies round their throbbing hearts are twined;

Then with eyes upturned to heaven, and with lips employed in prayer,  
They implore the kind Creator to protect her with His care.

Suddenly Napoleon's lanciers charge across the open field;  
"Forward!" "Wellington has uttered; every trooper's heart is steeled;

With a shout that well nigh deadens e'en the cannon's hollow boom,  
Every Life Guard bares his sabre, dashes forward to his doom.

Sabres flashing! chargers dashing! warriors trampled under feet!  
Troopers yelling! brave hearts welling! which battalion will retreat?

Slashing, clashing, groaning, moaning, horses plunging, frantic all;  
Wounded, dying, moan together, "Will the French or British fall?"

Boom! the heavy cannons thunder! Boom! the shrieking shells explode!  
Boom! boom!! boom!!! the grape-shot scatters, and with haste the runners load.

Oh! the awful din of battle! oh the rush of trampling feet!  
Oh! the thousand dead and dying! oh, the fate brave warriors meet!

What is this, the Life Guards feeling? Well, perchance 'tis better so;  
Wellington has yet some movement that will turn the battle's flow;

But the fierceness of the conflict has laid many warriors low.  
Are the comrades with the feeling? Yes, there's Philip on his back;

But he seems to ride uneasy, turning ever to look back.  
See! he falters—wheels his charger! dashes wildly back alone!

Back to where he finds his comrade standing by his fallen form,  
Bravely wielding his broad sabre 'gainst four lanciers press-ing close.

While on every hand draw nearer the bright weapons of his foes.  
Right into their very center dashes Philip at full speed;

Little thinking of his own life, little caring for his need;  
Mindful only of sweet Bonnie, and the sorrow she must feel,

If brave Clarence falls a victim 'neath the adversary's steel.  
Twice and thrice his sabre flashes, dealing death at every stroke!

Once again he wields his weapon—'tis the last! his sword is broken!  
And the frenzied noise is hidden in the rolling battle smoke.

All is over, and the maiden's faithful heart is free from pain.  
Clarence lives, but noble Philip's life blood ebbes upon the plain;

And the comrade kneels beside him, with pale features, tear-dimmed eyes,  
Listening to the words low spoken, in a deep, pathetic sigh:

"Say to Bonnie that I loved her—tell her—Clarence, do you hear—  
All is dark—I cannot see you—ah, I felt that scalding tear—"

Do not weep—my trials are over—farewell, comrade—this is death—  
And he passed to meet his Maker, Bonnie's name upon his breath.

When that awful war was ended, and the Guards came home again,  
Filling many hearts with happiness, and many more with pain.

Bonnie came to meet brave Clarence, and he told of Philip's love,  
And the weeping maiden whispered, "Brother, we shall meet above."

MALCOLM W. SPARROW.



## Between You and Me.

"I DON'T see anything funny in that," is such a disheartening expression when one hears it after one's pet story or cherished joke. So many men, so many minds; so many minds, so many diverse senses of humor! You need only have gone to a recent play or two here to discover that. People laughed in such odd places. And whether from an exquisite sense of humor or a dulled sense of pathos, I cannot tell, but they found mirth where I only found very impending sighs and moistened eyes. I have seen men laugh at the dying struggles of some animal, and children laugh at a "drunken lady," as they called her, and boys laugh at a small child with cold fingers and loud squalls, and girls laugh in that awfully cutting way at the shortcomings of their comrades; and we all know the man who laughs at his own jokes, and the woman who chuckles over a spiky tid-bit of gossip, but these laughs are not humorous, nor do they pretend to be; they are the voice of the lower man, not the sparkling champagne bubbles of the merry soul, born of fun and the fruit of quick perception. Sometimes one laughs, one can scarcely tell why, and the whole world takes on a ludicrous garb. One evening lately I was visited by a woman who knows how to laugh, and we had an hour of it, I can tell you. The sanctum resounded with unusual hilarity, the snowy street was full of mirth. The street car conductor grinned at us as we fought our way up the steps of the crowded car, and there was a broad smile on the neighboring sardines' faces as he tripped over my grip and apologized to the lady whose feet he mistook it for. We were delighted, and kept right on laughing until we said good night. I felt a year younger for that laugh, after a four week of bad news from every quarter, and I kiss my hand to the dear Irish woman who started it.

Someone wrote to some other one last week, and how do you think the letter began? You'll never guess. "Lady Gay is not your friend!" The other one asked me if that were true, and though she is larger than I, and ever so much stronger and more powerful, I said that I guessed it was; because, I don't define a friend as some people do. A friend is one who has helped me when I needed help (please don't all speak at once, dear good friends; don't think I forget one of you); and I have never had the privilege of helping "the other one." And it does not necessarily follow that everyone who is a friend gains friendship in return, for you and I hear too much railing against ingratitude to believe that. There are friendly folk who never give us tangible gifts, only rare and precious help of high thoughts, pure examples, quick sympathy and warm affection. These be our soul friends, who are to our material-giving friends as diamonds to Rhine stones. And to them we can scarcely ever give back measure for measure, for such gifts can neither be counted nor measured. The angels who filter the sunshine, drop the dew, and dust the frost on the window panes, may know the tale of them, but no mortal can hold them in his earthly grasp and say, a rill, a river, an ocean, as they grow on their beautiful mission. So on thinking it over, perhaps after all I can give a denial to that awful person who wrote to the other one, "Lady Gay is no friend of yours." For when the other one is weary I am sorry, when she is sad I can sigh with her; when she makes her success, I can throw up my hat, feathers and all, and cheer her on. More than this, circumstances forbid; she does not need me, but if she did I think I should be on hand!

We have partly decided, I and the other one, that somebody wants us to quarrel. I wonder why on earth they should! I saw two naughty little boys yesterday, who, being idle, were in the hands of Satan, and they had two small dogs cornered up and were saying "Siccum, Siccum," with all their might. The small dogs snarled and scratched up the snow, and made quite a bluff for a moment, and then their wee tails began wagging, they sniffed contentedly and trotted away. The naughty youngsters were disgusted. "They won't fight" said one, and neither will Lady Gay and the other one.

I saw the funniest scheme in an American magazine to-day, which, though it is scarcely put seriously, I have really seen acted out. It was a plan to aid New York and other Eastern folk to attend the Chicago Fair next summer as follows: Let six families possessed of approximately equal incomes and imbued with mutual confidence and good will, engage five sets of summer quarters and one suitable lodging in Chicago. The summer quarters should embrace such variety of allurements and climate as should promise to satisfy the greatest variety of tastes, and may be known as A, B, C, D, and E. On the first of May family No. 1 shuts up its city house and goes to Chicago for a month, leaving its infants and school children with family No. 6. On the first of June, family No. 1 returns, and families 1, 3, 4, 5, and 6 go respectively to summer houses A, B, C, D, and E. Family No. 2 goes to Chicago, sending its children with family No. 1. On the first of July family No. 2 returns to A, gets its children, and goes to B, where family No. 3 have been spending June. No. 3 leaves its children with No. 2, and goes to Chicago for July. August 1st, family No. 3 returns to B for its children, and takes them to C, where family No. 4 has been, and family No. 4 goes to the fair, leaving its children with family No. 3. On the first of November all the families will have been thoroughly to the fair, each family will have been relieved of all domestic cares and expenses during its month's absence, and will have enjoyed besides its fairing a more diversified experience of summer resorts than it could have got in any other way at anywhere near the same cost.

When I read that, so many funny possibilities came to my mind that I grinned in an idiotic manner all to myself. How short the month would seem in Chicago, and how long to the family temporarily appointed guardian of the encumbrances of the absentee heads. How sure would croup and cholera infantum, and all kinds of evil be, to light upon the temporarily orphaned babies, and won't it be

wise to choose the first month or the middle or the last for Chicago? And how would they ever agree about the choice, six fathers and six mothers, American mothers, mind you! each with their inborn national idea of getting ahead of the other fellow, be they he or she! I remember some such arrangement in co-operative holiday-making which was once carried out in my circle. None of those families ever got over it! So much innate and unsuspected wickedness was thereby developed in each and all, that they parted with mutual aversion and revillings and have never been friends since.

LADY GAY.

## Colorado Journalism



A GENTLEMAN who is now prominent in Toronto commercial circles was in his youth a printer by trade and could "sling type" with the fastest of them, but when about twenty-five years of age he inherited an interest in a mercantile business and left the case for good. He tells a thrilling story of an adventure which occurred to him a few years after this change of business, which has never yet appeared in print. A printer's vest pocket is his tool-box, and his tools consist of from one to twenty-five thin steel rules of various lengths. Robert had been a news compositor and carried only one rule, and such an affection had he for it after using it for eight years that he continued to carry it long after the printing office had closed on him forever. Any printer will easily understand his feeling, for it is shared by every member of the craft.

Fortune having smiled upon him, he one summer took a two months' trip through the

## THE ROYAL CHILDREN OF EUROPE.



No. 5—Prince Alfred of Edinburgh.



No. 6—Alfonso XIII., King of Spain.

Western States, visiting an old friend in Denver and pushing all around Colorado by himself. One afternoon he was in a mining town of about two thousand people. He had just written home to his partners that all the yarns about the lawless West were gross libels and that the miners were fine fellows, only a little noisy and profane. He felt more cordial to the people around him after having done them this act of justice, and dropped into a saloon.

"Treat the house," he said, feeling in his

vest pocket for a cartwheel dollar.

"Come, fellows, git yer feet into the trough," said the bartender briskly.

Up they came, some half dozen big fellows, and the biggest and fiercest-looking of them was asked by the bartender how the newspaper business was prospering up the gulch. A fellow-feeling surged through Robert's heart as he looked at the Western editor, and as the others gulped their whisky and lounged out he pulled his steel rule from his pocket and remarked:



THE LATE JAMES G. BLAINE.



BLAINE'S HOME, AUGUSTA, MAINE.

"I'm an old newspaper man myself. How—" "By the hokey-pokey! You are, eh!" yelled the editor from up the gulch, shoving a big revolver into Robert's face. "You're just the man I'm looking for. Gosh, I'm in luck! My staff run away and left me in the lurch last week, and I'm jist gitting back after catching him thirty miles up the trail and leading his form. You come with me. By thunder, the 'Tiser's' got to be got out. This is what I call Pan-American luck!" he exclaimed delightedly, turning to the bartender.

Robert basesched, swore, argued, protested, declared he had not set type for seven years, was a storekeeper traveling for his health and only carried that rule as a reminder of old times, but it was all the same to the now happy editorial desperado from up the gulch. A broncho was brought around to the door and Robert was ordered to mount. He threw off his coat and dared the editor to drop his gun and fight it out, but the journalist knew a good thing when he saw it and instead of putting away his revolver, cocked it for use.

"I'd hate like blazes to shoot two printers in one day, and them so almighty scarce, but if I hev to, why, I hev to, that's all."

The bystanders were appealed to in vain, and when Robert asked them to at least lend him a pistol the editor rolled his eye in such a way that every man in the crowd moved his hands as far as could be from his hip pocket.

Robert was a prisoner and rode up the gulch with the editor behind him. He worked three days and got out the 'Tiser', making meanwhile such a study of his boss that he concluded the "staff" who had run away must have been a brave man tired of life. He submitted to his fate with philosophy, amused at his remarkable experience and thinking what a good story it would be if he ever got home safe. He says that he would either have been forced to assassinate his boss or put in the remainder of his life as staff of the 'Tiser' but that on the fourth day a big fellow, armed, drunk, and profane as the editor himself, came lounging in hunting "a frame." He was engaged on the spot, and then Robert was informed that the editor was very sorry but that he would have to look for another job, as he had secured a better man.

Robert did not argue the point nor enter an action for breach of contract. Inside forty-eight hours he had passed out of Colorado on his way home, and has never carried a rule since.

MACK.

## The Sleigh Ride.

When one is waked up nowadays in the middle of the night by an unusual noise resembling—as near as any description will apply—a lunatic asylum clogging with a brass band being chased by a dozen jackasses in full cry, the effect is somewhat startling. It is true, but when one realizes that it is only a sleigh-ride coming home from somewhere in the country, and not a company of Hobgoblins celebrating the death of the Devil, one's feelings undergo somewhat of a change, and tender recollections gradually take the place of nervous prostration, for which of us has not some time in the past taken part in one of these howling, roaring, squeezing, freezing, yet withal thoroughly enjoyable orgies so peculiar to our Canadian land? Many of us yet bear the scars, if not upon our bodies at least in our hearts, of wounds inflicted by the sparkling orbs and pouting lips of the dear little Canadian girl, who never looks so truly lovable to the genuine Canuck as when encased in blanket coat and moccasins, with cheeks whose damask tints defy Jack Frost, and eyes in which fun and tenderness are so inextricably tangled that most unenterprising is the young man who does not attempt to find out for himself (very often to his cost) how much of the expression is jollity and how much love.

The amount of clothing that she wears and the dim uncertain light combined, of course make it impossible for her to know just where your arm may be, and perhaps it might lead to awkwardness were she to investigate too closely. Besides, one of the principal charms of a sleigh-ride is that it is "a privileged occasion," and after all (of course this is between ourselves, and must not be given away on any account) the principal thing the little charmers require is a "decent excuse."

While the juveniles on board with lusty vigor ply the horns, tea trays and dinner bells, with which they are generally well supplied, the youths and maidens with fully equal, but quieter enjoyment, interchange the insidious whisper, and by the time the uproar has reached its height her unruly little love-locks, which the wintry breeze has loosened from her cap, are trifling in most dangerous proximity to his mustache. And when the stopping-place is reached what appetites the pure fresh air and pleasurable excitement have bestowed, and what a glow the hot tea and the genial blaze transmit through every vein, making one tingle to one's finger tips with solid comfort. When the time arrives to start for home, the manoeuvring for the corner farthest from the chaperone is most exciting, for by that time one is so much in love with one's own particular girl that the rest of them be hanged. About half way home you will, in all human probability, come into contact with a most pronounced snub, and you will likely be occupied during the balance of the journey trying to make her feel sorry (with but indifferent success, until, perhaps when rounding the last corner before arriving at her home—but—ah, well! Good night! Good night, and pleasant dreams. And as you light your pipe preparatory to trudging home you consider with a sort of sweet sadness of the "have been," and also worry yourself more or less with the still sweeter "might have been."

G. J. A.

## In Sing Sing.

"I hate these suits we have to wear," said the man who was up for forgery. "They are so loud." "You literary fellows are too particular," said the retired gambler. "I rather like them—though when I'm at liberty I wear my stripes perpendicular and not horizontal."

## She Had Heard of Them.

One way to compel the ladies to doff their hats in the theaters is for the managers to make a rule requiring their husbands to sit behind them during the performance.



# Under the Great Seal

A NOVEL  
By JOSEPH HATTON

Author of "Clytie," "By Order of the Czar," "John Needham's Double," "Cruel Lond-n," Etc.

COPYRIGHTED, 1892, BY THE AUTHOR.

## CHAPTER XIX.

THE MYSTERIES OF WILDERNESS CREEK.  
Apart from the natural dangers of that part of the coast which was dominated by Demon's Rock, mariners had other reasons for giving the waters of Wilderness Creek a wide berth. Grim and forbidding as are the thousand miles of the Atlantic coast of Labrador, the region which included Nasquappe and Wilderness Creek was a concentration of its horrors. During countless ages the frosts and storms of winter, like untiring sculptors, have been carving the rocks into fantastic shapes, nowhere more strange and weird than where they guard the navigable current that Keith had discovered.

Borne on the winds from this area of Nasquappe, the Creek, and Demon's Rock, sailors off Labrador heard in the air, and on the tops about the masts, a great clamor of voices, confused and mixed, such as you may hear from a crowd at a fair or in a market-place: whereupon they knew that the Island of Demons was not far away. In the old charts it is marked with devils rampant, having horns and tails.

The sailors of those days had woeful privileges that do not belong to their successors. They had seen the Flying Dutchman beating round Cape Horn. They had seen the phantom ship of the Cornish wrecker in cloudy squalls sailing over sea and land; the Scotch Meggie of the Shore, with her visions of spectral boats that were doomed; and

"The Spectre-ship of Salem, with the dead men in her shrouds,  
Sailing sheer above the water in the looming moving clouds."

They had seen the demons of the storm, the mermaid with her comb and glass, the sea-serpent with his fiery eyes; they had spoken dead men's ghosts.

With the legends of the Labrador coast they mixed stories that were half the truth and traditions that held their place in poetry and romance. Whittier, the American poet, tells of a phantom ship which mariners a hundred years ago would swear to. The young captain of the schooner visited the Labrador coast, where in a secluded bay lived two beautiful sisters with their Catholic mother—both fell in love with the handsome skipper who, however, was devoted to the younger of the two. She was shut up in her room by the mother just at the moment when she had arranged to meet her lover and fly with him. Her elder sister, profligate by her absence, went in her place and was carried out to sea in the skipper's vessel. On learning the deception that had been practiced upon him he returned to find his sweetheart dead, and no more in life was seen of the skipper or his ship.

"But even yet at Seren-Isle Bay  
Is told the ghastly tale  
Of a weird, unspoken sail,  
She floats before no earthly blast,  
With the red sign flitting from her mast,  
The ghost of the Schooner Breeze."

A noted legend of the adjacent Belle Isle was told in fo'castle yarns in the days of which I am speaking; how Roberval had put on shore from his fleet the Lady Marguerite, niece of the then Viceroy of New France, and her lover, whose conduct had scandalized him during the voyage out from home. He selected for their punishment the Island of Demons. Here the unhappy pair were attacked by the fiends. The sailors could tell you how many of them there were and the particular form of their horns and tails, and the horrid grin of their fiery jaws; and they could tell you of the whiteness and purity of the band of saints that came to the aid of the penitent lovers. But even these heaven-sent messengers could not save the father nor the child; both died within a few days, leaving the Lady Marguerite alone in the terrible wilderness. One day the smoke of a fire attracted some fishermen on a bright calm day; they ventured to land on the haunted island and there they found the unhappy woman, and rescued her after she had lived among the fiends of Demon's Isle for upwards of two years.

These stories and many still more startling mysteries of the deep and its haunted coasts the sailors of the sea knew by heart. But they knew nothing of the realities of Wilderness Creek. The fishermen who in the brief summer months carried off the harvests of the Labrador coast had not the remotest idea of tempting the demons of Nasquappe or the adjacent island by a trip beyond the boundaries of their fish-stakes and landing-stages. For years and years, with the first signs of autumn, the fishermen from France and Italy, from America and the West of England had sailed home with their scaly treasures, some to be caught by hostile cruisers, some to go to the bottom perhaps, the larger proportion fortunately to find welcoming hands at ancient jetties and in picturesque seaports.

When the St. Dennis, dashing into the broken waters that were white with foam on moment, black the next with the shadows of forbidding rocks, had in the hands of her daring pilot sailed into Wilderness Creek and found rest in the still, calm harbor, it was found that one of their company was missing. He had either stayed on board the Avenger with the Frenchman or had been drowned. Keith concluded that he had not met the latter fate, seeing that he must have been born to be hanged. This person was no other than Lester Bantz, whose life had been spared at the intercession of Preddie that he might be made the drudge and butt of the ship. There was more vengeance in keeping him alive under such circumstances, Preddie argued, than in giving him the quiet rest of the grave; and so Bantz had been spared, but only for what he conceived to be a living death, seeing that every day he expected Keith to cut him down or have him swung to the yard arm as he had seen the rear-admiral of the fishing fleet swing above the fire. When, therefore, the opportunity came for a change of masters, Bantz hid himself in the hold of Ristack's unfortunate

ship, and presently made friends with the Mossos, who were taken in tow by the three-decker, St. George, and carried to Halifax.

The St. George had given up her chase of Keith and his prize only when the chase led to shoals and rocks that were more dangerous than batteries of guns or the boarding pikes of over-whelming numbers. She lay to off Labrador the next day, and the weather having moderated, sent a boat of search for bodies or other signs of wreck and disaster. The officer returned, having nothing to report beyond the well known inaccessibility of the coast and the dangers that threatened even the best managed boat in the currents that swirl about the jutting rocks and crags that are as foot hills to the frowning promontories that lift their stormy heads to the skies.

When the Anne of Dartmouth made for Wilderness Creek after her emancipation from the command of Ristack, Bantz, by order of Preddie, had been confined to the hold, where he had remained until the ship was once more out at sea, but he had heard sufficient in the disguised talk of the crew to enable him to give valuable information to the English admiral, but his lordship only regarded the revelations of Bantz as to an inland lake and a calm channel thereto passing through the broken and booming waters of the danger-marked coast as a sailor's yarn, and no attempt was made to test the truth of his romantic story.

Bantz being missed, Keith at once had the entrance to Wilderness Creek barred with chains, and a similar precaution was taken in regard to the exit of the harbor. This accomplished, he and his crew settled down to rest and for mutual counsel and recreation. The season was unusually mild. As a rule the snow lies over Northern Labrador from September until June. In this year of Keith's exploits September had come in mild and genial, with lovely autumn tints ashore and only moderate gales at sea. The wind that had filled the sails of the St. Dennis was almost the first gale of the autumn. It had been succeeded by a spell of fair weather. The season was indeed so unusually mild that it enabled them to explore the surrounding country, and in that garden of berries which Keith had discovered in his first wanderings about the coast they built a log house and cleared the land around it for cultivation. It was only the work of a week to make the place habitable, and here Keith and Preddie and Nicol and Scot, and occasionally others of the crew, came to drink their grog and smoke and quaff the Frenchman's wine as they talked over their plans for the future.

The days went by pleasantly enough, and knowing the history of their recent exploits it might have surprised any looker-on to see how easily the men amused themselves, to hear the genial songs they sang, and to listen to their yarns and stories of adventure. There was one old fellow of whose tales Keith never tired. He had been mate to a pirate captain with headquarters at Salem. No one in the quaint old town pretended to suspect his chief and owner, who lived in a many-gabled house overlooking the bay, and with a garden full of vegetables and flowers. The pirate had a wife, a shrew with her tongue and a cat with her claws; and when the ship put into Salem she would have the crew go up to the house to dig and weed; "and it would have done your heart good, sir, to have seen that worthy old dame in command. By the lord, sir, we were more afeared of her angry eye than all the hard words the captain gave us. We dug and slaved at that garden like any niggers; every time we came ashore there was a new piece of land to bring under cultivation; they say a pirate's heartless and free, but give him a female skipper on shore and see what she can make of the toughest of us!"

It was a standing joke with Keith to mimic the Salem dame and order the crew to dig even though they had no spades to tame the wilderness, and he was as pleased as a child when the carpenter brought along half a dozen home-made spades and half a dozen of the crew went to work with them.

The "idle waste of time," as Donald Nicol called it, was not, however, allowed to interfere with the taking of every precaution for the full and complete protection of the ship. Although it was not likely that they would have to meet any attack from the land, Keith had huts built for sentinels commanding the outlet from Demon's Rock; and a post of observation was constructed on the eastern side of the harbor, where the sea-birds had for centuries played the part of flying fiends and demons in the superstitious and fictitious history of the coast of Labrador, Belle Isle, and the adjacent sea-scapes of rock and water, of sand and shingle, and frowning hills and fearsome valleys.

## CHAPTER XX.

ONE FRIEND AND MANY FOES.

Keith had hoped to make one more trip before laying up for the winter. But he had a comrade's consideration for his men. They had behaved splendidly, even when most they had reason to doubt his seamanship, and he was anxious not only to keep faith with them to the letter but to give them what he called "a reight gude merrie time." They had signed articles of the most ardent if generous character. They were similar to those which Preddie had signed in the days of Hoyland. Every man had a vote in affairs of moment, had an equal title to liquors and rations in times of pressure; prize money was to be shared in proportions laid down, with proper regard to position and wages, from the captain to the humblest soul on board; games of dice or cards for money were prohibited; lights were to be out at fixed times; no woman was allowed on board; all weapons were to be kept in clean and perfect order; no quarrel was to be settled with arms on board; duelling was discontinued and could only take place with the captain's permission, and then the meeting must be on shore; desertion in time

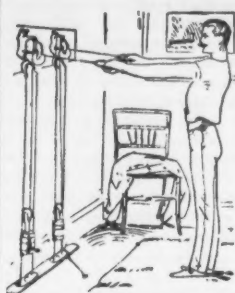
of battle was to be punishable with death; equal severity to be meted out for the crime of robbery; no man to retire from the service until his share of booty amounted to at least one thousand pounds; injuries to the person in the service to be compensated out of the common stock. This sum of a thousand pounds apiece had already been earned by the capture of the St. Dennis, after the officers had received their proportionate shares, the captain taking three and the subordinate officers two and one and a quarter. The men of the Anne of Dartmouth who had signed articles with the rest were more than content, and they were devoted to their new captain.

The division of the spoil, the surveying of the ship, the excursion ashore, the gardening, the councils of war, and the extra nights of grog and merriment, made the time go as quickly as it was pleasant. But before the month was ended, and on the eve of serious thoughts of a last brief cruise before the winter should set in, the wind changed, and the snow came down in a blinding storm that was followed by keen frosts and icy blasts, such as made it a very risky thing to engage in any further enterprises until the spring. It was argued by some that inaction for six months at least would demoralize the crew; and Preddie suggested that it might be well to lift anchor and lay up at Salem, or even in the harbor of New York, where they could ship the extra hands necessary to the complete manning of their new vessel. But Keith, with a lively faith in the strength of England, while he was willing to war against her, hinted that neither Salem nor any other American port might be safe. Furthermore, the Americans would consider their capture of the St. Dennis an act of piracy in a flag flying the stars and stripes; and as for a cruise in the Southern seas (also proposed by Preddie), he was for letting well alone; it was in these latitudes that it should most satisfy them all to make their power felt. As for inaction, he planned out a continual fight with winter to keep open a track to the garden hut, and moreover, there was plenty of work to be done in adapting the St. Dennis to their own tastes and requirements. He was for settling down into winter quarters, and those quarters the harbor of Wilderness Creek.

While the question was being discussed, winter intervened with barriers that left no option whether the ship should sail or not. The Master of the Frost and Snow drew his strong chains across both entrance and exit. The harbor was a little sea of ice. Jagged rock and shining boulder were fringed with shining beads and pendants. Bergs began to form in the waterway outside the creek. Captain and crew accepted the inevitable, and for such a company they passed the time in very wholesome fashion, fighting the snow and ice, and putting the ship into perfect repair, making hardy trips of sport with gun and trap, and living a life of activity, only now and then debased by a debauch of drink and ribald songs, in which Keith would join with a wild uncontrollable energy. He had, nevertheless, fits of despair, days and nights of speechless depression, followed by an unnatural merriment. His cheeks grew thinner, his aspect more and more gaunt. In appearance he had put on a premature old age. Only half through the allotted span of man, he was worn and wrinkled as any patriarch. His sunken eyes had nevertheless the brilliancy of youth. They sparkled in their cavernous depths. His thin hands were strong as eagle's claws. A long drooping mustache, worthy of a Norseman's visage, mingled with his straggling beard, white and brown—a mixture of youth and age. His dress was picturesque in its careless commonness: a worn and ragged jerkin, baggy trousers, high brown boots, a broad buckled belt with knife and pistols, and a slouching hat of felt, worn far back, leaving the strange, thin, expressive face open to sun and storm, defiant, wild, vengeful. He might have been made of iron, so little did he heed or fear hardships of sport or march, of sleepless nights and days of perilous work and hard.

In his profane way of looking at things he would say that God would not let him die of cold or heat, of steel or poison, it was His will to torture him with ghosts and fit him for the lowest depths of the fiery pit; for he had a grudge against him which nought he might do of good or evil made any account. Then he would steal away where no eye could see him and weep bitter tears and pray in a blasphemous manner, as one bereft. After this would come a calm, a tightening of the lips, and a planning of murderous deeds of plunder and of vengeance.

For the open part of two years Alan Keith and the St. Dennis led a charmed life. They were the scourge of the adjacent seas, and flew their varied flags as far away as the Azores. Successful in every enterprise, they adjourned for occasional rest and safety to their land-locked fastness of Wilderness Creek. John Preddie had ventured to sail a valuable English prize into Salem, where he was received with great rejoicing. Keith's lieutenant had also succeeded in converting certain securities into current drafts. His letters from Plympton had also proved of great value. Plympton's notes he had turned into gold—at a considerable discount it is true. Furthermore, he had made arrangements for the St. Dennis to go into port there or at Boston whenever she chose. A Washington authority had secured him a proper commission for the St. Dennis. But Keith would not budge from Wilderness Creek. He had, however, early in the second season of his adventures as pirate and privateer, consented to the burying of the ship's remaining treasures. A party of Micmacs had been seen off the southern shores of the Creek, and with them, it was thought, a European officer. Furthermore, Keith had had the misfortune to take a British money ship, the very schooner with gold for the troops for which he had been on the look-out before her time last year. The schooner had tried to give the brigantine the slip, but Keith had overhauled her, and, overmatched as the schooner was, she had nevertheless fought desperately, and there had been killed and wounded on both sides. Keith, after taking out her money and permitting the remainder of her crew to take to her boats, had burnt the ship. By the weird light of her flaming timbers the boats had been picked up by a British frigate, on her way to assist in the conveying of an East India fleet. She took the schooner's



## Narragansett

= = Home Exerciser

Develops every muscle in the body, promotes digestion, expands the chest. Cheaper than Doctor's bills.

Prices, \$5 up.

J. C. DAVIES & CO.  
81 YONGE STREET, TORONTO.

Oh, Yes!

Oh, Yes!

WALKER'S PHOTOS

Are the Best

And Cheaper Than the Rest

J. C. WALKER & CO.

147 Yonge Street

doomed for all kinds of miseries of captivity and torture, that he had for some untoward reason been marked down by fate or heaven for black and cruel misfortune. After all, was there a Divine and jealous God? Had he offended the Majesty of Heaven in giving up the grand simplicity of the Scotch church for the false faith of Father Lavello and for the selfish reason of being more acceptable to Plympton and his daughter? Keith brooded and drank and brooded until he was in a fever of rage and violence, and as if moved by the very fate he dreaded he ordered the St. Dennis to be once more made ready for sea. The sight of Doolan had brought back to him pictures of his happy days, and he seemed to hear whispered prayers in a dearly loved voice in the interest of little David. He commissioned Doolan to find his son, and thought of some provision for him that might be safe, and he undertook to put the Irishman ashore at some favorable place or time for the purpose, but it was otherwise ordained.

Leaving the southern outlet of Wilderness Creek, the St. Dennis found herself under the surveillance of a frigate which presently made sail towards St. John's, possibly on convoy work, for the fishing ships were once more sailing into Newfoundland waters. Keith's prime object was to put Doolan ashore, and Boston was thought to be his best port. The St. Dennis made for Boston; but before sundown found her course barred by that very three-decker from which she had escaped in her earliest adventure under Keith. Bearing down from the north, and now fairly in sight, was the frigate they had observed early in the day exchanging with her British signals, which had, however, not deceived her. Keith changed his course and made for the Bahamas; and now began a chase, in which the brilliant seamanship of the captains was only equalled by the sailing qualities of their ships. They were three graces of the sea, the three-decker playing the magnificent part of Juno. At sundown the frigate flung a shot squarely into the lower rigging of the St. Dennis, and the three-decker stood by to watch the fight; for the St. Dennis was within range. Keith had not been idle. He had manoeuvred his ship so as to get broad-side on, and hardly had he roared down the main hatchway "Fire," than the St. Dennis trembled from keel to topmast with the explosion, that was Keith's response to the challenge of his adversary. When smoke cleared it was seen that the frigate's main mast had fallen, and that her sails were riddled and torn.

"No, my lads," shouted Keith. "at her again while she's tek'n' up wi' sails—no, lads, wear ship—this time sweep her infernal decks. Ah, ah! that's it; by the lord, she'll wish she were back 't' Halifax!"

The brigantine broke out into thunder and

ATKINSON'S  
Parisian  
Tooth Paste  
FOR CLEANING  
THE TEETH.  
30 YEARS IN USE.

The Canada  
Sugar Refining Co.  
(Limited) MONTREAL

MANUFACTURERS OF REFINED SUGARS OF THE WELL-KNOWN BRAND

Redpath  
OF THE HIGHEST QUALITY AND PURITY  
Made by the Latest Processes, and Nearest and Best Machinery, not surpassed anywhere.

LUMP SUGAR  
In 50 and 100 lb. boxes.

"CROWN" Granulated  
Special Brand, the finest which can be made.  
EXTRA GRANULATED  
Very Superior Quality.

CREAM SUGARS  
(Not dried).  
YELLOW SUGARS  
Of all Grades and Standards.

SYRUPS  
Of all Grades in Barrels and Half Barrels.  
SOLE MAKERS  
Of all these Syrups in 2 lbs., 5 lbs., and 10 lbs. cans.

lightning with the her-two  
"By the Keith; George is  
The th to play the observe t garding t vice-adm have the the frigate to give pl had barel three-deck reeled un aft. Alan came on but not the shock George, d The brig weight of had been might hav would hav ity but fo arrest of danger of loved the decker a for the brigantine the Baham lost. He forth a gr and hande the night cries of the waters.

When my piona ready brea seen, only had not y of the cora Abaco, bef figure with fighting w more and shine.

An Oddfe

The Extra -utterl nounce Dorte- and Ag Fraugh

To the Dr. GENTLE warding y resolution the good y has done fo for three y from loom doctor as happy to s able to foll Trusting the means blessing to yours truly

521 Philli This is to true statem

The above lay the fact fully before proceeded and duty se able cure of wrought t liam's Pln striking s tion, but i ous exper William st Alderman long resid and favora is a carpent workman. aware tha never walk years ago, what is g They hearo nounced i leave the him again ability. W been agre again plyl vigorous a naturally i in the city his magic

A T The othe Mr. Carrol reside in hale, hear visitor's e of the circumst ful cure. "I had he said, hardly kn three y came. I health one in the mor bed told m the second move. It seemed t first I was to articul wish that house ca across my



lightning and the frigate was sorely smitten with the bolts. Her sails were in rags; one of her two remaining masts was shattered.

"By the lord, her deck's a cemetery," shouted Keith; "stand by, boarders! Curse it, the George is nae longer lookin' on!"

The three-decker had no idea of continuing to play the generous part she had elected to observe at the beginning of the fight. Regarding the two vessels as well matched, the vice-admiral was willing to let the frigate have the glory of the contest and capture; but the frigate was so hard hit that duty had now to give place to sentiment; and before Keith had barely got out his last words the side of the three-decker burst into flame and the brigantine reeled under the blow that struck her fore and aft. As the sun dropped into the sea night came on almost like the dropping of a curtain, but not before the brigantine had sustained the shock of a second broadside from the St. George, directed with terrible and fatal skill. The brigantine was literally crushed under the weight of the murderous hail. If the darkness had been somewhat delayed the St. Dennis might have been saved by the foe and no doubt would have been, not only in a spirit of humanity but for the glory of her capture and the arrest of her daring master. Knowing the danger of the waters into which they had followed the retreating brigantine, the three-decker and the frigate had stood out for the open sea. During the night the brigantine drifted upon the coral reefs of the Bahamas, and every soul except one was lost. He rose up from the wreck and stood forth a grim, silent figure, with bleeding feet and hands torn upon the reefs, stood forth in the night—blinded with spray, deaf with the cries of the dying and the rush and roar of the waters.

When morning broke the St. George sent off her pinnace to the reefs, but the ship was already breaking up and no living soul could be seen, only a few floating bodies which the sea had not yet released from the spikes and spurs of the coral reefs. But on the barren shores of Abaco, before the day was over, that same grim figure with the bleeding feet and hands all torn fighting with the living rocks, rose up once more and walked in a world of mocking sunshine.

(To be Continued.)

#### Another London Miracle.

An Oddfellows' Lodge Passes a Resolution of Thanks.

The Extraordinary Case of Mr. E. F. Carrothers—Utterly Helpless for Three Years—Pronounced Permanently Disabled by His Lodge Doctor—Restored to Health and Strength and Again Working at His Trade—A Story Fraught with Hope for Others.

(London Advertiser.)

Canadian Order of Oddfellows, Manchester Unity, Loyal Perseverance Lodge, No. 118, LONDON, Nov. 22, 1892.

To the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company: GENTLEMEN,—I have much pleasure in forwarding you a vote of thanks passed by a resolution of the above lodge, thanking you for the good your valuable medicine, Pink Pills, has done for our brother, E. F. Carrothers, who for three years and a half was almost helpless from locomotor ataxia and given up by our doctor as incurable, and who is now, we are happy to say, by the use of your Pink Pills, able to follow his employment.

Trusting that your valuable medicine may be the means of curing many sufferers and be a blessing to them as it was to our brother, I am yours truly, on behalf of the lodge,

ED. GILLET, Secretary.

521 Phillip street, London, Ont.

This is to certify that the above facts are a true statement.

E. F. CARROTHERS.

The above is self-explanatory, but in order to lay the facts of this extraordinary case more fully before the public an *Advertiser* reporter proceeded to investigate it. It was his pleasure and duty some time since to record the remarkable cure of Mr. E. J. Powell of South London, wrought by the medicine known as Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. It was a striking story of release from life-long affliction, but it was even surpassed by the miraculous experience of Mr. E. F. Carrothers of 103 William street. Mr. Carrothers is an uncle of Alderman R. A. Carrothers, and by virtue of long residence and personal qualities is well and favorably known throughout the city. He is a carpenter and joiner by trade, and a good workman. His friends and acquaintances are aware that a healthier and more robust man never walked the streets of London until a few years ago, when he was suddenly stricken with what is generally supposed to be paralysis. They heard with regret that he had been pronounced incurable, and as he was unable to leave the house, only occasional callers saw him again during his long spell of total disability. Within the last few months they have been agreeably surprised to see him around again playing his vocation and apparently as vigorous as of yore. Enquiry and explanation naturally followed, and it is now widely known in the city to what agency Mr. Carrothers owes his magical restoration to health and strength.

A TALK WITH MR. CARROTHERS.

The other evening the reporter called upon Mr. Carrothers and found him seated by the fireside in the bosom of his family, looking hale, hearty and happy. Upon learning his visitor's errand he said he was only too happy out of the depths of his gratitude, to relate the circumstances of his affliction and his wonderful cure.

"I had always been a strong, healthy man," he said, "until this stroke laid me low. I hardly knew what sickness meant. It was three years ago last April when the attack came. I went to bed apparently in my usual health one night and awoke about five o'clock in the morning, as my watch at the head of the bed told me. I dozed off again, and on waking the second time attempted to rise. I could not move. Every nerve and muscle of my body seemed to be paralyzed. I lay like a log. At first I was speechless but managed after a time to articulate feebly, and not very audibly, my wish that a physician be sent for. Dr. Moorehouse came and placed a mustard plaster across my bowels, telling me to lie quiet for a

few days. I did so because I could not do anything else.

"As I was entitled to the services of the lodge physician, Dr. Pingel, I sent for him. He gave me some medicine that relieved the excruciating pain in my head. He brought another doctor with him (I don't know his name) and they subjected me to a regular course of treatment, by which I was suspended from a support around my neck. I asked the doctor what the matter was, but as he evidently wished to spare my feelings he did not tell me directly, nor did Mr. Gillett, the secretary of the lodge, whom I also asked. I inferred that there was something they did not wish me to know.

"I had now been about a year in the same condition. Sometimes I was able to get out of bed, but never out of doors. At other times I was unable to feed myself. I had absolutely no control over my muscles. If I attempted to touch or pick up anything my arm would usually stray, apparently of its own volition, in an entirely different direction. I was more helpless than an infant, and I suffered a great deal. The doctor commenced the injection of some compound into my arm and leg, but a kind of abscess gathered in each and it had to be lanced. This was very painful. A quart of matter of a greenish color came out. I seemed to get stronger in general health, but my paralysis remained the same. In December, 1891, after two years and eight months of this helplessness, I was given up by the doctors as hopeless. The grand master of the order, who had come to London to look into my case, and the secretary of Perseverance Lodge, called to see me and informed me of this. I had given up all hope myself, so the blow fell lighter. The lodge had all this time been paying my weekly sick dues, and I understood that after the doctor's certificate of my helplessness had been handed in they made arrangements to continue giving me permanent aid.

"And now as to the remedy which proved my earthly salvation: A next door neighbor one day sent me in a label off a Dr. Williams' Pink Pills box. I read it, and acting on a whim, and not with any real expectation of benefit, gave my little girl 50 cents to buy a box. The very first box made me more cheerful; it seemed to brace me up and I began to feel a glimmer of hope. With the second and third box the improvement continued, and I felt more than delighted to find that I was commencing to recover the use of my limbs. Through a friend I got a dozen boxes and the lodge added half a dozen more. I kept on taking the Pink Pills, and I gained steadily; so that I am now what you see me to-day. Yes, I am capable of earning my living as before. I am working at my trade in London West at present and walk over there (a distance of nearly two miles from the house) and return every day."

"You are naturally thankful for Dr. Williams' Pink Pills then?" interjected the reporter.

"Thankful!" echoed Mr. Carrothers. "I can't find words to express my gratitude. You can imagine a man in my position, always strong and healthy before stricken down that way, with a family dependent upon him; and after giving up all hope of being anything but a useless burden, to be restored this way to strength and happiness. Haven't I reason to be thankful, and my family, too?" And there was no mistaking the sincerity of the utterance. "I believe Dr. Williams' Pink Pills can cure anything that any medicine on earth can," he continued. "I know of other cases in this city where they have succeeded when doctors have failed. Well, good night." And the reporter left to call on Mr. Ed. Gillett, the secretary of Perseverance Lodge, who lives a couple of blocks further south, at 521 Phillip street.

MR. GILLET'S STATEMENT.

"There is nothing that can give me greater pleasure," said Bro. Gillett, "than to say a good word for Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I tell you they saved the lodge a good deal of money in Bro. Carrother's case, and there is not a member of Perseverance who won't say the same thing. We had paid out over \$400 to our sick brother, and of course it was a big drain on our finances. We asked the lodge physician, Dr. Pingel, to examine him so that we would know whether he was going to get better or not. The doctor informed us that he was incurable, and gave us a certificate to that effect."

Mr. Gillett opened his secretary and extracted the document referred to from the lodge records. It read as follows:

Dr. Pingel, Office, 354 Dundas street, LONDON, Dec. 2, 1891.

Bro. Gillett:

DEAR SIR,—At your request I carefully examined Bro. Carrothers, of Perseverance, C.O.F., M.U., who has been unable to perform any labor for several years, and find him suffering from the results of cerebral hemorrhage (extravasation of blood into brain). As no improvement has taken place for some eighteen months, I have no hesitation in pronouncing him permanently disabled.

Yours fraternally,

A. R. PINGEL.

"After that," said Mr. Gillett, "we sent for Grand Master Collins, to consider what we should do. We then learned that Bro. Carrothers had commenced taking Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and they were doing him good. So we decided to furnish him with a supply and await developments. You know the result. He's better now and at work again. The lodge unanimously moved a vote of thanks to the proprietors of Pink Pills, and it was forwarded to them.

"I have known Bro. Carrothers for years. He was always until his illness a strong, healthy man, and it seemed strange that he should be stricken down so. He had a terrible siege of it. You see the knife (pointing to one on the table); well, if he tried to pick it up he couldn't do it to save his life. He was completely paralyzed."

Turning to the lodge records again, Mr. Gillett produced a book and showed the reporter the entries made week after week for three years and over of the payments made to Bro. Carrothers as sick benefits. The worthy secretary intimated that any other information desired he would cheerfully furnish, but the reporter had had enough to convince him and left.

DR. PINGEL.

Dr. Pingel was next visited at his office. He

remembered the case of Mr. Carrothers well, and had heard that he was better.

"You considered him beyond help, doctor?" "Yes; any physician, under the circumstances, would have pronounced the same opinion. His recovery is certainly remarkable."

"Do you attribute it to the Pink Pills?"

"I do not doubt that they were the means of his cure, since Mr. Carrothers says it was by using them he became well again. Yes; there seems to be virtue in the medicine, judging by this case."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are a perfect blood builder and nerve restorer, curing such diseases as rheumatism, neuralgia, partial paralysis, locomotor ataxia, St. Vitus dance, nervous headache, nervous prostration and the tired feeling therefrom, the after effects of la grippe, influenza and severe colds, diseases depending on humors in the blood, such as scrofula, chronic erysipelas, etc. Pink Pills give a healthy glow to pale and sallow complexions, and are a specific for the troubles peculiar to the female system, and in case of men they effect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental worry, over-work or excesses of any nature.

These Pills are manufactured by the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont., and Schenectady, N. Y., and are sold only in boxes bearing the firm's trade mark and wrapper, at 50 cts. a box or six boxes for \$2.50. Bear in mind that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are never sold in bulk, or by the dozen or hundred, and any dealer who offers substitutes in this form is trying to defraud you and should be avoided. The public are also cautioned against all other so-called blood builders and nerve tonics, no matter what name may be given them. They are all imitations whose makers hope to reap a pecuniary advantage from the wonderful reputation achieved by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Ask your dealer for Pink Pills for Pale People, and refuse all imitations and substitutes.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills may be had of all druggists or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company from either address. The price at which these pills are sold makes a course of treatment comparatively inexpensive as compared with other remedies or medical treatment.

#### The Uses of Adversity.



#### A Modern Improvement.

Nat. Banks—Tinker 's got a new idea for a slot machine that 'll make him lots of money. Kirby Stone—What's his scheme? Nat. Banks—Why, it's a machine with two slots. You put a dime in one, then you put a nickel in the other and get your dime back. It works every time, and is a clear saving of five cents.

#### Fully Explained.

Pelham—How does it come that your club has such a large floating debt? Travers—It owns a yacht.

#### Very Suspicious.

Paul Knight—If you don't stop investigating my conduct you may get into trouble. Mrs. Knight—How? Paul Knight—You will be arrested as a suspicious character.

#### The Girls to Blame.

Quercus—How do you account for there being so many sleighing accidents every winter? Cynicus—I attribute it to the habit of driving with one hand.

#### Those Girls.

Her Bosom Friend—Oh, what a dear little ring! Herself (blushing)—Yes. It's my engagement ring. Her Bosom Friend (sweetly)—Where did you buy it?

#### Her Experience.

Maud—Aunt Marie, what does "love" mean in lawn-tennis? Marie—Just the same as in anything else. Nothing.

#### A Darktown Success.

Visitor—Who is he? Hostess—Why, dat's Horatio Horseshoe. His daddy's de inventor of the tutti frutti fish ball dat you kin chew on fer de hull day, an' it's as good as eber de nex' mornin'. He'll be a Wanderbilt, shuah!

#### Medicine to the Rescue.

He was a young doctor unknown to fame, with pronounced ideas about politeness, and she—well—she could talk.

He had tried to look interested while she exercised this one accomplishment until his head ached, and now as they are nearing her home she looks up with her most coquettish glance:

"Now, doctor, you must tell me what to do for this dreadful sore throat."

A gleam of hope lights his tired face as he responds gravely, "Keep your mouth shut."

#### Accounted For.

"Bah!" said Charlie Knickerbocker at the club luncheon; "I don't like the taste of this beef. Where does this beef come from, waiter?"

"It is Chicago dressed beef, sir," replied the waiter.

"Ah! That accounts for it," said Charlie. "It is the Chicago dress that gives it the halo of bad taste."

#### Across the Line.

"What yo' gwine t' call de chile, Miss Lippincott?" "Mrs. Lippincott—Well, Jeems ain't decided yet 'tween George Washington, Christopher Columbus, an' John Vanamaker. One discovered um, one defended um, an' one's tryin' to own um."

#### A Useful Article.

Aunt Clemmy—Stars-a-mitey, Enoch! ain't dat wonderful? Dis yer cyard tells us all 'bout whad'd days ob'd week is. For instance, yo' knows dat t'-day am Wensdy, an' yo' looks right up ter'd 'top an' dar, suah 'nough, hit says "Wensdy" plain's d' nose on yo' face.

#### Where the Fun Came In.

"I didn't see anything funny in the story that fellow just told. What made you laugh so over it?"

"Do you know who he is?" "No. Who is he?" "He's the head of our firm."

#### Horsford's Acid Phosphate

FOR IMPAIRED VITALITY and weakened energy is wonderfully successful.

#### The Taint Removed.

Primus—How did Dodson get into the four hundred? His grandfather was a soap maker. Secundus—But he proved that his father was a tramp.

Rushville, Schuyler Co., Ill., U. S. A., Feb. 14, 1889. "I have been afflicted with dyspepsia over twelve years, and I know I have found nothing that has benefited me like Diamond Vera Cura. The first few doses relieved me of fullness and soreness of the stomach and shortness of breath. I was also troubled with palpitation of the heart, which it has relieved, and I feel better in every way since I commenced using Diamond Vera Cura, and cheerfully recommend it to all suffering from dyspepsia or indigestion." John W. Hayes, elder Union Baptist Church, druggists or sent on receipt of price, 25 cents. Address E. A. Wilson, Toronto.

#### A Surprising Procedure.

Tommy Cabbage (at the Sunday dinner table)—Mrs. Tillinghast had her knitting at church this morning. Mrs. Cabbage (shocked)—What on earth was she knitting in church? Tommy—Her eyebrows.

Twenty-five cents for a box of BEECHAM'S PILLS worth a guinea.

#### A Modern Romance.

Fanny—Mr. Heath said in some respects you reminded him of the ladies for whom knights used to contend. Amy—Oh, he only meant to flatter me. Fanny—No; he said you really did have a middle-aged look.

#### Handsome Features.

Sometimes unightly blotches, pimples or sallow opaque skin, destroys the attractiveness of handsome features. In all such cases Scott's Emulsion will build up the system and impart freshness and beauty.

#### For Export Only.

"Marriages are made in heaven," quoted the moralizer. "No doubt," returned the demoralizer, "but they are not recognized after they get back."

#### New Facts About the Dakotas

Is the title of the latest illustrated pamphlet issued by the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway regarding those growing states, whose wonderful crops the past season have attracted the attention of the whole country. It is full of facts of special interest for all not satisfied with their present location. Send to A. J. Taylor, Canadian Passenger Agent, 4 Palmer House Block, Toronto, Ont., for a copy free of expense.

#### A Thankful Man.

"Policeman, there's a fight around the corner." "Thank ye, sor. O'll do as much fer ye some day." And he skips in the opposite direction.

#### California and Mexico.

The Wabash Railway have now on sale round trip tickets at very low rates to southern points, including Old Mexico and California. The only line that can take tourists via Detroit through St. Louis and Kansas City and return them via Chicago and vice versa. Finest equipped trains on earth, passing through six states of the Union. Spend a winter in Mexico, the land of the Aztecs and Toltecs; finest climate and scenery in the world and older than Egypt. Time tables and all information about side trip at new ticket office, north-east corner King and Yonge streets. J. A. Richardson, Canadian passenger agent, Toronto.

#### Sufficient!

He (wealthy, but shy)—You think she will accept him! He has nothing to make a girl love him. She—True. But then he has enough to make her marry him.

Two Flyers to New York, via Picturesque Erie Railway

Something every person should remember: Time is money. You can save money by purchasing your tickets via one of the greatest double track roads of the United States. Leave Toronto at 12.50 p.m., arrive at Buffalo 5.50 p.m., and leave Buffalo 7.30 p.m. and arrive in New York at 7.30 a.m. You can also leave Toronto at 11 p.m. and connect with the Erie flyer at Hamilton, which is a solid vestibule train through to New York. Dining-room cars attached to all trains for meals. For further particulars apply to S. J. Sharp, 9 York street. Telephone 103, Toronto.

#### Not His Treat

"Hello, old man; I saw you yesterday going into a restaurant." "Shipper—Why didn't you hail me and we would have lunched together?" "I would, old man, but the fact is I was broke."

## The Art Metropole

131 Yonge Street (Opposite Temperance Bldg.)

TORONTO

IMPORTERS AND DEALERS IN Artists' Colors, Brushes, Canvases, Academie Board, China Colors, Enamel Paints

AND ALL ARTISTS AND DECORATIVE SUPPLIES

We deal only with the leading and standard makers, whose goods we are able to quote at the very lowest figures. TELEPHONE 2124



## CURE

Sick Headache and relieve all the troubles incident to a bilious state of the system, such as Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Distress after eating, Pain in the Side, &c. While their most remarkable success has been shown in curing

## SICK

Headache, yet CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS are equally valuable in Constipation, curing and preventing this annoying complaint, while they also correct all disorders of the stomach, stimulate the liver and regulate the bowels. Even if they only cured

## HEAD

Ache they would be almost priceless to those who suffer from this distressing complaint; but fortunately their goodness does not end here, and those who once try them will find these little pills valuable in so many ways that they will not be willing to do without them. But after all sick head

## ACHE

is the bane of so many lives that here is where we make our great boast. Our pills cure it while others do not.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS are very small and very easy to take. One or two pills make a dose. They are strictly vegetable and do not gripe or purge, but by their gentle action please all who use them. In vials at 25 cents; five for \$1. Sold everywhere, or sent by mail.

CARTER MEDICINE CO., New York. Small Pill. Small Dose. Small Price.



ESTABLISHED 1847 J. & J. LUGSDIN

THE LEADING Hatters and Furriers

101 Yonge Street, TORONTO Phone 3575

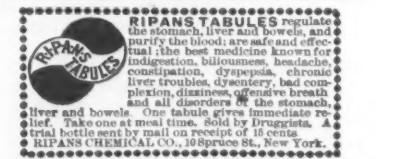
FOR FIFTY YEARS! MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP has been used by Millions of Mothers for their children while teething for over Fifty Years. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhoea. Twenty-five Cents a Bottle.

DR. WILKINS' RED BLOOD WONDERFUL PILLS

The Nerve and Blood Builder—the Great Female Medicine Price 50c. per Box or 6 Boxes for \$2.50 All Druggists.

COFF NO MORE

WATSON'S COUGH DROPS Will give positive and instant relief to those suffering from Coughs, Colds, Hoarseness, Sore Throat, etc. R. & T. W. stamped on each drop. TRY THEM.



An Absolute Cure for Indigestion.

ADAMS' PEPSIN

Tutti-Frutti

Sold by all Druggists and Confectioners. 5 cents

DUNN'S BAKING POWDER

THE COOK'S BEST FRIEND

LARGEST SALE IN CANADA.



## LABORING MEN'S REMEDY:

ST. JACOBS OIL,

THE GREAT REMEDY FOR PAIN,

CURES

RHEUMATISM,

Sprains, Bruises, Cuts, Wounds, Soreness.

Stiffness, Swellings, Backache, Neu-

ralgia, Sciatica, Burns.

THE CHARLES A. VOCER COMPANY, Baltimore, Md.

Canadian Depot: TORONTO, ONT.



## Music.

I HAVE received a letter from an esteemed correspondent, signing himself Harmony, seeking enlightenment as to the musical merits of a Christmas song entitled "Ho! Sons of Merrie England," composed by a prominent Toronto musician and dedicated to Lady Stanley of Preston. A careful examination of the song in question convinces me that any criticism of the same would serve no purpose, and would, furthermore, be decidedly uncharitable. Hence I leave to others the task of assigning me, and at the same time ask his forbearance for declining to insert his letter in these columns. The knowledge it betrays of the fundamental principles of harmony satisfies me of his ability to arrive at a correct estimate of the song mentioned without any assistance from me.

The Galt Philharmonic Society, under the direction of Mr. Walter H. Robinson (choir-master of the Redeemer), gave its first concert on January 17, in the Town Hall of that thriving place. The society numbers about one hundred and twenty-five voices and an effective little orchestra of twenty performers. The society was aided by Miss Lillian Littlehales of Hamilton (who scored a decided success in her cello solos) and Mrs. Lawrence, late soprano soloist of the Methodist church, who also had a most flattering reception. The concert, besides being a musical success, was also financially on the right side, the hall being packed with an intelligent audience who gave abundant evidence of their appreciation of the performance. The programme was a miscellaneous one, the chorus work being principally unaccompanied numbers.

The Hamilton choir, an organization which occupies the same place among Hamilton's musical organizations as the Toronto Vocal Society in our own city, gave their first concert for this season last week and with excellent success. The society has now flourished for several seasons, and under the direction of Mr. R. Thomas Steele has established an enviable reputation for itself in unaccompanied work especially. The concert of last week embraced besides the part songs, a beautiful cantata by Cowen with orchestral accompaniment, in all of which the society maintained its high reputation.

Appropos of unaccompanied singing, those of my readers who have been so fortunate as to hear the magnificent *alla capella* singing of the boy choir of the St. Thomas church, Leipsic, Germany, will be interested to know that the position of Cantor, rendered vacant by the death of Dr. Rust, has been awarded to Prof. Albert Becker, of Berlin, at present conductor of the almost equally famous choir of the Dom Kirche in the German capital. Among former conductors of the St. Thomas' choir have been the following distinguished musicians: Johann Sebastian Bach, Adam Hiller, Moritz, Hauptmann and Ernest Friedrich Richter. The readiness with which the boys of this choir read correctly through most difficult music at sight has made their name famous the world over. One of the institutions of Leipsic is the Saturday afternoon motette singing of this remarkable choir, and the Sunday morning performances with the Gewandhaus orchestra.

The Leschetizky discussion recently inaugurated by the *Musical Courier* of New York appears to have taken another turn, in which the celebrated Vienna master is getting decidedly the best of it. His twenty-three American pupils now residing in Vienna have written a "round robin" to the *Musical Courier*, strongly defending their teacher and expressing their indignation at the comments which have appeared recently reflecting on him. Among those whose names I notice attached to this protest is that of Miss Ada L. S. Hart of Toronto, a former pupil of Mr. J. W. F. Harrison, and more recently, I believe, a pupil of Herr Martin Krause of Leipzig.

One of the most enjoyable piano recitals of the season was that given by Mr. J. D. A. Tripp on Wednesday evening of last week in St. George's Hall, Elm street. The cozy little hall was filled to the doors by an enthusiastic audience, which expressed its warm appreciation of Mr. Tripp's playing by recalling him after every number. Mr. Tripp has not played in as good form since his return from Germany as on this occasion. His technique was unusually clear and certain, and his musicianly interpretation of the different schools of pianoforte music represented on his programme was most satisfactory. The Beethoven sonata was rendered with becoming dignity and with excellent regard for details of expression. Chopin's Black Key Etude was taken at a very rapid tempo, which Mr. Tripp maintained to the end with splendid effect. The Godard number was one of the most popular successes of the evening, winning a hearty encore. I understand that Mr. Tripp is preparing for another recital in the near future, when an entirely new programme will be presented.

One of the most delightful entertainments yet offered by the Y. M. C. A. programme committee was that rendered by the Lotus Glee Club on Tuesday evening of this week. This male quartette is one of the very best I have ever heard and furnished a rare treat to all interested in this variety of music. With the exception of the first tenor, the solo voices were not by any means remarkable, but the ensemble was all that one could wish for, in some respects almost ideal. The elocutionist, Miss Marshall, also proved a success, being enthusiastically encored in all her selections. I was pleased to see the hall well filled, and trust that the Y. M. C. A. committee may be able to arrange for a re-engagement of the same club next season.

The Conservatory Music Hall was crowded to overflowing on Monday evening last, the occasion being a recital given by the pupils of the Toronto Conservatory School of Elocution. The character of the work done by the pupils and the hearty expressions of approval heard on all sides from the audience, must have been particularly gratifying to the principal, Mr. W. N. Shaw, and his assistant, Miss Bowes, both of whom have every reason to feel proud of the

result of their efforts. Particularly interesting were the Swedish gymnastics and the Dolear-tean class, the former opening and the latter closing a programme which was characterized by general excellence throughout. In the recitations, abundant evidence was furnished of artistic training, a feature of which was the thorough conception of the author's meaning as portrayed in the work of all the pupils. \* MODERATO.

On Thursday evening next, Mr. A. S. Vogt will repeat the performance of Gault's Holy City at the Jarvis street Baptist church. The choir of the church, under his direction, will sing the choruses in which they were so successful in December last. The solos will be sung by members of the choir, assisted by Miss Laura Sturrock and Mr. H. M. Blight. The miscellaneous part of the programme will include several organ solos played by Mr. Vogt, and an Elegie for violin and organ, played by Mr. Giuseppe Dinelli and Mr. A. S. Vogt. Miss Jardine-Thomson will sing Mr. Angelo M. Read's new version of "Abide with me," with cello obligato by Mr. Dinelli. The admission is by voluntary contributions at the door, the net proceeds going to a charity.

On Friday evening the Nordica-Scalchi concert will take place, at which some of the most famous names in contemporary vocal music will be represented on the programme.

## Out of Town.

## Owen Sound.

The bachelors of the town held their second assembly in the Town Hall on Thursday evening, January 26. The spacious hall was artistically hung in rich colored draperies, while the stage, swathed in clinging bunting and arranged with rare plants and antique couches, formed a delightful bower for tired dancers. The dresses worn by the ladies were exquisite in design and material. Mrs. Swanson looked beautiful in an Empire gown of pearl ash silk; Miss Creaser wore buttercup silk; Miss Dobie looked handsome in an exquisite pale blue gown with crimson roses; Miss Jeanie Creaser wore a striking costume of pale blue silk and brown velvet; Miss Mamie Taylor looked charming in a rich coral pink silk with cream lace and silver trimmings; Mrs. J. C. Forster looked queenly in an Empire gown of pearl and heliotrope silk; Miss Bishop wore cream silk; Mrs. I. M. Levan, black silk and jet; Miss Long looked sweet in a becoming gown of pale blue; Miss Sanderson of St. Mary's, cream brocade; Miss Parker, in pale blue, was a perfect picture; Miss Minnie Lang, in cream, made a pretty debutante; Miss Todd wore crimson satin; Mrs. H. B. Smith, cream silk; Miss Wightman, Nile green silk with dark green velvet baby sleeves; Miss Hall, pale green silk; Mrs. Judge Morrison, black silk; Mrs. H. G. Tucker, a becoming gown of black and pink silk. Others present were: Mr. and Mrs. Bowes, Mr. R. and Miss Barnhart, Mr. and Mrs. A. D. Creaser, Miss Christie, Dr. and Mrs. Macbell, Mr. and Mrs. R. McKnight, Miss McKnight, Miss McDougall, Mr. and Mrs. Tait, Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Vick, Miss Dick, Miss Robinson of Warton, Mr. and Miss Graham, Miss Craig, Miss Cameron, Mrs. Croll, Mrs. (Dr.) Brown; Messrs. Barrell of Toronto, Billings, Campbell, W. Craig, A. B. Clegg, W. N. Chisholm, A. Chisholm of Meaford, Dr. Crawford, Forster, Dr. Glenenden of Chatsworth, Holland, A. B. Hay, F. and J. Kilbourn, C. Lang, I. M. Levan, Latonell of Meaford, J. K. McLaughlan, A. L. McNab, A. P. Northwood, H. H. O'Reilly, H. B. Smith, H. E. Smith, Skinner of Meaford, T. Scott, J. Scott, E. Tucker, Taylor, H. G. Tucker, W. Todd, Weelands.

## Simcoe.

Mrs. J. Douglas Christie gave a whist party to a few of her friends on Friday evening, January 20.

Mrs. Hodge of Buffalo is visiting her sister, Mrs. (Dr.) Hayes.

Miss Nelles of Grimsby is the guest of her aunt, Mrs. Christie.

Mr. and Mrs. Skeel of Port Dover spent a few days with Mrs. Christie.

Mrs. Joseph Jackson gave a very pleasant euchre party in honor of Mr. and Mrs. John Livingstone of West Branch, Mich.

On Monday evening, January 23, Miss Eva Brook gave a small party before the departure of her guest, Miss Dixon. The time was spent in card playing, after which a very *recherche* supper was served.

Mr. E. Cowdy, the popular manager of the Bank of Commerce, entertained about one hundred of his friends at supper at the Battersby House on Tuesday evening, January 24.

Mrs. D. White of Ingersoll is with Mrs. C. A. Croobie.

Mrs. Walter McCall gave an afternoon tea on Friday, January 27. The refreshment table was decorated in green and white, and was presided over by Misses Brook, Mathews, Ferguson and Ethel Mathews. Among those present were: Mr. and Mrs. Lorne Campbell, Mr. and Mrs. Hicks, Mr. and Mrs. Christie and Miss Nelles, Mr. and Mrs. Mathews, Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Ansbay, Mr. and Mrs. Donly, Mrs. Tisdale, Mrs. Casfield, Mrs. Boyd, Mrs. Young, Mrs. Ferguson, Mrs. McCall, Mrs. Brook, Mrs. Curtis, Mrs. Salmon, Mrs. Ford, Mrs. Reid, Mrs. Croobie, Mrs. White, the Misses Walsh, Bowly and Dobie, Mr. J. D. King and W. E. Tisdale.

The Amateur Dramatic Club gave Gilbert's Tom Cobb at the Opera House on Friday evening to an appreciative audience, for sweet charity's sake. Quite a sum was realized. Mrs. Mary King as Mrs. Effingham, Miss Mabel Fraser as Miss Effingham, Miss Emily Stenett as Miss O'Phipp, Mr. Dillon as Tom Cobb, Mr. J. D. King as King Whipple, Mr. Stewart as Col. O'Phipp, Mr. Roundwaite as Mr. Effingham, and Mr. Wilson as Balstrode Effingham acquitted themselves creditably. It was their first appearance on the stage, except perhaps Mr. Dillon, who was a member of the Garrick Club of Hamilton.

## Galt.

The Philharmonic Society at its first concert on Tuesday, January 17, gave evidence of careful practice and good leadership. Mrs. Willson Lawrence of Toronto and the Littlehales family and Mr. W. F. Robinson of Hamilton assisted the society and were well received, the cello

solos of Miss Lillian Littlehales being especially admired. Mr. Walter H. Robinson, the conductor, to whom in a great measure the success was due, also sang a solo, receiving a hearty encore.

About three hundred guests assembled in the Town Hall on Friday evening, January 20, in response to the invitation of the gentlemen of Galt. The hall was nicely decorated, and the floor was in good condition for dancing. The neighboring cities and towns were well represented and among so many pretty and well dressed ladies it was not easy to select the belle. There were some very pretty dresses: Mrs. George Carruthers of Chatham wore her wedding dress of white silk; Miss Kate Turner of Hamilton, yellow silk and black lace; Miss Mary Turner, pale pink; Mrs. Greenhill, yellow silk; Mrs. J. E. Warnock, gray silk; Mrs. Pringle, yellow silk and white lace; Mrs. A. D. Strong, black grenadine with pale blue velvet and chiffon trimmings; Mrs. H. McCulloch, scarlet chiffon; Miss Maud Fleming of Hamilton, lemon yellow; Miss Peck, black lace; Miss Bessie Peck, blue gauze; Miss C. Smith of Guelph, orange silk; Miss C. Smith, white silk with pale green velvet trimmings; Miss Winnie Spiers, pale blue cashmere; Mrs. Main, black velvet and white lace; Miss Main, cream silk; Mrs. Oliver, heliotrope; Miss Jaffray of Berlin, pale pink; Mrs. Beaumont, cream; Miss Bessie Scott, an Empire gown of white silk. Music was furnished by the orchestra of the XIII. Batt., Hamilton, and the supper by Lunn.

On Wednesday, January 25, Miss Ella M. Hampton was married to Mr. Herbert O. W. Higgins, late of London, England, at the residence of her brother, Mr. W. A. Hampton of Market street. The bride wore pale blue silk trimmed with Russian lace and carried white roses. The bridesmaids were Miss Jessie Trotter and Miss Helen Goodall, and Messrs. W. S. Turnbull and Archie Trotter assisted the groom. After the ceremony, which was performed by Rev. J. Ridley of Trinity church, the party repaired to the dining room, where an elaborate supper was laid. Mr. and Mrs. Higgins left at 7.15 for Toronto, and will visit other places before returning. Among the guests were: Mr. and Mrs. Allan H. Goodall, Mrs. James Trotter, Dr. and Mrs. Trotter, Miss Effie Goodall, Mr. and Mrs. Henning and Mr. and Mrs. Moss of Preston.

Mrs. John Cavers left last week for St. Louis, where she will join a party of friends and go to New Mexico for a couple of months.

Hon. James Young left on Monday for Washington. After spending a few days there he will go on to Jacksonville, Fla., and meet Mrs. Young, who has been wintering in the South for her health. Mr. and Mrs. Young expect to return about the first of April.

Mrs. Robert Jaffray of Chicago, who has been visiting her uncles, Messrs. Richard and George Jaffray, has gone to Berlin.

Mrs. and Miss McLeod of Parkhill are visiting Mrs. J. M. Duff.

## Barrie.

The most brilliant social event of the season was the fashionable banquet given last Wednesday night by the citizens of Barrie to D'Alton McCarthy, Esq., Q.C., M.P. The hall was gaily decorated and illuminated suitably to the occasion. Mr. A. W. Brown, of the Queen's Hotel, surpassed all previous records in the capacity of caterer, the various items of the menu being of the most sumptuous and palatable character. There were seated at the tables about four hundred, among whom were many of the most prominent men of Simcoe county, including all the members of the County Council. The honored guests, besides Mr. McCarthy, were Col. O'Brien, M.P.; Dr. Wylie, M.P.P.; Col. Tyrwhitt, M.P.; E. Douglas Armour, Q.C., and Mr. Geo. Moberley, of Collingwood. Mayor Creswicke was chairman, and E. S. Meeking Master of Ceremonies. The platform was reserved for the ladies, of whom there were about one hundred and fifty present. Among the number we noticed the following: Mrs. (Dr.) McCarthy and Miss McCarthy, Miss K. McCarthy, Mrs. (Dr.) Parker, Mrs. McKee, Mrs. H. Lennox, Mrs. and Misses A. and B. Dymont, the Misses Bird, Mrs. Eten, Mrs. Canon Murphy, Mrs. L. S. Sanders and Miss Sanders, Mrs. A. W. Brown and Miss Brown, Miss Creswicke, Mrs. Gibson, Miss L. Cross, Mrs. (Dr.) Wells, the Misses Matherson, of Toronto, Mrs. (Capt.) Ward, Mrs. Radenhurst, Mrs. J. C. Morgan, Miss Lee, Miss B. Stewart, Miss Major, Miss B. Lane, Miss M. Willmot, Mrs. F. Smith, Miss Kortwright, Miss Cotter, Mrs. (Judge) Ardagh, Mrs. H. H. Strathy, Mrs. Morris, Miss Spry, Mrs. Davis, Mrs. Stretch, Mrs. Stephens, Mrs. Wilkinson, Mrs. R. A. Douglas, Mrs. E. Bird, Miss Locke, Mrs. Beatty, Mrs. G. Ellis, Miss Dela Mater, Miss Meeking, Miss A. Hunter, Miss Lowe, Miss Williamson, of Toronto, the Misses Forsythe, the Misses Stephenson, Miss Ormsby, Miss Ring, Mrs. W. Russell, etc.

## Rondeau.

For Saturday Night.

She's such a sweet face  
I cannot forget it;  
There's love in the case,  
She's such a sweet face.  
In some quiet place  
(Perhaps I'll regret it),  
She's such a sweet face  
I cannot forget it.

There's love in his lock,  
His eyes straight reveal it  
He's just like a book,  
There's love in his lock.  
Perhaps in some nook  
He'll—well, he must steal it—  
There's love in his lock,  
His eyes straight reveal it.

## How Bill Jones Turned the Tables.

Several days ago a gentleman was sauntering through Camden station, when he noticed an acquaintance from the country alight from one of the incoming trains. He greeted him cordially, and after a short chat enquired his mission.

"Well, you see," replied the representative of rural districts, "old Bill Jones is drinking so hard that he is getting to be a burden on all the folks, so I just thought I'd come to town and make a little collection among his friends

to send him to this gold cure place."

They parted, and a day after the gentleman met his friend, grip in hand, hurrying to the station.

"Why, you finished up in a hurry with your collection," he remarked.

"No," was the short retort, "I ain't begun yet."

"Why, what was the matter?" enquired the man of the city.

"It's no use," he replied with a deep drawn sigh; "just as soon as that darned fool Bill Jones heard that I was collecting money to send him to the gold cure place, he went to work and started a subscription to send me to an insane asylum."—*Baltimore News.*

## Elephant on Toast.

The young man from the country took his green necktie and his best girl into a restaurant, and like some young men when the girls are about, he was disposed to be facetious at the waiter's expense.

"Walter," he said, "I want you to bring me a broiled elephant."

"Yassir," replied the waiter, perfectly unmoved.

"And, waiter, bring it on toast."

"Yassir."

Then he stood there like a statue for a minute.

"Well," said the young man, "are you going to bring it?"

"Yassir."

"Why don't you, then?"

"Orders is, sir, that we get pay in advance for elephants, sir. Elephants on toast, sir, are \$1500.25, sir. If you take it without toast, sir, it is only \$1500."

The waiter did not smile, but the girl did, and the young man climbed down.—*Chicago Inter Ocean.*

INCORPORATED 1888 TORONTO HON. G. W. ALLAN PRESIDENT

## CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC

Artists and Teachers' Graduating Courses  
University affiliation for Degrees in Music. Scholarships, Diplomas, Certificates, Medals, etc.  
Free instruction in Theory, Sight Singing, Violin, Orchestra and Ensemble playing. The Concerts and Recitals by teachers and students are alone invaluable educational advantages. Teaching staff increased to 56. New music hall and class rooms lately added. Facilities for general musical education unsurpassed. Pupils may enter any time.

**CONSERVATORY SCHOOL OF ELOCUTION**  
Large, efficient staff. Best methods for development of Verbal, Vocal and Pantomimic Expression. Dialects and Swedish Gymnastics. Special course in Physical Culture, developing muscles which strengthen voice, also course in Literature. One and two year courses with Diploma. Conservatory and Elocution Calendars mailed free.

**EDWARD FISHER, Musical Director**  
Corner Yonge Street and Wilton Avenue.

**ARTHUR E. FISHER**  
Mus. Bac. A.C.O. (Eng.) and A.T.C.L. (Eng.)  
Harmony, Composition, Piano-forte and Organ  
Residence, 22 Wellesley Street, Toronto

**MISS MCCARROLL, Teacher of Harmony**  
AT THE  
**TORONTO CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC**  
(Formerly principal resident piano teacher at the Bishop Strachan School, Toronto.)  
Will be prepared to receive pupils in Harmony and Piano Playing on and after September 2, at her residence  
14 St. Joseph Street, Toronto.  
Pupils of Ladies' College taught at reduction in terms.

**ONTARIO COLLEGE OF MUSIC** 56 HUNTERWOOD AVE. TORONTO, ONT.  
Established 1884 by C. Farringer

We guarantee thorough work from the lowest to the highest grades of music, as the instruction is given by experienced teachers only.  
Our advanced pupils are not only excellent sight readers, but also show careful and thorough training in touch, technique and expression.  
Practical instruction in harmony in connection with piano studies.

**CERTIFICATES AND DIPLOMAS**  
Telephone 3121

**TORONTO COLLEGE OF MUSIC**  
ARTISTS AND TEACHERS' CERTIFICATES AND DIPLOMAS (LIMITED)  
Send for calendar: F. H. TORRINGTON, Mus. Director.

**FREDERICK BOSCOVITZ**  
STUDIO (For Piano Lessons Only)  
15 KING STREET EAST  
(Messrs. North's)

**MR. E. W. SCHUCH**  
Conductor Toronto Vocal Society.  
Choirmaster St. James' Cathedral.  
Conductor University Glee Club.  
Instruction in Voice Culture and Expression in Singing.  
35 Grenville Street

**MR. A. S. VOGT**  
Organist and Choirmaster Jarvis Street Baptist Church  
Teacher of the Pianoforte and Organ  
Residence, 605 Church Street, Toronto

**MR. V. P. HUNT,**  
(Graduate of Leipzig Conservatory)  
Teacher of the Pianoforte at the Toronto Conservatory of Music,  
Organist of Zion Congregational Church.  
Musical Director of the Ottawa Ladies' College.  
RESIDENCE—104 Maitland Street.

**STAMMERING**  
CHURCH'S AUTO-VOICE SCHOOL. No advance fee.  
2 Wilton Crescent, Toronto.

**NEWCOMBE -:-**  
**PIANOS**  
Endorsed by the highest musical authority.  
**THE FINEST MADE IN CANADA**

**OCTAVIUS NEWCOMBE & CO.**  
MANUFACTURERS  
TORONTO MONTREAL OTTAWA  
Head Office—107-9 Church St.

**MUSIC**  
AND  
Musical Instruments of All Kinds  
See Our Specialties.  
The Imperial Guitars  
The Imperial Mandolins  
The Imperial Banjos  
The ELITE Song Folio, the STANDARD Vocal and Instrumental Folio and all classes of Sheet Music and Music Books.  
When you need anything in the music line please remember Send for catalogue.

**MISS EPIE LABATT**  
Musical Directress of Pickering College.  
**Lessons in Piano**  
Krause Meth d' Taubert.  
Studied in Leipzig under Zinmeister and Martin Krause.  
Toronto Conservatory of Music and 53 Henry St.

**MR. AND MRS. W. H. MEEK**  
DRAMATIC AND HUMOROUS IMPERSONATORS  
An experienced manager wanted immediately. Liberal terms offered to a good man. Address London, Ont.

**HAMILTON**  
**MARGUERITE A. BAKER**  
Graduate of the Boston School of Oratory.  
Teacher of Elocution, Dialects and Physical Culture.  
Special Voice Work, Bird Notes, etc. Open for reading engagements.  
19 Bold Street, Hamilton

**FRANCIS J. BROWN**  
President of the Delaware College of Oratory.  
**Shakespearean and Bible Readings a Specialty**  
Open for engagements.  
For terms address FRANCIS J. BROWN, Y. M. C. A.

**MISS MARGUERITE DUNN, B.E.**  
Graduate of the National School of Elocution and Oratory, Philadelphia.  
Teacher of Elocution and Voice Culture and Belcanto Physical Culture.  
Open for concert engagements and readings of readings.  
369 Wilton Ave. Toronto College of Music

**HERBERT W. WEBSTER**  
CONCERT BARITONE  
Choirmaster St. Peter's Church, Conductor Victoria University Glee Club. Late of Westminster Abbey, and Milan, Italy. Instruction in Voice Culture. Open to Concert, Oratorio or Opera engagements.  
Toronto College of Music or 64 Winchester St.

**MR. F. WARRINGTON**  
BARITONE  
Choirmaster Sherbourne Street Methodist Church, Toronto, will receive pupils in Voice Culture, Expression in Singing and Piano at his residence, 214 Carlton Street, Toronto.  
OPEN FOR CONCERT ENGAGEMENTS

**MRS. H. WEBSTER, Mandolin Artist**  
Open to Concert Engagements  
Lessons given at College of Music or 64 Winchester St.

**MR. HARRY M. FIELD, PIANO VIRTUOSO**, HAS returned from a two year's residence in Germany, where he has been studying with Professor Martin Krause, the greatest and most famous teacher in Europe. Mr. Field also studied from '84 to '88 with Dr. Carl Reinecke in Leipzig and had the rare advantage of a course with Dr. Hans von Bulow, in Frankfurt in '87. Concert engagements and pupils accepted. For terms apply at Toronto College of Music and 105 Gloucester Street.

**J. W. L. FORSTER**  
Portraits a Specialty ARTIST  
STUDIO 81 KING ST. EAST

**MISS CLAIRE BERTHON, Portrait**  
Painter, is prepared to receive a limited number of pupils in painting and drawing. Terms on application.  
Studio, 591 Sherbourne Street

**LYND W. WATKINS**  
303 CHURCH STREET  
Thorough instruction on Banjo, Guitar, Mandolin and Zither.

**BERT KENNEDY**  
Teacher of Mandolin and Saxophone (A. & S. Nordheimer sole agents) Toronto College of Music. Private instruction given in Banjo, Guitar and Mandolin at residence, 271 Jarvis Street. Call Monday or Wednesday.

**MR. J. D. A. TRIPP**  
Concert Pianist and Teacher of Piano  
Only Canadian pupil of Moszkowski, Berlin, Germany, formerly pupil of Edward Fisher. Open for engagements.  
Toronto Conservatory of Music and 20 Seaton Street, Toronto

**MR. W. E. FAIRCLOUGH, F.C.O. (Eng.)**  
Organist and Choirmaster All Saints' Church, Toronto.  
Teacher of Organ, Piano and Theory  
Exceptional facilities for Organ students. Pupils prepared for musical examinations. Harmony and counterpoint taught by correspondence.  
1454 Ontario Street, Toronto

**B. L. FAEDER, Orchestral Director, Acc-**  
demv of Music, violin soloist and teacher. Franco-Belgium method. Studio 277 Sherbourne St. Telephone 902. Open for concert engagements.

**W. O. FORSYTH**  
Lessons in Piano Playing and Theory  
Studied in Leipzig and Vienna under Dr. S. Jadassohn, Martin Krause and Prof. Julius Epstein.  
Modern methods. Address—  
112 College Street, Toronto

**WALTER DONVILLE**  
TEACHER OF VIOLIN  
Pupil of Prof. Carrodus, Trinity College, London, Eng.  
8 Buchanan St., and Toronto College of Music

**MISS NORMA REYNOLDS**  
SOPRANO SOLOIST  
Graduate Toronto College of Music and Undergraduate of Trinity University. Concert, Oratorio, Church. Pupils received. Miss Reynolds is the only certificated pupil teacher of W. Elliott Haydon, under whom she has taught for three years, and from whom she has received the highest testimonials.  
Toronto College of Music and 54 Major St.

**HELEN M. MOORE, Mus. Bac.**  
Harmony, Counterpoint, Etc.  
Students prepared for the University examinations in Music. Toronto College of Music and 608 Church Street.

**J. W. F. HARRISON**  
Organist and Choirmaster St. Simon's Church.  
Musical Director of the Ontario Ladies' College, Whitby.  
**ORGAN AND PIANO**  
13 Dunbar Road, Rosedale



## Social and Personal.

Continued from Page Four.

Mrs. Dickson, Cosby, Eby, Gooderham, Hay, Jackson, Macdonald, C. Moss, Mulock and Ross.

Dr. and Mrs. Sheard will be at home on Thursday evening next to a large number of friends, at their pretty home, 314 Jarvis street.

Cards are out for an At Home by the Weston Lawn Tennis Club on Friday evening next, at the Weston Town Hall. I am told this assembly room boasts one of the nicest floors for dancing in the county.

A lecture on Conduct and Manners will be given in St. George's Hall by Rev. Prof. Clark next Saturday afternoon at 3.30, under the auspices of St. Luke's Guild. Society people turn out well to listen to this clever lecturer.

Miss Lillie Gouinlock of Paris, who has been the guest of Mrs. G. Gouinlock of Carlton street for the past three weeks, returned home on Wednesday last, after having spent a most enjoyable time.

Miss Hilda Cooper of Parkdale is visiting her aunt, Mrs. H. Garth of Montreal.

Mrs. Walter S. Lee gave a most charming At Home on Saturday last; the rooms were a profusion of flowers. The table decorations were pink and white, a handsome banquet lamp forming the centerpiece. The gracious hostess received in a handsome black and pink gown. Miss Lee wore a chic little gown of pale blue and white, and Miss Mabel Lee wore a becoming gown of pale pink. Among those present I remarked: Mr. and Mrs. Darling, Miss Darling, Mr. and Mrs. P. H. Dwight, Mr. and Mrs. W. D. Matthews, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Beatty, the Misses Beatty, Col. and Mrs. J. I. Davidson, Dr. and Mrs. Wishart, Dr. and Mrs. Nattrass, Mr. and Miss Vickers, Dr. and Mrs. Chas. O'Reilly, Mr. and Mrs. A. Crawford, Miss Crawford, Mr. and Mrs. W. Crowther, Mr. and Mrs. Gooderham, Mrs. Brouse, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Gillespie, Mr. and Mrs. P. H. Drayton, Miss Drayton, Mr. and Mrs. W. Cecil Lee, Mr. and Mrs. Alf. Gooderham, the Misses Gooderham, Mr. and Mrs. J. Herbert Mason, Mr. and Mrs. A. M. Cosby, Mr. and Mrs. Mortimer Clark, the Misses Clark, Mrs. Arthur, the Misses Arthur, Mr. and Mrs. Donald MacKay, Miss MacKay, Mr. and Mrs. T. B. Lee, Mr. and Mrs. W. Roaf, Mr. and Mrs. J. Roaf, Miss Dickinson of Ottawa, the Misses Gunther, Messrs. Gunther, Jones, Lee, McGee, J. Macdonald, Saunders, Boulton, Wyatt, Michie, McLarn, Minty and S. McMurray.

Miss Halden of Seaton street gave a very pretty dance on Tuesday evening to a number of her friends. Among those present were: Mesdames Martin, Walsley, Curry, Brown, Corrigan, Misses Burtchell, Mann, Whitson, Arnall, Shanklin, Donnelly, Wilmott, Verrall, McCuaig, Mitchell, Ardagh, Cook, and Messrs. Martin, Walsley, Curry, Brown, Corrigan, Eger, Rupert, Boyd, Dean, Halden, Whitson, Shanklin, Madill, Mathers, Bailey, McConnell, Graham, Buckham, Simmons and Sinclair.

Rev. R. J. and Mrs. Moore were at home to the members of St. Margaret's church on Tuesday evening last in the schoolroom of the church, which was tastefully decorated. During the evening vocal and instrumental selections were rendered by the Misses Snelling, Miss Bates, Miss Stiff, Mrs. Davis, Miss Saunders, Miss Canniff, Mr. Payne and Mr. Harding.

The many friends of Mrs. Annie Croft Jarvis will be glad to learn that she has been appointed Lady Superintendent of the Ladies' Benevolent Institute, Montreal, and is now actively engaged in her new duties.

Tae Misses Wheeler of 113 Crawford street entertained our party on Friday evening of last week, and by the good taste displayed in their preparations and unceasing attention to their guests, made this gathering one of the most enjoyable of the season. The costumes of the ladies were fittingly and tastefully selected. Among those present were: Mr. and Mrs. A. G. Mortimer, Mr. and Mrs. Allen, Misses Smith, O'Connor, Mr. O'Connor, Ferguson, McGregor, R. Wiley, Jones, Belcher, G. Belcher, Dorrin, Aymong, Messrs. A. Aymong, M. McGregor, R. Thompson, B. W. Bolton, G. Thompson, C. A. Smith, G. P. Thompson, Belcher, Curran, R. J. Conlan, C. C. Macnamara and M. Abbs.

Rev. Canon and Mrs. Ballock of England are the guests of Mrs. Cayley, at the rectory, John street.

Rev. J. F. and Mrs. White of Shanty Bay have been visiting relatives in the city for a short time previous to leaving for the West Indies, where they intend residing.

Several happy evenings will be spent next week; but almost the most charming of all is promised for Friday evening, when Messrs. Suckling have promised such a feast of sweet sounds as we do not often enjoy. Madame Lillian Nordica, who I am told, will be the guest of Mrs. George Allan Arthur during her stay in Toronto, in the first and most interesting of the artists who are to sing on February 10. Madame Scatchi, the greatest contralto of our times, will also sing alone, and in quartette; Miss Helen Dudley Campbell, also a noted contralto, Campanini, Del Puente, and Fischer make up a programme of ideal vocal music, and Isidore Luckstone plays a Liszt rhapsody as a preparation for the good things to follow. This concert will be a notable society, as well as musical event, and Messrs. Suckling may be satisfied that their great enterprise in securing such a costly galaxy of celebrities for Toronto will be thoroughly successful. The best people are securing seats, and the plan is rapidly filling up.

Mrs. Campbell of the Queen's park entertained a few friends on Wednesday evening.

Mrs. Byrne of Huron street gives a progressive euchre party on the 8th.

The Duff Opera Company will be sure to draw fashionable audiences to the Academy of Music

next week. Mr. Duff's singers are not strangers in Toronto, and their visits in past years are remembered with pleasure by those who appreciate good music and admire beautiful costumes. Miss Bertram, who takes the part of Santuzza in Cavalleria Rusticana, is one of the youngest and prettiest of American prima donnas, and the fire and passion of her conception of the part aroused astonished enthusiasm among the critics of Chicago and San Francisco.

The Children's Aid Society recently announced that their funds were somewhat low, and as the work is conducted on the voluntary principle they took the medium of the press for the appeal. Among those to respond were the pupils of the DeLarsie College of Oratory, whose best elocutionists will give a dramatic recital on Monday, February 20, in Association Hall, assisted by the Paul Orchestra. The Lieut. Governor has given his patronage and will be present, and the audience should be large and fashionable. This is the first appearance before a large audience by young ladies already appreciated in smaller gatherings.

## North American Life.

The attention of our readers is specially called to the very satisfactory report of the year's business of that solid and progressive life insurance company, the North American Life, which appears elsewhere in our columns. A graceful tribute is paid to the loss the company sustained in the past year in the death of its president, the Hon. Alexander Mackenzie. The company's business for the year exceeded that of the previous year; the cash income amounted to the handsome sum of \$446,464.40; the accumulated funds now stand at nearly a million and a half dollars; the year's profit amounted to \$206,421.39, while the sum paid as surplus, matured endowments, claims, etc., to policyholders was \$118,436.73. The Executive Officers of the policyholders and all interested in this solid institution are to be congratulated on the splendid results attained.

## Seaforth.

The 35th (Huron) Battalion was en fête on Friday evening, January 27. The officers' annual ball was held that night in Seaforth. As is characteristic of Seaforth's events of this kind, it was a grand success. The Opera Hall, in which the event was held, presented a gala appearance. Flags, bunting, Chinese lanterns, and reminders of war had been skillfully draped and arranged. The youth and beauty of Huron and surrounding counties were there, and as the dancers glided beneath the canopy of red, white and blue to the strains of Brighella's popular orchestra the scene was enchanting. The scarlet of the officers' tunics helped the delicate tints of the dresses of the fair sex to relieve the sombre black of the sterner. To the ladies of the town the credit is due for the sumptuous refreshments provided. The delicious confections were worthy of a Webb. The fair guests all looked charming. Among those wearing pretty gowns I noticed: Mrs. Lieut. A. Wilson, black silk with silver trimming; Mrs. Capt. R. S. Hays, white silk en train; Mrs. Lieut. Col. Wilson, black silk; Miss Farran, pale blue silk; Miss McHardy, heliotrope velvet; Miss Broadfoot, gray bengaline with pink trimmings; Miss Wilson, white India silk; Miss Killoran, pink silk; Miss M. Killoran, cream brocade; Miss Campbell, black lace Empire gown; Miss Kelly, crimson velvet; Mrs. Nation, black silk; Miss Clark, white silk with pearl trimmings; Miss Green, white satin; Miss Shaw, pale blue silk; Mrs. McLennan, purple velvet; Miss Case, cream silk; Miss Powell, red silk; Miss B. Case, pink gauze; Miss Cresswell, white bengaline; Miss Patterson, pink silk and green velvet; Miss Rance, red silk and white gauze; Miss Read, old rose silk; Miss Roberts, cream and heliotrope silk; Miss Porter, black velvet; Miss N. McKay, pink silk, green gauze trimmings; Miss Winnie Killoran, white cashmere and white silk crepe; Miss Marie Kidd, white silk; Miss Kate Broadfoot, cream cashmere, gold trimming; Miss E. Dickson, white silk; Miss B. Daly, cream cashmere and lace; Miss Dora Wilson, blue bengaline; Miss Ida Dickson, cream silk, point lace trimming; Miss Vantassel, yellow silk; Miss McDonald, white cashmere and green velvet; Miss B. Watson, gray silk; Miss M. Watson, white cashmere; Miss Fletcher, heliotrope silk; Miss Vanstone, black net Empire gown. Among those present were: Lieut. Colonel Wilson and Mrs. Wilson, Major Varcoe, Major Jordan, Captain Beck, Captain Hays and Mrs. Hays, Captain Young, Captain Combs, Captain Williams, Captain Roberts, Lieutenant Rance, Lieutenant Shaw, and Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Counter, Mr. and Mrs. G. E. Henderson, Mr. W. McDougall and Miss McDougall, Miss Porter, Mr. John Daly and Miss Daly, Mr. and Mrs. James Watson, the Misses Watson, Mr. and Mrs. Speare, Miss Smith, Mr. J. Downey and Miss Downey, Mr. Jax and Miss Cavan, Mr. L. Dvereaux, the Misses Dvereaux, Mr. Hauslaugh, Miss Buchanan, Dr. and Miss McKay, Mr. Harry and Miss Cresswell, Mr. Thomas and the Misses Case, Miss Powell of Philadelphia, Mr. and Mrs. McLennan, Mr. James Jackson, the Misses Wilson, Mrs. Killoran, the Misses Killoran, Mr. James Killoran, Mr. Guu Kidd, Miss Kidd, Mrs. Broadfoot, the Misses Broadfoot, Mr. Alexander Broadfoot, Mr. Charles Broadfoot, Miss Campbell, Mr. McDermid, Miss McDermid, Mr. J. Livingston, Mr. T. F. Coleman, Mr. George Jackson, Mr. R. Jackson, Mr. H. Jackson, Mr. A. Scott, Mr. T. Richardson, Mr. H. J. Crawford, Mr. W. Prendergast, Mr. J. Greig, Dr. G. Franklin Belden, Mr. F. W. Tweddle, Mr. W. D. McLean, Mr. W. Bethune, Mr. G. Bethune, Mr. R. Scarlett, Mr. Cowan, Mr. E. Speare, Mr. A. Winter, Mr. T. Stephens, Mr. W. Govenlock, Mr. J. Rankin, Mr. H. Jeffery, Mr. H. Strong, Mr. C. Campbell, Mr. E. Peters, of Seaforth; Miss Coulton, Mr. and Mrs. D. M. Ferguson, Mr. P. McIntosh, Mr. A. Cavan, Mr. C. Welch, of Stratford; Miss Shannon, Miss Martin, Mr. and Mrs. Logan, Miss E. Dickson, Miss Fletcher, Mr. and Miss Ball, Mr. G. Henderson, of Goderich; Miss Vanstone, the Misses Shaw, Mr. G. Halliday, Mr. Hawkins, of Brussels; Miss McHardy, Mr. and Mrs. Farran, Mr. H. and Miss Rance, Miss Read, Miss Schultz, Mr. W. P. Spalding, Mr. W. and Miss

Jackson, Miss Vantassel, Mr. W. H. Ball, Mr. R. J. McDonald, Mr. McTaggart, Miss N. Fair, Mr. Barrow, Miss Irwin, of Clinton; Dr. J. R. Macdonald, Miss Roe, Miss Patterson, Mr. R. Beattie, of Wingham; Mr. W. E. Mullins, Mr. J. M. Ferguson, of London; Mr. A. G. Cull of Toronto; Dr. Thompson, Mr. C. A. McDonald, of Hensall; Mr. E. Pirie of Exeter; Miss Clark, Mr. J. Whitney, of Woodstock; Miss Green, Mr. J. Watson, of Listowel.

## London.

The occasion of the visit of the Lieutenant-Governor and Mrs. Kirkpatrick to our city was the signal for a series of festivities. Dinner parties and receptions were the order of the day, and a fitting climax to the week's doings was the Hunt Club ball, which has been already described, and a brilliant At Home held at the barracks in honor of the distinguished visitors. On Tuesday, January 24, Mrs. Anderson gave a delightful drive party at her residence, Walmington, on Ridout street. Twenty-four tables were occupied by players in friendly contest. The prizes were won by Mrs. Eustace Bucke and Col. Fisher, Mrs. Gartschore and her partner, whose name has escaped me. After supper a little carpet dance wound up a most charming evening.

On Thursday evening a large and fashionable audience assembled at the Opera House to greet Mr. George Grossmith in his clever and amusing entertainment. Several theater parties were organized for the occasion. On Friday evening the audience was not quite so large, there being several counter attractions, viz., a large ball given at the Tecumseh House by Mr. Adam Beck. This was a most brilliant affair. Some beautiful costumes were worn and our society belles looked their prettiest. On the same evening the Young Conservatives had a large meeting at their rooms, organizing a mock parliament, and ending up with drive wheel. That "the boys" spent a jolly evening "goes without saying."

Another festivity of this Friday evening was a children's dance, given at Mrs. Frances J. Moore's residence on Dundas street, when Miss Minnie and Master Willie Moore received about forty of their young friends, who all had what we know as "a lovely time."

Last Monday evening a charming dance was given by Mrs. Cleghorn on Dufferin avenue, when about forty young people tripped merrily into the small hours.

## Dunnville.

The most brilliant society event of the season was the At Home given by Mrs. Arthur Boyle, wife of our popular member at Cedarhurst, on Monday evening last. The charming residence being particularly adapted for an affair of this kind, it looked most inviting with its tasteful decorations and subdued lights, and the many-hued costumes of the ladies showed to great advantage when responding to the enticing strains of the orchestra. The hostess, in a becoming gown of gray silk, was assisted in receiving by her handsome daughter attired in black and yellow. The guests of the evening, in whose honor the dance was given, were Miss Alice Upper, daughter of Judge Upper, of Cayuga, and Miss Phippen, of Belleville. Among the guests were: Mrs. Haskins, in white moire with diamond ornaments; Mrs. (Dr.) Montague, in black velvet and pink; Mrs. Lafr, in pink and blue satin; Mrs. Ramsey, in black lace and gold, and Mrs. Cotter, in a charming gown of Nile green and pink; Miss Phippen wore a pretty dress of white silk and yellow velvet; Miss Upper looked lovely in an Empire gown of cream and pink silk, and Mrs. Carpenter of Hamilton was much admired in yellow silk and jet trimmings. Mrs. Thomas Snider gave a very enjoyable progressive euchre party on Wednesday evening. The prizes were won by Miss Boyle, Mrs. Brown, Mr. Ramsey and Mr. Haskins. Mrs. N. G. Haskins entertained about twenty of her friends on Thursday evening. Some of those present were: Mr. and Mrs. Salor, Mr. and Mrs. Ramsey, Mr. and Mrs. Penny, Mrs. Boyle, Miss Boyle, Miss Phippen of Belleville, Miss Traine of St. Thomas, Miss Upper of Cayuga, Miss Stevenson, and Messrs. Haskins, Musden, Penny, Sims, Woodhouse and Clark.

## Whitby.

Mrs. Carlton had a very pleasant five o'clock tea on Tuesday afternoon, when about a dozen of her young lady friends were bidden to renew associations with her guest, Mrs. Warner of Toronto.

The progressive euchre party at Rose Lodge, on Wednesday evening, was a thoroughly enjoyable affair. Mrs. Belth and her daughter, little Miss Mona, received in the cosy hall before a blazing open fire. Dainty symbolical lots were drawn in pairs for partners, and the game soon became very animating. The favors were a handsome pair of vases and gold lead pencil for Miss Macdonell and Mr. Warren respectively, the first prize winners, and an exquisite china tea-cup and saucer and daily calendar for Mrs. Curran and Mr. Wilmot, who won the second places. After an excellent supper and a jolly dance the guests bade their charming hostess good night at an early hour. Among others I noticed were: Dr. and Mrs. Warren, Mr. and Mrs. Holland, Mrs. Warner of Toronto, Mr. and Mrs. Ross, Mrs. Finlay of Guelph, Mrs. Fidler, Mr. and Mrs. Howse, the Misses Dartnell, Maud Annes, Bertha Fidler, Han, Taylor, Smith, and Wilson, and Messrs. Burnham, Dartnell, Annes, Finlay, Ritchie, Billings, Byres and Thompson.



Pavilion, Friday, Feb. 10, Grand Operatic Concert Co. Part I—Programme—Miscellaneous. Part II—Cavalleria Rusticana, with the following casts: Santuzza, Nordica; Loh, Scalchi; Turridu, Campanini; Alfio, Del Puente. 270 reserved seats at \$1.50 and 97 at \$1 still available. Subscribers' list closes Monday at Suckling & Sons' Warehouses.

## LABATT'S LONDON ALE AND STOUT.

For Dietetic and Medicinal Use, the most wholesome tonic and beverages available.



Eight Medals and Ten Diplomas at the World's Great Exhibitions

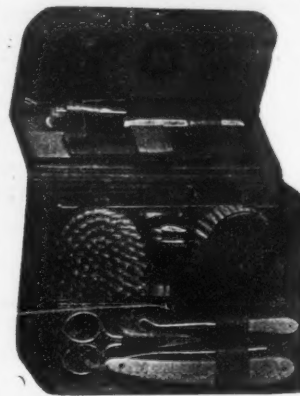
JOHN LABATT

London, Ont.

JAS. GOOD & CO., Agents, Toronto



## A Fashionable Dressing Case.



Many people travel for years and rely either on the brushes and combs supplied by the hotels or on their own, carried loose in their travelling bag, which, when required, are always to be found at the bottom of the bag.

H. E. CLARKE & Co., to obviate this uncomfortable state of affairs, have imported a large variety of Dressing Cases similar to the illustration that carry all the requisites for either a lady's or a gentleman's toilet, and they are admitted by all who have used them to be as necessary for a traveller's comfort as an overcoat or warm shawl. They are to be had at prices ranging from \$3.50 to \$50 at

## H. E. CLARKE &amp; CO.'S

105 King Street West

## COMING!

For the Ball Room...

TORONTO'S FAVORITE

Jacobs & Sparrow's Opera House

COMMENCING

MONDAY, FEBRUARY 6

ONE WEEK

KIMBALL OPERA COMIQUE CO.

HEADED BY THE



Peerless Corinne

IN THE

NEW ARCADIA

With all New and Special Scenery. Elegant Costumes.

Superb Production. 60 ARTISTS 60.

Under the sole management of Mrs. JENNIE KIMBALL.

## Academy of Music

ONE WEEK

Commencing Monday, Feb. 6

SPECIAL ENGAGEMENT

OF TORONTO'S FAVORITE ORGANIZATION

The Duff

Opera Company

60 ARTISTS

A Powerful Chorus

Special Scenery

An Enlarged Orchestra

Presenting a Brilliant Repertoire of Light and Romantic Opera.

Regular prices—\$1.50, \$1.00, 75c., 50c., 25c.

## GRAND CONCERT

IN

QUEEN ST. METHODIST CHURCH

ON

Monday, February 13, at 8 o'clock

ADMISSION 25 CENTS.

ARTISTS—Miss Florence Benson, Soprano; Miss Gertrude Leadley, Contralto; Mr. Harold Jarvis, Tenor; Master Percy Baxter, Boy Singer; Sig. Napolitano, Violinist; Mr. J. H. Cameron, Elocutionist; Mr. Joseph Monk, Pianist, and the Ideal Male Quartette.

Under the direction of the Ideal Male Quartette.

EUROPE AND HOLY LAND—Excursion leaves March 11 and May 13, etc. Send for Tourist Gazette. Ocean tickets by all lines. H. GAZE & SONS, 115 Broadway, New York.

For this and all other state occasions occurring in the evening a full dress suit is indispensable. To the casual observer there are few perceptible variations in the conventional evening dress of the period, but to the man of taste and style the gradations of change from year to year are plainly discernible. For the past two or three seasons, it may be noted, a radical change has been made in the style and material used in the making up of dress suits.

Broadcloth and doe skin have absolutely disappeared, and the rich, hard woven diagonals have given place to the rough finished Cheviot and Venetian finished worsteds that have been the universal rage in London and New York.

The present mode of the make up requires that the lapels of the coat should be faced with heavy black gros grain silk, but tailors who consider fine points of fit line the body of the coat with satin de chine, as the satin fits closer and firmer and the coat slips on easier.

Such are the styles as furnished by Henry A. Taylor No. 1 Rossin House Block

## Pure Flax . . . Writing Paper and Envelopes . . .

The Newest Styles

JAS. BAIN & SON'S 53 King St. East

## INSTITUTE OF Dermatology and Physical Culture

The Only One in Canada.

Mrs. Gervaise Graham

145 1-2 Yonge St.

TORONTO

FACE STEAMING and MASSAGE introduced in Toronto by us one year ago.

FLESH REDUCED. FIGURES DEVELOPED.

SIXTH DISEASES treated successfully.

SUPERFLUOUS HAIR permanently removed by Electrolysis.

We are just entering our second year of business, and thank the many popular ladies of Toronto who have so kindly contributed to our success in pioneering. Send stamp for booklet, How to be Beautiful. 145 1-2 Yonge St.

## Chase's Liquid Glue

MENDS EVERYTHING THAT GLUE WILL MEND

ALWAYS READY WITHOUT HEATING

Sold by Druggists, Stationers, Hardware Dealers, or Sample by mail for 10 cents.

GILMOUR & CO., MONTREAL.

## PAVILION

Thursday, Feb. 16

Rev. Robt. Nourse

In His Thrilling Lecture on

Dr. Jekyll & Mr. Hyde

Monday, March 6, MARSHALL P. WILDER. Subscribers' list at Nordica's.

## Marshall P. Wilder

SOCIETY'S JESTER

IS COMING



## Varsity Chat.

**M**RS. JAMES LOUDON has been elected chairman of the committee appointed to solicit subscriptions for the residence for women students. Mrs. J. M. Baldwin has been elected treasurer and Miss C. Ross secretary.

About sixty members and ex-members of "K" Company had a disbanding dinner the other evening. I have in former chats fully explained how "K" has ceased to exist as a University corps, and further reference need not here be made to the historic company. Capt. Rennie occupied the chair and Lieut. Barker the vice-chair. The other officers present were Lieuts. Coleman, A. T. Kirkpatrick, and W. A. Gilmour. The toast list was a short one, consisting of toasts to The Queen and Canada, The Canadian Militia, Our Regiment, Our Alma Mater, and Ourselves. The speeches and songs were of an exceedingly happy and appropriate character and the arrangements eminently satisfactory. The committee in charge consisted of Capt. Rennie, Lieut. Barker and Gilmour, Col. Sergt. G. A. Harcourt, Sergt. W. A. Scott and H. McLean, Privates J. A. Cooper and A. C. Dobell.

This afternoon at three o'clock Prof. Mavor will deliver his inaugural (public) lecture on The Poverty of Nations. All friends of the University are invited to be present.

Mr. McDougall was our representative at the McGill banquet.

Messrs. Bull and Henry will meet McGill men in debate in Montreal next Friday night, and Messrs. Horne and Henry later on will confront representatives from Queen's in the School of Practical Science in public debate.

A number failed to pass the recent supplementary examinations.

Mr. James A. McLean, B.A., '92, as a student and writer is gaining prominence at Columbia College, New York.

The first number of the *Varsity* under the editorship of Mr. R. S. Strath appeared on the 25th ult., and contains much interesting reading of a literary and newsy character.

Mr. Geo. H. Needler, Ph.D., in reviewing the poetical writings of the late T. B. Phillips Stewart, B.A., ('88 LL.B. '91), among other things says: "If I have spoken at greatest length of Stewart's characteristics as a thinker, it is because in this respect he seems to me to stand out most prominently among the little band of Canadian poets who have made themselves dear, not only to their fellow-countrymen, but to many beyond our country, to whom they speak a common tongue. The circle of his readers, of those who can enter with fullest sympathy into his thoughts, will be smaller than that of most others who rank with him in poetic power. He will, I think, always be best understood and most loved by poets themselves. He certainly was of those who see deep down into the immutable beauty and majesty of life, and reflect the secrets of its depths, each in his own way, to the benefit and joy of their fellows."

Mr. Geo. A. H. Fraser, M.A., '89, is making his mark in the State of Montana. Though his specialty while with us was classics he was also proficient in modern languages, and for a time showed that he could handle involved mathematical problems. He was a scholar, not a one-sided pupil.

Mr. J. A. Cooper, B.A., is now a student-at-law at Osgoode Hall. For pastime he discusses politics every Monday evening in one of the down-town political clubs, and occasionally writes for public journals with effect on questions of trade and commerce.

When Mr. Peter White the other evening attained his majority he gave a number of his friends a reception in the residence dining hall. In performing the graceful he was ably assisted by Mr. S. J. Robertson. ADAM RUFUS.

## Trinity Talk.

**W**HAT a lovely description that was of the typical college student in one of the columns of this paper last week. It so reminded one of the *Empire's* accounts of our sports. Try again, Mr. —, won't you? Give us your idea of My Sweet Heart the Man in the Moon, for instance. I am quite sure your imagination would enable you to give a most accurate description, and we would so like to hear it, you know.

In by-gone days the term between Christmas and Easter has always been slow. But now it seems to have become quite the reverse. Hockey practices and matches, banjo practices, dramatic rehearsals, the Pelican Club—all these together, with the hidden mysteries of undergraduate life, make Trinity most attractive, even in the dull days of January.

Before this appears the Dramatic Club and Banjo and Guitar Club will have given their first entertainment of the season of 1893. A large number of tickets have been sold, and the event promises to be a successful one.

The Banjo and Guitar Club will make its second appearance at the conversat. on February 7. The club now consists of banjournes, banjos and guitars, in all numbering twelve. Already engagements have been made for some weeks ahead.

The Literary Society held its regular meeting on Friday evening last at half past seven. Mr. DuMoulin, B.A., in the chair. After the usual business had been transacted the literary programme was carried out. The chief interest was taken in the inter-year debate between '94 and '95. '94 was represented by Messrs. Sanders and Little, '95 by Messrs. Osborne and De Penser. The Present System of Examinations was the subject of debate. The question read: Resolved that the present system of examinations is to be approved." After the speeches, which were

remarkably good, the arguments were summed up and '95 was declared to have won, when the meeting adjourned, and for the time being the—

Hi tiddle hi-to-Rouge et Noir!  
What's the matter with '94!  
was lost in the sharp  
Rah! Rah! All alive!  
Rah! Rah! '95.  
On Friday next '95 will meet '93.

The hockey matches of the past week ended with the match with the Granites on Saturday at three o'clock. Despite the score ten to two in favor of the Granites, the match was by no means a one-sided one, and a good exhibition was given. This week finds the first team with a slightly lowered average. The first match of this week will be with Osgoode. The first seven go to Kingston this week to R.M.C., taking in Peterboro' on the way home. The Freshmen are well to the front in hockey, as in foot-ball, and have succeeded in getting three of their men on the first seven. It looks as if '95 was developing into a "sporty" year.

Mr. C. S. MacInnes, B.A., who is enjoying his visit in Europe, proposes seeing something of German university life and intends taking up his residence for some time in Heidelberg, there attending lectures in certain subjects.

RED AND BLACK.

## Art and Artists.

**M**R. J. W. L. FORSTER'S portrait of Ex-Mayor Clarke was hung in the City Hall Council Chamber on Tuesday afternoon, Her most gracious Majesty being his *vis a vis*.

The American Water Color Society opened their exhibition on Monday, at the Academy, New York.

The Fine Arts Society, N. Y., opens to the public on Monday, February 6. There will be paintings, statuary, ornaments and decorative work contributed for the occasion by private collectors.

The Versatile Club met at Mr. T. M. Martin's house on Thursday evening, the subject for sketch, poem, or music being The Pen.

Mr. C. P. Sainton, an accomplished English artist, has been exhibiting in London some studies of ballet girls executed in silver-point, which are highly spoken of by the critics. For the information of those who may not be acquainted with the process of a noble art that is hardly ever practiced nowadays, we quote the following note communicated to *The Magazine of Art* by Mr. Sainton: "Silver-point is one of the oldest mediums employed for drawing, examples being found in the British Museum, the Louvre, and in the galleries in Florence, amongst the masters being Raphael. The silver-point used for this work is a piece of pure silver sharpened to a point, which can be adjusted to an ordinary pencil-case or to a holder, enabling you to make a firm line, as with an etching needle. Silver-point is, in fact, a process similar to dry-point, the difference being that it is done on paper with a chalk-prepared surface, a surface so prepared that the silver marks on it in delicate shades of gray, the expression of line being given entirely by pressure of hand, any alteration being impossible, as the surface of the paper forbids any erasure." Mr. Sainton recommends silver-point to the student, a wise suggestion, for although few students can hope to become proficient in its use, it is a first-rate discipline; it compels the draughtsman "to think of every line he is going to make;" it is the sworn enemy of fumbling, of shirking, of feeling about for an effect, of everything but distinctness and truth.

The New Year brings fresh art magazines, *Modern Art*, edited by J. M. Bowles, and an illustrated monthly, *The Art Student*, which, in the three numbers so far published, is devoted to the interests of the student who is learning to draw for reproduction. The text gives elementary instruction by which the beginner may profit, and the photographic plates and fac-similes of pen drawings will be found useful to those who wish to take up this now popular branch of art.

The *Quarterly Illustrator*, New York, published by H. C. Jones, is full of good illustrations in pen and ink, wash and charcoal. Among the fifty-two contributors to the first numbers are such names as E. A. Abbey, W. M. Chase, C. D. Gibson, A. De Neuville, W. T. Smedley, A. B. Wenzell, A. Parsons and F. Remington. It would be extremely difficult to make a more choice selection than is in the first number, there being some seventy illustrations by the foremost designers and artists of America. Every student should have one and make a special study of the various ways and means these men have of attaining the same end.

The Brooklyn Art Club opened its annual exhibition on Tuesday, holding their usual reception the preceding evening.

Work for the fifteenth annual exhibition of the Society of American Artists will be received at the Fine Arts building on Wednesday and Thursday, March 29 and 30. Vouching day is down for Friday, April 14, and the press will be admitted on the same day from noon until five p.m. The reception and private view will be on Saturday, April 15, and the exhibition will be opened to the public on Monday, April 17, and will be closed on Saturday, May 13. Information regarding the exhibition may be obtained from Joe Evans, secretary, 215 West Fifty-seventh street, New York.

At Macbeth's gallery, 237 Fifth Avenue, is a most interesting exhibition. There are two dozen paintings. The group of painters is harmonious, for each member of it has refined, delicate feeling and understanding of his subject. The point that makes the exhibition worth seeing is that most of the men in it have individuality. Mr. Rouger continues to risk his vacillating between Corot and the masters of the modern Dutch school—men like Meadag, Israels and Maane—but he still exhibits in the freshness and truth of his work a strain of natural force. His six landscapes in this col-

lection are French and American as to the scene portrayed. It is a pity for artists with genuine gifts to be persistently echoes. To be a peculiar entity, to have one's manner of expression totally unlike that of any other man, that is a laudable artistic ambition. It is because he is a stylish and a rarely original one that Mr. Inness leads in this exhibition with four beautiful pictures dating from the seventies and eighties.

Dark Africa is not so uncivilized as art lovers might think. Genius develops there as much as within the shadow of St. Paul's. There is a little collection of portraits now on view in the Japanese gallery, New Bond street, London, the work of a native artist, Mr. W. H. Schroder, and *The Pall Mall Gazette* remarked that they are forcible and painstaking portraits of the dusky Zulu Chiefs.

Some notable pictures were exhibited at Christie's, in London, last week. Among them was Sir Frederic Leighton's Paolo and Francesco, from the Royal Academy of 1861; Val Prinsep's picture of 1867, A Venetian Gaming House in the Sixteenth Century; a Jan Van Beers of 1883; Gustave Dore's sketch for his picture, Christ Leaving the Praetorium; three noteworthy Morlands, Romney's portrait of Mrs. Trimmer, and a beautiful Van Dyck, which formerly belonged to the town of Dijon.

There is a capital engraving out by the late T. O. Barlow of Sir John Millais's picture of 1880, Di Vernon. The work is in the now familiar mixed style of line and mezzotint, which the late Mr. Samuel Cousins did so much towards making popular, the force of the one style—line—of the engraver's art being blended or combined with the richness of the other—mezzotint.

Japan has lately attracted some of the cleverest, most refined and sensitive artists of the day. The country has been sketched by Messrs. John La Farge, Robert Blum and Alfred Parsons. Could better qualified artists be asked! In the English papers reference is made to an exhibition held in Yokohama by Mr. Parsons late last year, and to the comments made thereon by some of the journals published there. It is said that the European colony visited the show, which was held in the Imperial Hotel, almost to the last man, and both public and press were delighted. The *Japan Mail* speaking of the collection remarks: "We who live among the beauties of Japanese foliage and flowers, and are accustomed to see them perpetually under her skies of enchanting softness and delicate purity, do not perhaps realize fully what is meant by such a *tour de force* as Mr. Parsons' perfect representations involve. But to the discriminating section of the public in the West the pictures will open a new vista of delight. We speak chiefly of foliage and flowers, because, although Mr. Parsons' landscapes command no less attention, his trees and blossoms stand on a plane of artistic achievement far above anything we have ever had the pleasure of seeing." Unfortunately, unfavorable weather prevailed during the time of cherry blossoms, when Mr. Parsons was in Japan, but with this exception the conditions were all that could be desired, and he was permitted to paint the lotus, the azaleas, the wisteria and the bamboo in all their growth of luxurious foliage and brilliant surroundings.

The Women's Art Association of Canada will open its fifth exhibition at 89 Canada Life Building, Toronto, on Thursday, February 23, at 3 p.m., closing on Saturday, March 4. Pictures will be received unpacked at the rooms on Thursday, February 9, only all works received at the exhibition will be at owner's risk. Non-resident artists may send their works prepaid, to Matthews Bros. & Co., 95 Yonge street, or Roberts & Son, 79 King street west, and all works passing an examining committee will be hung on the walls. The Woman's Art Club will ask a commission of five per cent. on all sales made.

Mr. W. A. Sherwood, A.R.C.A., lectures this evening on Hindrances to American Art, at the Canadian Institute.

The Buffalo Society of Artists have just closed a very successful exhibition, and among the familiar names are Claude Monet, the disciple of the impressionist school; Will Low, of art tile fame; F. S. Church, George James, J. W. Bridgman and G. B. Bridgman, the last two being old Torontonians. Mr. G. Bridgman has fourteen pictures, the majority being around the environments of Paris. He is a member of the council of the society for 1893.

VAN.

## New Books and Magazines.

The *North Western Chronicle* of Minneapolis recently came out with strong praise for an Ottawa lady, Miss K. M. Barry, on account of an article from her pen in the *Lycium* of Dublin—an article which I confess to not having seen. The *Chronicle* says: "The *Lycium*, a magazine of high standing, remarkable for its strong thought and fearless treatment of live subjects, introduces a new and clever Canadian writer to its readers. The latest issue of that magazine contains a very striking article called the Nemesis of Neology. It is a study of Henri Frederic Amiel's *Journal*, and is from the pen of Miss K. M. Barry of Ottawa, Ontario. Mrs. Humphrey Ward has made Amiel well known in an English dress, and Miss Barry's study of his *Journal* is easily the best that has yet been given to the public. Amiel's book has been looked upon as the 'perfect mirror of a modern mind of the best type matured by the best modern culture, and also a striking picture of the sufferings which beset the sterility of genius.' Miss Barry, on reaching these words, undertakes the ambitious task of deciding whether certain counsels, almost three thousand years old, concerning the spiritual difficulties of men, have gained or lost in force. She does her work admirably, both as to form and thought. Her style is strong, occasionally fierce as Carlyle's, again as mellow as Washington Irving's. She thinks like a man and attends to literary details with the careful delicacy of a woman."

I have received from the New York publisher, S. S. McClure, *Tribune* Building, a copy of the American edition of *The Idler*, the

monthly edited by Jerome K. Jerome and Robert Barr (Larks Sharpe). The contributors to the current number are: Arthur Sperry, Albert Chevalier, Fred Cape, Conan Doyle, Allen Upward, Cynicus, Jerome K. Jerome, John Burns, Eden Phillpotts, Rose Ayscough, W. L. Alden, Mark Twain, Robert Barr, Mrs. Lynn Lynton, G. B. Burgin, Morley Roberts, Angelina, Francis Gribble, George R. Sims and Rev. R. Haweis. *The Idler* should make room for itself with such a list of contributors.

The complete novel in *Lippincott's* for February is *The First Flight*, by Julien Gordon. It deals satirically with the ambitions of a daughter of wealthy parents, not quite "to the manor born," and is nicely illustrated. The *Journalist Series* is continued in an interesting article by Hon. John Russell Young, on Men Who Reigned: Bennett, Greeley, Raymond, Prentice and Forney. Portraits of these famous editors are added, and one of Secretary Seward accompanies Recollections of Seward and Lincoln, by James Matlack Scovill. Miriam Cole Harris, the author of *Rutledge*, criticizes Seventh Commandment Novels and maintains that fiction gives undue prominence to the sexual relation. M. Crofton describes Ruskin (the breaking down of whose graceful mind we all deplore), Karl Rosebery, Archbishop Ireland and Justice Lamar.

Julian Hawthorne never more distinctly showed himself to be the son of his distinguished father than in the very bright bit of fancy which appears in the February *Cosmopolitan*. June, 1903, ninety years after the invention of successful aerial machinery, is sketched in a witty and philosophical way that will be found interesting by all classes of readers. The February *Cosmopolitan* should be secured and read for several reasons, among the chief being its comprehensive treatment of James G. Blaine, who has just left the busy stage of American politics. T. C. Crawford is author of the paper, and at a time when so much of the bitter invective and fulsome eulogy is being written and read about the late "Man from Maine," it is well to read a paper such as Mr. Crawford gives us.

REVIEWER.

## A Fire Hunt.

One of the most exciting hunts I ever enjoyed was a bear hunt got up by William Lowndes on the Ashepoo River. We killed several bears, running them with our deer dogs and fox dogs until they were tired or came to bay. I have seen many a brave dog killed or disabled by bears. At that time fire hunting used to be practiced to a considerable extent, and many deer were killed in that way, to say nothing of the live stock and cattle. I am very glad to say that this practice is now prohibited by law. I recall an amusing incident that happened to two of a planter's sons one night. The boys were hunting, the elder carrying the gun, and the younger the pan of fire.

Presently they beheld the eyes of a deer about twenty yards away, gazing in fascination at the light.

"There he is!" said the younger. "Shoot him, Tom!"

Tom immediately sighted between the stinging eyes and shot. The boys heard a fall and scuffling among the leaves, and then the animal lay still.

"We've killed him!" cried the small one gleefully.

"We nothing!" said the elder. "I killed him, Frank."

Upon investigation it was found to be a favorite thoroughbred colt of their father's.

"Whew!" said Tom; "we've killed Meteor, Frank."

"We, the deuce!" said Frank. "You killed him, Tom."—*Charleston News.*

## Why Not Try It?

Road Agent (entering the car and pointing two revolvers at the passengers)—Everybody throw up their hands. Shell out all yer vally-bles. Get a move on now!

Mrs. Flickers (taking her first railway ride)—Hiram, that must be one of the Pullman car porters we've read about.



Flat Pattern

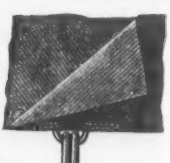
## FRANCIS' PATENT LOOP HOOKS AND EYES

There are two kinds of loops. One is for use on flat surface and the other on the edge.

A fastener suitable for Ladies' and Children's Dresses and Cloaks, Caps, &c., the loop being the new feature, made in all sizes.

Kit, in Toronto Mail, says: "This invention saves a wonderful lot of bother; is one of the neatest things I have seen for a long time. They are quite invisible when the garment is hooked, and are far more secure than the ordinary thread loops or other eyes. They will be a boon to Dressmakers."

FOR SALE EVERYWHERE



Edge Pattern

H. A. FRANCIS, Toronto

Canadian Agent



## THE BOYS SAY

## "PARISIAN"

That the finest laundry work in this city is done at the

67 to 71 Adelaide St. West. Branches—93 and 729 Yonge St.

PHONES 1127, 1496 and 4067

And what the boys say "GOES" TRY IT AND SEE

BUY THE



Celebrated Lehigh Valley

COAL

ONTARIO COAL CO.

GENERAL OFFICE: Esplanade, Foot of Church Street. BRANCH OFFICES: 818 Yonge Street, 10 King Street East, Queen Street West and Subway, corner Bathurst Street and C. P. R'y.

## Extras.

Lairy—Well, Moses, this is what I call a first-class time. Moses—Hush, Lairy; don't say that out loud, for this is only a second class ticket we're travelin' on.

**SHILOH'S CURE.**  
TAKE THE BEST  
COUGH CURE  
25¢ BOTTLE  
Cures Consumption, Coughs, Croup, Sore Throat. Sold by all Druggists on a Guarantee.

Finest Health and Pleasure Resort in the South

## Mountain Park Hotel

HOT SPRINGS, North Carolina

Healthiest place in America. Grand mountain scenery. Fine bracing air. Bright, sunny days. Excellent hotel; best cuisine; perfect service.

Luxurious Baths in Natural Hot Water

Plenty of amusement. Pullman car service from New York to our door without change. For illustrated book and rates address—

W. F. ROSS, Proprietor

## ARTISTIC: DRESSMAKING

MRS. J. P. KELLOGG, 536 Church St.

Ladies' Evening Gowns and Empire Effects a Specialty

High class costumeing after French and American measurements.

## OUR STOCK

Is replete with a specially selected assortment of TWEEDS and FABRICS, suitable for street, carriage and evening wear.

## MISSES E. &amp; H. JOHNSTON

122 King Street West

MISS FAULKNER, Fashionable Dress and Mantle Maker. Perfect fit guaranteed, with all the leading styles. Reasonable prices to all. 118 Scollard Street.

**LADIES!** If you desire a transparent, CLEAR, FRESH complexion, FREE from blotch, blemish, roughness, coarseness, redness, freckles, or pimples, use VIENNA TOILET CREAM, the finest preparation for the skin, perfectly harmless, and delightfully perfumed. Very useful for gentlemen after shaving. Price 50c. Vienna Pharmaceutical Co. All Druggists. Flett & Co., Agents, Toronto.

**PRESENTATION ADDRESSES**  
DESIGNED & ENGRAVED BY  
A. H. HOWARD, R.C.A.  
33 KING ST. EAST  
TORONTO

## Dry Kindling Wood

Delivered any address, 6 crates \$1.00; 13 crates \$2.00. A crate holds as much as a barrel.

HARVEY & CO., 20 Sheppard Street

Telephone 1570 or send Post Card.

## PARK LIVERY

173 and 175 McCaul Street

Victorias, Coupes, etc. Fine Horses and Carriages, with careful Drivers in Livery.

TELEPHONE 733 W. J. MUNSHAW Prop.

## J. YOUNG THE LEADING UNDERTAKER

347 Yonge Street, Toronto

TELEPHONE 679.

## THE MERCHANTS' RESTAURANT

This well-known restaurant, having been recently enlarged and refitted, offers great inducements to the public. The Dining-room is commodious and the Bill of Fare carefully arranged and choice, while the WINES and LIQUORS are of the Best Quality, and the ALLES cannot be surpassed. Telephone 1090. HENRY MORGAN, Proprietor.

bearing I Jolybole. tion as to had nothin put away in the offi Six days room wne fast and faint odor He raised then he ca "Is ther No, the not believe rose from office, exam F.nally he we have a odor proce animal ma box, and ov perature a beginning once grew It struck should be ner. They baskets. I to his exper be sent in address and —also a week. The clerk of conjectu uncomfortable In all pro bolts, to wh want his ad called for. peared anx der was na so many pu Paul—the There was the box, he tain some were out o killing. Pe another. But this c clerk. A bo cautions. T reason for w identity. Th it all at onc a crime had seemed to be Everybody time ago in little piece through the The chief and the shap and fastened that eman increase his most unplea Just then Without bel clerk soon suspicions. "The devil say," and w notified, and forced open. A horrible chief clerk bottom of the hands or feet mutilated th human. There was body had bee large black upper part of which a mas showed whe home. The legless, was h The crime was ten days befo The police moved into telegraph to "Is a M. Jo "No." "Or a M. L "No." The officer l monstrous cr under the m tions. Meanwhile la Republic News of the and a crowd doors had col by force from the ghastly sh Some said it known merch it was the co been murder One thing w body of a pers In spite of t the police, the in the depot, difficulty that in order and doors. A small m important be the office of the accompanied b and thin. From mout was the Proc clerk. The mysteri the ghastly cri outside. The attent directed to th



## The Suspicious Chest.

On January 15, 1884, there arrived at Paris a wooden chest of large dimensions and with the lid securely nailed. It had been sent from Grenoble and was to be held in the Gare de Tryon depot until called for. On the lid was a white card bearing in handwriting the name of Alfred Jolybois. There was no further indication as to the destination of the package, which had nothing remarkable about it, and it was put away with a number of other similar boxes in the office.

Six days later the chief clerk of the baggage-room was sitting in the office eating his breakfast and reading the morning paper, when a faint odor of meat assailed his delicate nostrils. He raised his head and looked round the room; then he called one of the men.

"Is there any game here?" he asked. No, there was none. Strange! He could not believe it. To make certain the chief clerk rose from his chair and made a tour of the office, examining all the cases, one after another. Finally he stopped opposite the wooden chest we have already noticed. It was thence the odor proceeded. Beyond a doubt there was animal matter of some sort contained in the box, and owing to the recent rise in the temperature after the long period of frost, it was beginning to decompose there. The clerk at once grew suspicious.

It struck him as odd that birds or venison should be sent by train packed in such manner. They were usually sent in osier cases or baskets. In any case it was strange and new to his experience that perishable articles should be sent in an ordinary wooden chest with no address and no indication of what was inside—and also that it had not been reclaimed for a week.

The clerk at once began to indulge in a series of conjectures which made him feel somewhat uncomfortable. In all probability, he thought, this M. Jolybois, to whom the box was addressed, did not want his address known. The chest was to be called for. On the other hand, the sender appeared anxious to find his address. The sender was named M. Louis of Grenoble; but then so many people were called Louis, Pierre or Paul—the chief clerk came to a standstill. There was some mystery in connection with the box, he felt sure. It might, perhaps, contain some prohibited game—some birds that were out of season, and the law prohibited killing. Perhaps it was sent by one poacher to another.

But this conclusion did not satisfy the chief clerk. A box of game did not call for such precautions. The sender must have had a serious reason for wishing to so completely conceal his identity. The theory of a crime would explain it all at once. But he had no reason to suspect a crime had been committed just because there seemed to be a little mystery about the box.

Everybody will remember the discovery some time ago in Europe of a woman's body cut in little pieces and packed in a box which was sent through the post.

The chief clerk remembered the case well, and the shape of this box, the way it was nailed and fastened, and, above all, the peculiar odor that emanated from it, were sufficient to increase his suspicions and rouse in him the most unpleasant reflections.

Just then his superior officer passed the door. Without being too positive about it, the chief clerk soon induced him to share his own suspicions.

"The devil," he cried, "that's true—what you say," and without more ado the police were notified, and with a bar of iron the case was forced open.

A horrible sight met the eager gaze of the chief clerk and the officer. There, on the bottom of the chest, was seated a form without hands or feet, and which had been so much mutilated that it was scarcely recognizable as human.

There was no head; it had been torn off. The body had been scorched and was covered with large black smudges, as of charcoal. In the upper part of the chest a gaping opening showed where the deadly knife had been driven home. The huge trunk, armless, headless and legless, was horrible in the extreme to look at. The crime must have been committed eight or ten days before.

The police officer had the chest at once removed into a special office and proceeded to telegraph to Grenoble.

"Is M. Jolybois known there?" "No." "Or M. Louis?" "No."

The officer knew he was in the presence of a monstrous crime, which had been committed under the most mysterious and secret conditions. Meanwhile he sent word to the Procureur de la Republique.

News of the discovery had already got abroad, and a crowd that threatened to break in the doors had collected, and were only restrained by force from bursting in to catch a glimpse of the ghastly sight.

Some said it was the body of one of the best known merchants of Grenoble. Others thought it was the corpse of a grandfather who had been murdered by his grandson.

One thing was, however, certain. It was the body of a person who was aged and very stout. In spite of the efforts of the employees and the police, the crowd gathered more and more in the depot, and it was only with the utmost difficulty that a howling, angry mob was kept in order and prevented from breaking in the doors.

A small man wearing spectacles, with an important bearing and cold manners, entered the office of the Police Commissioners. He was accompanied by another man who was very tall and thin.

From mouth to mouth the news flew. It was the Procureur de la Republique and his clerk. The mysterious door closed again between the ghastly crime and the ever increasing crowd outside.

The attention of everyone was so much directed to this diversion that a gentleman

who had just left the Lyons train had to repeat three times the question he had asked the clerk at the Bureau of Information office window.

"Perhaps you will give me an answer at last." "What do you want?"

"I want to know if you have received a large chest to be called for."

"What chest?" "One that was left here about six days ago."

The clerk gave a jump! What! Grenoble! Six days ago! And over the desks a dozen pair of eyes were at once fixed upon the questioner. Perhaps he was the assassin himself.

Who could tell? Many a criminal has been irresistibly drawn to the evidence of his crime. The employee asked him to follow him, and approaching the offices where the police officer was, by a private door, he pushed the man in and said:

"Here is the gentleman who claims Box No. 2,775."

The gentleman thus introduced was a man of tall stature, with a long beard and resolute manner. He wore a cloak and his carriage and manner pronounced him a man of the world.

A certain hesitation took possession of him when he saw so many persons in the office, all of whose eyes were fixed upon himself. He made several steps forward and, in the deep silence which had followed the clerk's announcement, he repeated his question about the chest, though in a less firm voice than he had used just before.

The Procureur de la Republique answered him.

"Is it a long, narrow box?" "Exactly."

"And you come to claim it?" "Yes."

"And you are M. Alfred—?" "Jolybois. I have that honor."

Although there was a shade of impertinence in these replies, as if he wished to act against the solemnity of his questioner, there was also in evidence a feeling of discomfort and annoyance. The man did not appear to be at his ease. Perhaps he was nervous with so many persons staring at him. Perhaps the odor made him feel strange.

The officer made a sign and the doors were at once secured by the detectives. This manœuvre did not escape the man in the cloak, who from that moment seemed to lose all control of his features. A trembling of the lip he could not restrain and a nervous twisting of his fingers and hands were noticed.

"You are very pale," said the Procureur. The man with a great effort replied:

"Not at all, sir; but this awful smell!" "This smell, sir, proceeds from your box."

"From my box? Can it have been discovered?"

This exclamation, which surprise, fear, remorse and shame seemed to have unconsciously drawn from his lips, was taken by those present as a confession of the crime. How could they think otherwise?

His contracted eyebrows, his fearful gaze, the drawn features of his pale face all betrayed the murderer.

The chest stood in a corner of the office, and the Procureur drew him toward it.

"Venez, monsieur," he said. The man made a movement of escape, but a

detective had been expecting this and prevented it. He wanted to fight; his eyes suddenly flashed, and he grew very angry.

"I protest," he cried. But the magistrate interposed.

"Violence can only render your situation worse. Answer my questions quietly. Do you recognize that case as yours?"

"I have already answered 'Yes.'"

"Excuse me; you are now in the presence of the law. Let us proceed logically. Do you also know the victim?"

"I flatter myself that I do. It was I who struck the blow."

"Be more precise; in what circumstances?" "It was at Briançon. We had something to settle up between ourselves, and for a long time I had been watching for him. One day I met him at the head of a path in the mountains. He came toward me; I knelt down and took aim, but missed him. The second time my ball whistled close past him. In a moment he was upon me; he pressed me in his arms and nearly strangled me. Happily I laid my hand on my knife and in another second I had plunged it into him up to the hilt. That wound that you see there, gentlemen, was inflicted by me. He rolled over on to the ground and I loosened myself from his grasp and got up. He was dead."

The man here broke into a laugh that made his audience shudder at his terrible crime and the light way he talked of it.

"I had this chest made and he was placed in it. Then I left for Paris and expected to get here at the same time as the chest. But I was delayed on my journey and the chest got here first. That is all."

The fellow had regained his former confidence. Rarely had such cynicism been witnessed.

Perhaps he had lost his reason. "Then you confess all," said the Procureur.

"But your rage must have been terrible in its ferocity, for see what ghastly mutilations you have left on the body when already the life had left it."

"Rage, you say—aha! Mais, monsieur, the head would not go into the box. It had to be cut off."

"That butchery was not enough, however. You then subjected the body to great heat. It has been scorched."

"Oh! Damn it!" said the man carelessly. A shudder ran round those assembled. The demeanor of the fellow was positively inhuman; it was devilish.

"I will ask you one more question," said the magistrate. "What was his name?"

"His name? Surely you are not serious in that question?"

"I ask again. What was his name?" "Well, if you insist, I give you my word that I never thought of asking him."

"Have you murdered a being whom you scarcely knew?"

"You would have done as I did," answered the imperturbable murderer.

"Had he done you no harm personally?" "None—personally."

"Still, a man does not kill his fellow-being without a reason."

Alfred Jolybois burst into a loud fit of laughter, which nearly froze everyone present.

"This behavior is not suitable to the occasion," said the magistrate. "Officers, arrest this man."

"Not a bit of it. No! no!" said M. Jolybois. "There's a mistake."

"A mistake! How so?" "That which you take for granted is a fellow-being."

"Is?" "A bear."—From the French.

From Cape Horn to Capetown by Rail.

It adds something to zest of life—if one has a healthy, active fancy—to reflect that there are people now living who may travel by continuous rail from Cape Horn to the Cape of Good Hope. The plan of a "pan-American" railway to connect the South American systems, through Central America, with the systems of Mexico and the United States, is already well advanced.

There are to be roads from the Canadian Pacific away up to the Peace River and Mackenzie valleys, and it is not very hard to believe that these may ultimately be extended across the Rockies to the Ukon valley in Alaska, and continued finally to the narrow and shallow Behring straits, across which a connection would be made with the Siberian road. Continuous rail travel from Siberia to Constantinople will soon have become an accomplished fact, and the link from Constantinople to Egypt may be expected quite confidently.

At the present rate of developments in Africa the construction of a road from Egypt to the Cape ought to be realized within twenty-five years. The channel tunnel will, of course, have been built, and electricity or some still more powerful motive force will have superseded steam; so that the Californians and Puget Sound denizens would naturally go to London by fast Alaskan and Siberian express. If they chose they might return by steamship, making the passage in two or three days from the west coast of Ireland to Labrador or Halifax. In view of all that has been done in the past twenty-five years such further development of traveling facilities is easily within the realm of sober prediction.—Review of Reviews.

**CENTRAL Business College.**  
Cor. Yonge and Gerrard Sts. | Cor. Market and Erie Sts.  
TORONTO STRATFORD

A cordial invitation is extended to all who are interested in our line of work to visit our institutions, that they may thoroughly investigate the merits of the schools and fully inform themselves in regard to the unsurpassed facilities for promoting the cause of practical education. Our Toronto College is certainly the largest and finest equipped Commercial School in Canada, while the Stratford College is the leading school of its class west of Toronto. We never offer special inducements like the payment of railway fare, cheap tuition, or guaranteed situations in order to secure students. Thorough work is the great magnet which draws students to our colleges. Of course our former patrons are always speaking kind words in our favor. The result is that our schools are well filled with students from the homes of representative business, professional and agricultural men throughout Canada. Commercial, Shorthand, Penmanship and English courses. Catalogues free. Students admitted at any time. SHAW & ELSTON, Principals.

**FOR A BUSINESS EDUCATION ATTEND THE**  
**British American Business College**  
HEADQUARTERS, 345 SPADINA AVE., TORONTO.  
SEND FOR CIRCULAR.  
C. O'DEA, Secy.

## STAMPS WANTED

Wanted, obsolete Canadian Postage Stamps, also Canadian Provincial Stamps, such as Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, British Columbia, as well as Newfoundland, &c.

Look up your old letters; many of these are worth \$2 and \$3 each.

A collection of Old Postage Stamps wanted, for which a good price will be paid.

GEO. A. LOWE  
345 Spadina Ave., Toronto

**MEISTERSCHAFT SCHOOL OF LANGUAGES**  
30 Queen Street West  
Conversational lessons in French, German, Italian, etc.  
Preparations for University examinations. JAMES CURRIE, Principal, of Neuchâtel, Switzerland.

**MONSARRAT HOUSE**  
1 Classic Ave., Toronto  
Boarding and Day School for Young Ladies

**MISS VENNOR, Principal**  
(Late Trevelyan House, London, Eng.)  
A thorough course of instruction will be given in English, Mathematics and Modern Languages. Pupils prepared for University examinations. Classes in Swedish. Carving will also be held twice a week.

School re-opens January 10.  
For terms and prospectus apply to Principal.

**TORONTO COLLEGE OF EXPRESSION**  
Elocution, Oratory and Dramatic Art  
Winter term begins January 3, 1905.  
PRINCIPAL MOUNTKERR,  
"The Forum," cor. Yonge and Gerrard Sts., Toronto.

**TORONTO SCHOOL OF LANDSCAPE AND DECORATIVE PAINTING**  
608 CHURCH STREET  
Winter term commences Tuesday, January 10. Classes on Tuesdays and Fridays, morning and afternoon, and Saturday afternoon. For Circular address—  
HENRY MARTIN, Director.

**PROF. LOUIS PALABOT, 85 Czar St.**  
Private lessons French conversation. Trial lesson free.  
BERLITZ METHOD.

**GET YOUR HATS BLOCKED AT**  
**H. & W. WATSON'S**  
1 Adelaide Street West

**PROF. DAVIDSON**  
The Famous Chiropodist and Manicure  
Has been established himself on King Street. Those troubled with Corns, Bunions and Ingrowing Nails should call and see the process at

48 King Street West, Room 7

**DENTISTRY.**  
**DR. McLAUGHLIN, Dentist**  
Cor. College and Yonge Streets  
Special attention to the preservation of the natural teeth.

**C. H. RIGGS, the Popular Dentist**  
Cor. King and Yonge Streets  
And his staff of assistants make a specialty of gold and silver filling and root crowning. No teeth too far gone for him to save. Give him a call and see what a difference a few nice fillings will make in your health and personal appearance. Ring up Telephone 1470 and make an appointment with him.

**DR. FRANK J. STOWE, Dentist**  
Student of Dr. Parry Brown, New York. Office, 463 Spadina Ave., close to College St. Teeth filled evenings by use of Electric Mouth Illuminator.

**DR. BOSANKO**  
DENTIST  
45 King Street West, over Hooper's Drug Store.

**DR. A. F. WEBSTER, Dental Surgeon**  
Gold Medalist in Practical Dentistry R. C. D. S.  
Office—N. E. cor. Yonge and Bloor, Toronto. Tel. 3868.

**M. W. SPARROW, L.D.S., Dental Surgeon**  
Central Dental Parlors  
N. W. Cor. Spadina Avenue and Queen Street, Toronto. Special attention paid to painless operating.

**DRS. BALL & ZIEGLER (Successors to Dr. Hipkins)**  
Rooms suite 22, Arcade, cor. Yonge and Gerrard Streets. Dr. Hipkins will be associated with his successors for a time. Hours 9 to 5. Tel. 2282.

**Dr. Oronhyatekha**  
Special attention given to diseases of Throat, Lungs and Nervous System, Electricity and Inhalations.  
Consultation rooms, 29 and 30 Canada Life Building. Hours—10 a.m. till 4 p.m., and 7 to 8 p.m.

**MASSAGE**  
THOMAS COOK, 204 King Street West  
TELEPHONE 1286.

**ANDERSON & BATES**  
Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat Specialist  
Telephone 5922. No. 5 College Street, Toronto.

**JOHN B. HALL, M.D., 326 and 328 Jarvis Street.**  
Specialties—Diseases of Children and Nervous Diseases of Women. Office hours—11 to 12 a.m. and 4 to 6 p.m.

**DR. PALMER**  
40 College Street  
Telephone 3190. 3rd Door from Yonge Street.

**MARRIAGE LICENSES.**  
**GEO. EAKIN, Issuer of Marriage Licenses**  
Court House, Adelaide Street and 146 Carlton Street

**MOTHERS**  
USE HOWARTH'S

**Carminative Mixture**

This medicine is superior to any other for Summer Complaint, Diarrhoea, Cramps, and Pain in the Stomach and Bowels, and any other disorder of the bowels of infants occasioned by teething or other causes. Gives rest and quiet nights to mothers and nurses. Prepared only by

**S. HOWARTH - Druggist**  
243 Yonge Street, Toronto, Ont.  
Established 1849. Telephone 1359

**The Latest Odors**  
**The Closest Prices**

We handle all the favorite odors of English, French and American Perfumes. Also a full class of A 1 druggists' sundries for the Holiday Season.

**NEIL C. LOVE & CO.**  
166 Yonge Street

**PICKLES' FINE WINTER SHOES, OVERSHOES AND RUBBERS**

**WM. PICKLES**

At PICKLES' SHOE PARLOR, 398 Yonge Street

**20 P. C. OFF**  
**TWO WEEKS ONLY**

Commencing Saturday, Jan. 21, and ending Saturday, Feb. 4, we will sell Ladies' Red Goat Oxford Shoes, Ladies' Red Goat Albert Slippers, Ladies' Red Goat Opera Slippers at marked prices, less 20 p. c. discount.

**H. & C. BLACHFORD**  
83 to 85  
King Street East

**CHINA HALL**  
(ESTABLISHED 1844)

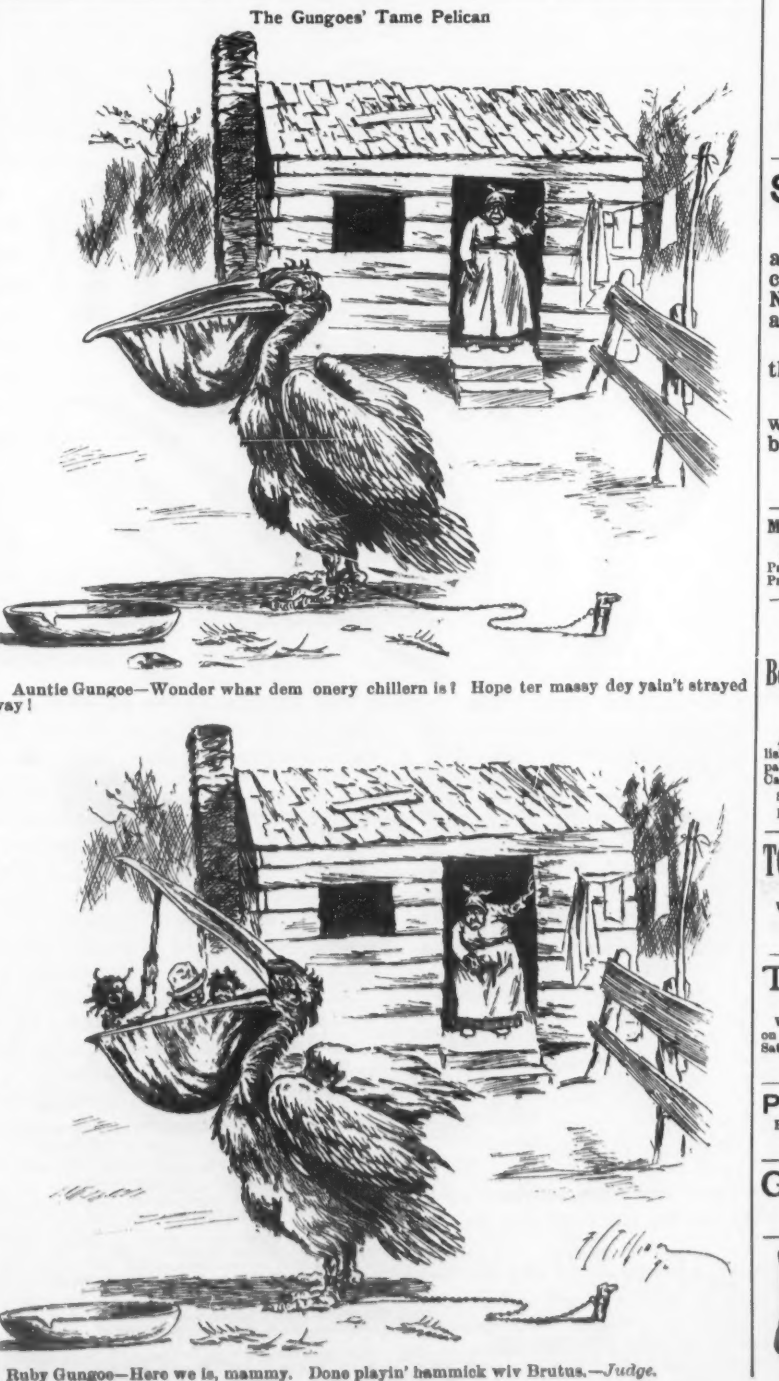
49 King St. East, Toronto

**Decorating China**

We have now in stock the finest collection of White China at prices that cannot fail to please. Examine our goods. New shapes all through.

SPECIAL TERMS TO TEACHERS.  
Write for prices.

**GLOVER HARRISON ESTATE**  
IMPORTERS  
Telephone 465



Ruby Gungoe—Here we is, mammy. Done playin' hammick wiv Brutus.—Judge.



## St. Catharines.

The dance given by Miss Maguire last Tuesday evening was a particularly bright and pleasant one. Mrs. Maguire and her daughter were assisted in receiving by the Misses Austin and the Misses Colt. Mrs. Maguire wore figured black delaine; Miss Maguire, blue and white figured India silk; Miss Austin, an Empire gown of white silk with green velvet trimmings; Miss Gertrude Austin, a bewitching little blue gown; Miss Colt, red surah silk; and Miss Kate Colt, blue silk and chiffon. Those present were: Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Fisher, Mr. and Mrs. Hesson, Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Campbell, Mr. and Mrs. Hancock of Niagara Falls, N. Y., Mr. and Mrs. Fales of Tonawanda, N. Y., the Misses Larkin, the Misses Fenton, Miss Burson, Miss Bessie McLaren, Miss Annie Nay, Miss Ethel Jenkins, Miss Charlotte Chaplin, Miss Davis, Miss McIntosh, Miss Shaw, Miss Monroe, the Misses Colt of Niagara Falls, N. Y., and the Misses Austin of Buffalo, and Messrs. Ramage, Bate, Chatterton, Helliwell, Anderson of Thorold, Nay, Dawson, King, Montgomery, Coy, Stewart, Chaplin, Campbell, McDonald, Monro, Devilland of Niagara Falls, N. Y., and Jones of Rochester.

On Friday evening of last week the residence of Dr. King, Queen street, was a scene of mirth and gaiety, the occasion being a dance given by Miss Magdalene King. Mrs. Arthur Jakes and Miss Alice King assisted in welcoming the guests. Miss Magdalene King wore a very pretty blue gown, Miss Alice, white chiffon, and Mrs. Jakes, white with gold trimmings. Dancing was kept up with much spirit until an early hour, and all pronounced it to be one of the jolliest dances of the season. Those present were: Mrs. Lydell, the Misses Merritt, Miss Billiss, the Misses Larkin, the Misses Dawson, Miss Marion Coy, Miss Emily St. G. Bate, the Misses Fenton, Miss Annie Nay, Miss Burson, Miss Bessie Clark, Miss Ingersoll, Miss McMannus and Miss Austin of Buffalo, Miss McLaren, Miss Maguire, and Messrs. Bate, Boyle, Campbell, Chatterton, F. Coy, Ramage, King, Nay, Shaw, Coy, Anderson of Thorold, McClean, Stewart, White, Jemmett, Symmes, Watson, Sangster, McDonald, Dawson, Bolton of Buffalo, and Raymond of Welland.

Mrs. J. G. Currie gave a most charming At Home on Friday afternoon. Miss Currie, Mrs. Downie and Mrs. Calvin Brown assisted the hostess in receiving, and the following assisted at the tables: Miss Merritt, Miss Ida Woodruff, Miss Kate Clark and Miss Ingersoll. Among those present were: Mrs. T. R. Merritt, Miss Benson, Mrs. Robert McLaren, Mrs. J. P. Merritt, Mrs. Williams, Mrs. Sylvester Neelon, Mrs. G. M. Neelon, Mrs. Alfred Woodruff, Mrs. John Coy, Mrs. and the Misses Fenton, the Misses Larkin.

Mrs. J. T. Groves spent last week in Rochester, N. Y.

Miss Davis of Kingston is visiting Mrs. John McKeown of Church street.

Mr. H. Boyd of the Imperial Bank, Niagara Falls, was in town last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Ball of Niagara-on-the-Lake have been spending a few days in the city.

## CHAT.

## Continued Solid Progress

## Of the North American Life Association.

The annual meeting of the North American Life Assurance Company was held at the head office of the Company, Toronto, on Thursday, January 26th, 1893. The meeting was largely attended by policy holders, directors, guarantors and principal representatives of the Company.

John L. Blaikie, Esq., President, was appointed Chairman, and Wm. McCabe Secretary, when the following report was submitted:

In submitting the twelfth annual report of the Company's business for the year ended December 31st, 1892, the Directors have much pleasure in again congratulating the Policy-holders and Guarantors upon the ample proofs it affords of solid progress and continued prosperity.

The North American Life and the Dominion generally met with an irreparable loss on the 17th April last, in the death of the Honorable Alexander Mackenzie, ex-Prime Minister of Canada, our much esteemed President, who occupied that position from the commencement of the company, rendering it great and valuable assistance by his sound and able counsel and close attention to its affairs; while his name, known and respected throughout the whole Dominion as a synonym for honesty, inspired confidence in the company over which he so ably presided.

Mr. John L. Blaikie, who has occupied the vice-presidency from the Company's organization, was unanimously elected president, and the Hon. G. W. Allan and J. K. Kerr, Q.C., vice-presidents.

New policies have been issued amounting to \$2,400,300, being in excess of the previous year. The cash income amounted to \$446,474.40, being an increase of \$45,969.50. The accumulated funds now stand at \$1,421,981.80, the year's put-by being the handsome sum of \$206,421.39.

The sum paid under the Company's policies as surplus, matured endowments, claims, etc., amounted in the year to \$118,416.73. For the security of its policy holders the Company's assets are \$1,421,981.80, in addition to its un-called Guarantee Fund of \$240,000; and its Reserve Fund now amounts to \$1,115,846.

A reference to the accompanying statements of receipts and disbursements and the balance sheet for the year show the excellent financial position of the Company, and the following table furnishes the strongest evidence of the rapid and solid progress made during the past five years, especially in the relatively large net surplus that has been accumulated for the benefit of the Company's Policy holders.

	Assets.	Percentage	Insurance in Force.	Percentage.	Net Surplus.	Percentage.
Dec. 31, 1892.	1,421,981.80	100	15,063,050	100	226,035.50	100
Dec. 31, 1887.	542,318.99	38.1	9,974,300	66.2	54,859.94	24.2
Increase.	879,662.81	61.6	5,078,650	33.8	171,175.56	75.8

The excellent and productive character of the Company's investments is shown by the small amount of overdue interest and the

favorable rate secured on its invested assets.

One of the best tests an intending insurer can apply in selecting a company is the relative yearly percentage of surplus made upon its mean assets. In this important particular the North American Life compares favorably with its chief competitors, and excels most of them.

During the year another series of the Company's Investment Policies matured, and the results proved entirely satisfactory to the holders.

The allocation of surplus to the Tontine Investment Policies maturing in 1893 was approved as made by the Company's Consulting Actuary.

The books of the Company were closed promptly on the last day of the year, and, as heretofore, the full Government report was then completed and mailed that evening to the Superintendent of Insurance at Ottawa.

The Auditor made a complete audit of the Company's affairs monthly, and at the close of the year verified the cash on hand and in banks, and examined each mortgage and every other security held by the Company. The Auditing Committee made a minute audit quarterly.

The services of the Company's staff of officers, inspectors and agents again deserve favorable commendation.

JOHN L. BLAIE, President.

G. W. ALLAN, J. K. KERR, Q.C., Vice-Presidents.

Summary of financial statement and balance sheet for the year ending December 31, 1892:

Cash income	\$ 446,474.40
Expenditure (including death claims, endowments, profits and all payments to policy-holders)	216,326.26
Assets	1,421,981.80
Reserve Fund	1,115,846.00
Net surplus for policy-holders	226,035.50
Audited and found correct.	

JAMES CARLILE, M.D., Auditor.

Wm. McCabe, Managing Director.

## COALPORT

A.D. 1750.

A choice selection of this HIGH-CLASS CHINA in

Afternoon Cups and Saucers

Bon-Bon Trays

Tete-a-Tete Sets, &c.

WHITE CHINA FOR DECORATING

Wedding Gifts a Specialty

WILLIAM JUNOR

Tel. 2177 109 King St. West

FINE FURNITURE

FOR

Drawing-Room

Bedroom

Dining-Room

IN THE LATEST DESIGNS

And at Reasonable Prices.

The CHAS. ROGERS & SONS CO., Ltd.

97 Yonge Street

J. & J. L. O'MALLEY

FURNITURE WAREHOUSES

Solid Oak Bedroom Suites from \$23 upwards

Carpets in Newest Patterns at Lowest Prices

Proprietors of the Hygienic Carpet Cleaner

J. & J. L. O'MALLEY

Telephone 1057 160 Queen St. West

CANADIAN PACIFIC RY.

EVERY FRIDAY

PEOPLE'S POPULAR ONE-WAY PARTIES

Will leave Toronto at 11 p.m., for

British Columbia, Washington, Oregon, California

In Tourist Sleeping Cars

TORONTO TO SEATTLE

Without Change.

EVERY FRIDAY

A Through Tourist Sleeping Car

Will leave Toronto at 8.45 a.m. for

BOSTON, Mass.

AND

EVERY WEDNESDAY

A Through Tourist Sleeping Car

Will leave Toronto at 3 p.m. for

CHICAGO

UNTIL FURTHER NOTICE.

Apply to any C. P. R. Ticket Agent for full particulars.

LIST OF PURCHASERS MAILED FREE ON APPLICATION.

WE have Sold in ONTARIO alone ..... Over ..... **4,000**

**MASON & RISCH**

**Pianos** OVER 1000 Homes in Toronto alone possess these beautiful Instruments.

HIGH QUALITY HAS BEEN OUR AIM

The above figures show that quantity (in the shape of sales) has followed as a result of the quality.

Write for Catalogues and Prices to

THE MASON & RISCH PIANO COMPANY, LIMITED,

32 King Street West, TORONTO.

**GOLD & SILVER MEDALS**

**GUARANTEE Certificate**

**Toronto Silver Plate Co.**

We hereby guarantee that all Spoons, Forks, Knives, Ladles, etc., bearing our name and trade mark, are heavily plated with pure Sterling Silver upon the finest grade of Nickel Silver, the best known base for plating upon, that the deposit is fully twenty per cent heavier than the usual standard, having been accurately weighed upon the goods, and rigidly inspected with a view to their durability. We hereby authorize the purchaser, when our wares shall not prove exactly as represented to return them to us, and we will remit their invoiced value or replace them!

Respectfully, **TORONTO SILVER PLATE CO.**

It takes away half the worry of a dressmaker's life.

**Corticelli**

Sewing Silk and Twist is stronger, smoother, more elastic and lustrous than any other thread. It has no substitute for hand sewing, dress-making and general domestic purposes.

Sold by leading dealers everywhere.



TWO sample tins of Nestle's Milk Food, sufficient for four meals, also our dainty new book "The Baby" by the best authorities on baby life, free to any mother sending us her name and address on a postal card.

Nestle's Food requires the addition of water only in its preparation.

The best and safest diet for infants the year around. Talk to your physician about it.

THOS. LEEMING & CO. 25 St. Peter St., Montreal.

The Cradle, the Altar and the Tomb

Births.

CLARK—January 25, 1893, the wife of W. O. Clark, 601 Yonge street—of a daughter.

SCOTT—Jan. 24, Mrs. Alfred Scott—a son.

COBBOY—Jan. 23, Mrs. J. Cobboy—a son (still-born).

BARBOUR—Jan. 15, Mrs. A. H. Barbour—a daughter.

CURRY—Jan. 23, Mrs. Isaac Curry—a son.

MOWAT—Jan. 24, Mrs. Fred Mowat—a daughter.

VERRELL—Jan. 18, Mrs. J. E. Verrell—two daughters.

FOTHERINGHAM—Jan. 26, Mrs. Fotheringham—a son (still-born).

WOOD—At Blenheim, Jan. 29, Mrs. L. G. Wood—a daughter.

Marriages.

BARCLAY—STEVENSON—Jan. 18, Charles A. Barclay to Carry Stevenson.

HAENDORF—EDWARDS—Jan. 25, Fred. W. Haendorf to Mary Edwards.

ELDRIDGE—HOUSON—Jan. 25, Richard Eldridge to John Houson.

WITHAM—SMITH—Jan. 18, Fred. Witham to Annie Smith.

MACCRIMMON—MACFARLANE—Jan. 31, Nell M. MacCrimmon to Helen MacFarlane.

ROBINSON—MULLANEY—Jan. 25, Michael Robinson to Della Mullane.

HUTCHISON—CREASOR—Jan. 25, J. C. Hutchison to Mary Creasor.

COLWELL—COPELAND—Jan. 25, H. Colwell to Hannah Copeland.

HOIDGE—ROBINS—Jan. 25, Joseph Hoidge to Addie Robins.

KELLY—JAMESON—Jan. 24, Clarence Kelly to Nellie Jameson.

SPOFFORD—MARKHAM—Jan. 25, Harry Spofford to Sarah Markham.

GROUT—ALEXANDER—Jan. 26, Kenneth GROUT to Katie Alexander.

KING—RUTTAN—Jan. 18, Rev. Walter King to Louisa Ruttan.

Deaths.

BURNS—Jan. 25, Eugene R. Burns, aged 2.

NOBLE—Jan. 24, Sarah Noble, aged 71.

JONES—Jan. 24, Janet Paterson Jones.

CAMERON—Jan. 23, Thomas H. Cameron, aged 4.

BERON—Jan. 25, Rebecca A. Beron, aged 69.

FOLEY—Jan. 29, Mary Aileen Foley, aged 23.

RYAN—Jan. 31, Lucinda Ryan, aged 44.

DALES—Jan. 24, William Dales, aged 5 months.

STOWE—Jan. 25, Edith N. Stowe, aged 1.

BURTON—Jan. 25, Florence Burton, aged 3.

GIBSON—Jan. 26, Edna Gibson, aged 4.

HARDY—Jan. 30, Mary Ann Hardy, aged 46.

JOHNSTON—Jan. 17, Margaret Johnston, aged 87.

EVANS—Jan. 29, R. G. De V. Evans, aged 66.

McBEAN—Jan. 22, Sallie McBeane, aged 24.

KERR—Jan. 26, Sarah Kerr, aged 74.

SMITH—Jan. 29, Malcolm Smith, aged 44.

CLOSSEN—Jan. 29, Annie F. Clossen, aged 15.

WILLS—Jan. 23, William Wills, aged 75.

INSIST UPON A

**HEINTZMAN CO. PIANO**

When you are ready to purchase a Piano for a lifetime, not the makeshift instruments for a few years' use, but the Piano whose sterling qualities will leave absolutely nothing to be desired, then insist upon having a

HEINTZMAN & CO PIANO

Its pure singing tone is not an artificial quality soon to wear away, leaving harshness in place of brilliancy, dulness in place of sweetness, but an inherent right of the Heintzman. Forty-five years of patient endeavor upon this point, non-deterioration with age, has made the Heintzman what it is—the acknowledged standard of durability.

CATALOGUES FREE ON APPLICATION

**HEINTZMAN & CO.**

117 King Street West